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AFTER BIG GAME

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN HOLIDAY

BY

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AND

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LONDON

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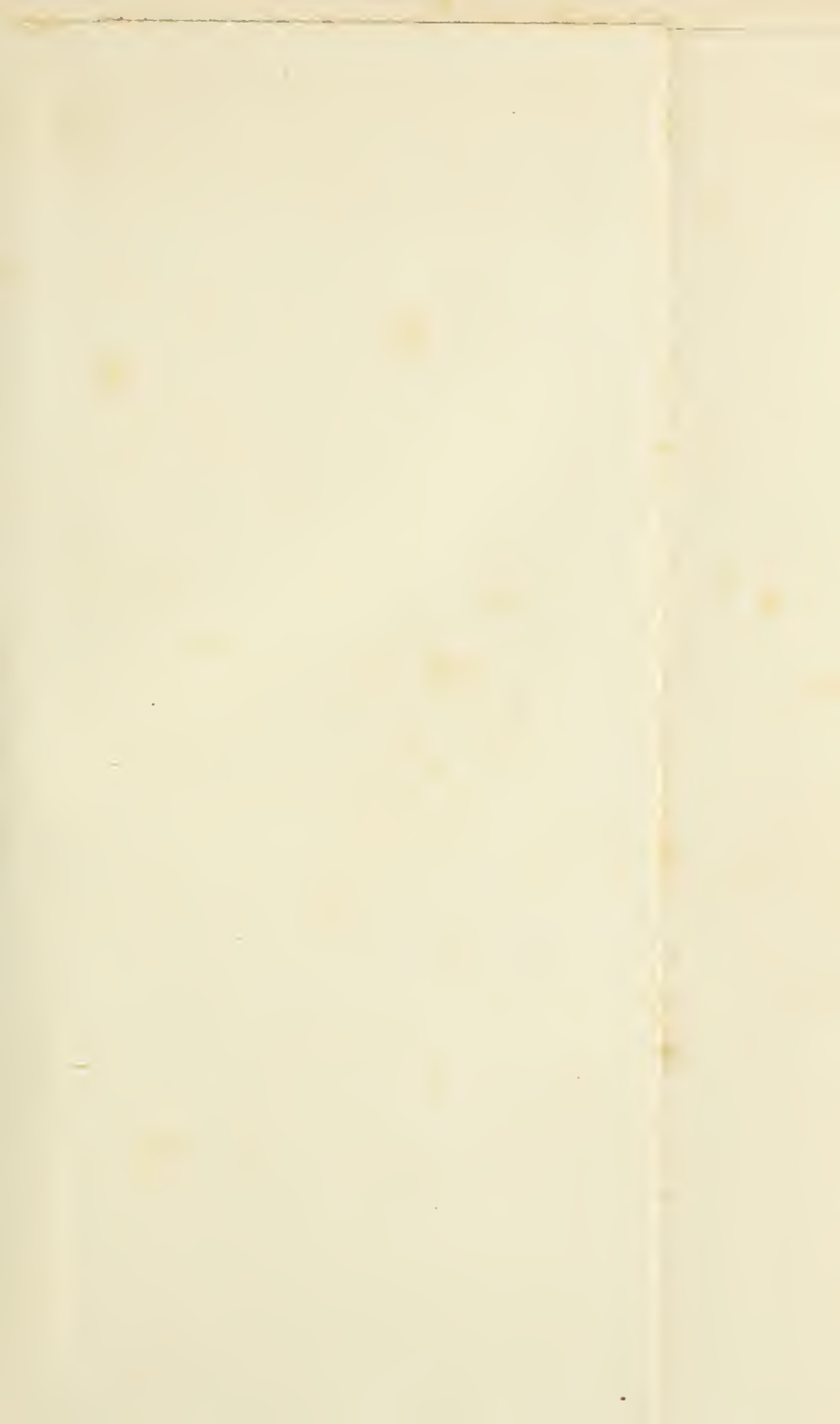
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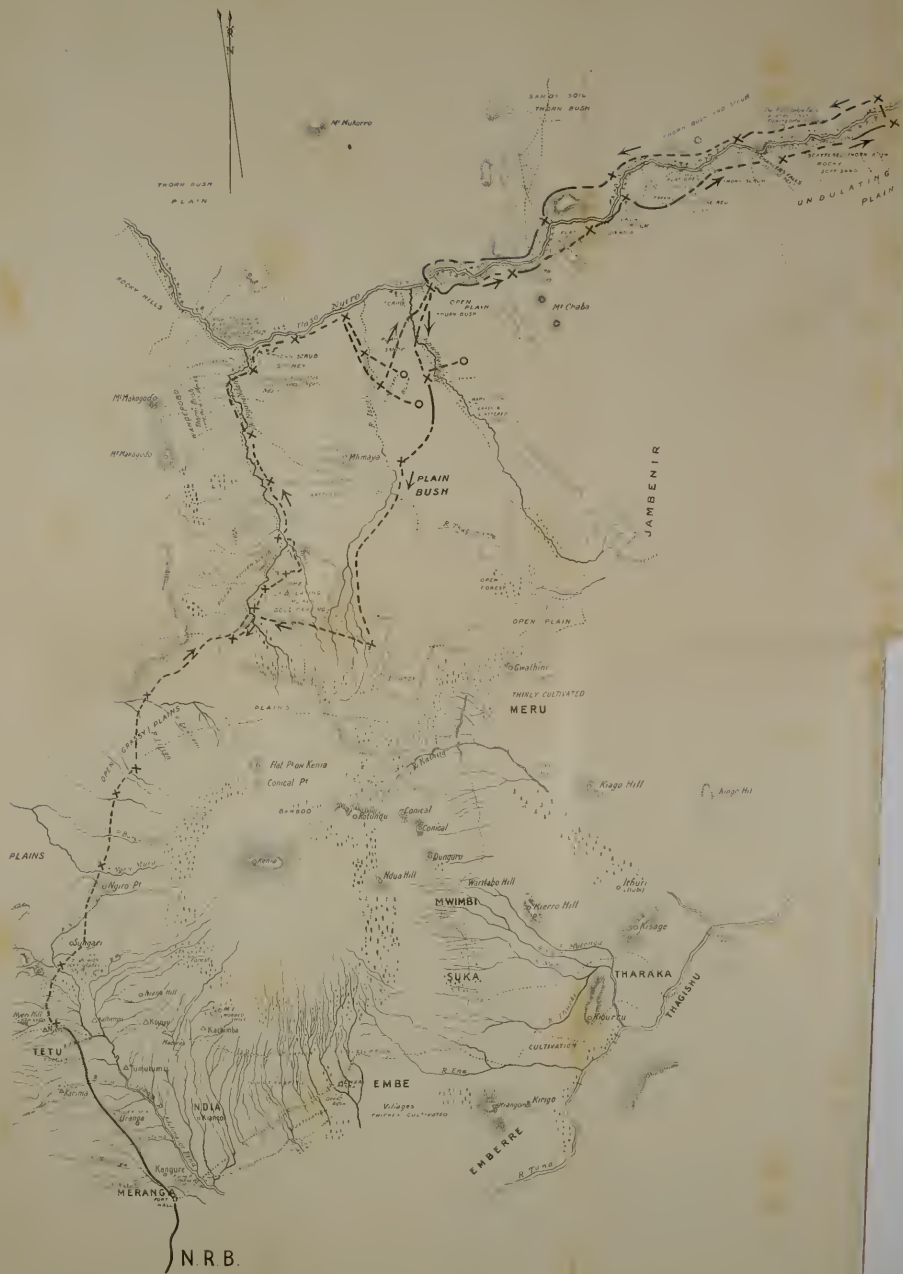
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AFTER BIG GAME

INTRODUCTION

I HAVE always been fond of shooting, and during many years' residence in the Far East have had considerable experience with the Big Game there. But up to the time of the visit to Africa of which this book is the record, I had never been fortunate enough to be in a position to shoot a lion, although most of the other wild beasts commonly met with had come within range of my rifle. Naturally, I have always felt a desire to complete my experiences by adding to my collection of trophies that of the King of Beasts.

Various circumstances, however, prevented my doing so until, in the autumn of 1912, my friend Mr (now Sir Henry) Conway Belfield, formerly Resident of the Federated Malay States, was appointed Governor of British East Africa. I met him in London prior to his taking up his appointment; and he, knowing my desire, suggested that this was my opportunity, and very kindly offered to do all that lay in his power to ensure the success of the trip. At the same time Lady Belfield proposed that my wife should accompany me, offering her the hospitality of Government House during the time I should be away shooting. This was a delightful opportunity, and we gladly accepted the kind invitation for the following autumn.

In this way, while I was gathering new experiences in the wilds, my wife was able to share in the social amenities of colonial life, and to gain a first-hand acquaintance with various aspects of life in the East which do not as a rule come under the notice of the English woman who travels abroad. From her own observation, and from the most competent authorities on the spot, she was able to obtain a knowledge of native life, of the domestic, industrial and political

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questions involved in our dealings with the native races, of the possibilities of the country and the aims of those concerned in its development, more complete and accurate than would have been possible for a casual visitor.

Finally, however, she also succumbed to the fascination of the wild, and we went on safari together over the famous Laikipia plains, having for our companion Miss Monica Belfield, Sir Henry and Lady Belfield's youngest daughter. The result was a most enjoyable and interesting holiday, during which we encountered many varieties of wild game and wild people, obtained a number of capital trophies and enjoyed many novel and fascinating experiences.

This account of our holiday is an afterthought. When we set out we had no intention of publishing our adventures, but we both kept rough diaries, in which were jotted down the happenings of each day. The perusal of these from time to time recalled to the memory so many additional points not noted down at the time that we felt it would be pleasant to have something like a complete record of a delightful holiday, and that the only chance of procuring one was to write an account of it while the impression was still fresh in our minds.

The story of our doings falls naturally into two sections. The first of these is concerned chiefly with the life of the colony, and the second with our life while on safari and with the shooting of wild game. In addition, I have thought fit to add two or three chapters dealing with special subjects of interest, such as the native races and their habits and customs; insect life in East Africa and its relation to disease, including malaria, sleeping sickness and cattle fevers; and the future possibilities of the colony as regards agriculture generally, and in particular the raising of certain crops and the rearing of cattle.

As to the share of each of us in the authorship, it may be taken that the responsibility for the descriptive portions of the book rests with M. E. M., who is also responsible in the main for the story of the trip to the Laikipia plains. For my own part I have written up my hunting diary, making such comments and additions as might naturally occur to one

INTRODUCTION

who has shot Big Game for many years and in various parts of the world, and who has always been keenly interested in animal life. I can only hope that these notes and notions may prove of interest to those with similar tastes, and to those who have enjoyed or anticipate enjoying a similar experience.

For the conclusions and opinions expressed in the latter part of the book I make no apology. In so far as I was able, I have taken stock of the resources and possibilities of the country and of the attempts which are being made to develop them, from the point of view of one who has during a great part of his active life been intimately associated with similar problems of development in other parts of the East.

R. S. M.

PART I.—THE UGANDA RAILWAY

CHAPTER I

ALONG THE UGANDA RAILWAY

I. MOMBASA TO NAIROBI

THE Uganda Railway must surely be the most wonderful railway in the world. A journey by it is certainly the most interesting experience in British East Africa.

It connects the ocean with the vast inland sea known as the Victoria Nyanza. It has one considerable town at its commencement, Mombasa, and one, Nairobi, three hundred and thirty miles away. For the rest, it has a series of corrugated iron shanties, each surrounded by huts; these are its stations, and will be the great towns of the future.

It begins in the tropics and ends in the tropics, and between its two extremes passes through every variety of climate—moist, dry, hot, temperate and frigid, and through every kind of scenery.

The route lies along steamy coast lands, across arid deserts, over vast fertile plains and through primeval forests. It winds its way up and down inconceivable precipices, bridges deep ravines and crosses wide stretches of swamp. It is a wonderful feat of engineering. At first it was more wonderful still. The builders could not get from home the materials necessary for the line as projected, and in lieu of conquering the difficulties had to obviate them by all sorts of devices, making up by ingenuity what they lacked in plant and material.

From no other railway windows in the world can one look out on such a panorama or such a collection of animals. In variety there is nothing to equal them outside a zoo, while in number they are uncountable. And here they are quietly

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grazing in their natural surroundings, and accepting the railway and yourself with perfect equanimity. Antelopes, gazelles and zebras seem absolutely indifferent to the noise and motion of the train, or at the most exhibit only a mild curiosity. If you are fortunate you may see a hyæna or a wild pig lumbering into the bush, a jackal stealing through the grass, or an ostrich see-sawing ridiculously out of the way, balancing itself with outspread wings.

So with the human denizens of East Africa. You pass from the neatly clad Swahili to the clay-plastered and wire-bedizened Kikuyu and the naked Kavirondo. There is something of interest everywhere. The very names of the stations are of interest. Some are beautifully euphonious, like Elmenteita or Nakuru, and others have their local histories of adventures with wild beasts and men. One, Simba, is called after the King of Beasts himself, *simba* being the native word for lion ; and many stories, some amusing, others sadly tragical, are told about him, there and at other places. One has a lurking sense of the possibility, even now, of meeting him ; and this, with the contrast between civilisation and savagery and the feeling that one is penetrating into the dim, mysterious heart of Africa, gives a feeling of piquancy and interest which makes a journey on the Uganda Railway absolutely unique.

Many people assume that the centre of Africa is a desert. Others, going to the opposite extreme, imagine it a paradise of tropical vegetation, just one bewildering luxuriance of fern and palm, of tropical forest with climbing plants and gorgeous flowers, of brightly coloured birds and brilliant butterflies. Paradox as it may seem, both are true ; and there are also landscapes so like those of home that, could one but for a moment forget the strangeness of the people and the animals, one might fancy oneself in Scotland. The difference is merely a matter of rainfall and elevation. On the coast, there is much rain during one part of the year and heavy dews for the rest. Hence the vegetation has all the lush, free growth that one associates with the tropics. Beyond, the land rises to a plateau, then to a second, and finally drops suddenly to the bottom of the Great Rift Valley,

ALONG THE UGANDA RAILWAY

which is the geological feature of East Africa, and contains the great chain of lakes—Naivasha, Baringo and Rudolf. The western boundary of this Rift Valley is the Mau Escarpment.

The first plateau rises to a height of 4000 to 5000 feet. It is fertile in places. The soil is volcanic, and where the old primary rocks come to the surface they crumble under the influence of the weather into a fine soil which is exceedingly fertile, but unfortunately of no great depth. In other parts the rocks are porous and the rain sinks through them, possibly forming those underground rivers which some people, and particularly writers of romance, claim as a feature of Africa. But whether there are underground rivers or no, the soil in these districts is sandy and dry and almost useless for vegetable growth. The greater part of the first plateau is of this character, and the chief feature of its vegetation is a peculiarly uninviting scrub. What plants there are are of the xerophytic type, having small, shiny or spiky leaves with thick skins specially adapted to retain all the water they can get. The trees also, such as they are, have corky bark which serves the same purpose. They burst into flower just before the rainy season ; leaf and fruit are produced during the rains, or shortly after ; and when the drought returns the seed is scattered, the leaves fall and the tree goes into its dormant state.

Few of these trees are of any size. Here and there one finds a palm, but even that looks withered and sun-stricken. At Simba, I saw frangipani growing in the garden, possibly a unique example, for the place is 3300 feet above sea-level. Near by is a solitary baobab. This, I imagine, should also be a record. At any rate I saw no others so high up.

On the higher plateau rain is abundant. Here there are well-wooded tracts, great stretches of pasture-land, flowers and trees just as in the temperate zone. This is particularly noticeable on the slopes of the mountains. Higher up are the bamboo thickets, the chosen retreats of the elephants ; and above these come the alpine plants and then the eternal snows.

All this, however, is by way of introduction. At the

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station the train is waiting to take us the 337 miles from Mombasa to Nairobi, the *other* town on this Uganda Railway—which does not go to Uganda at all.

The first impression of Mombasa station is one of overpowering heat and glare and noise. Native porters rush hither and thither with a magnificent pretence of accomplishing wonders. Native passengers, each with his bundle of bedding, food and other impedimenta, chatter and gesticulate excitedly from behind the bars of the pen in which they are confined. Only the European officials seem at ease, standing almost listlessly round, seeming bored beyond expression and yet controlling everything with a sort of careless competence. The station-master is armed with a formidable sjambok, which, however, I did not see him use. He was most courteous, and did all in his power to make us comfortable during our wait. All the time the intolerable heat beat down from the roof, and up from the floor, and back again in palpitating waves from the walls. We were only too glad when the quaint little train came puffing in. The carriages are comfortable enough, though upholstery is limited and decorations are distinctly severe. We were to learn the necessity for this simplicity shortly. For no sooner had we cleared the coast strip than we began to make the acquaintance of the red dust, which must be, I think, the most pervasive and elusive dust in the world. It penetrated everywhere and permeated everything, no matter how securely packed. Fortunately the engines burn wood, so that there was no coal dust to diversify the colour effect. A sort of shutter that lets down from the top of the windows to keep out the glare of the sun serves also to keep out the sparks and ashes from the engine. There were no first-class passengers save ourselves, but the third class was crowded. Natives are not permitted to travel first or second. In the third, they pay a penny for six miles. The first-class fare is threepence a mile. The accommodation in the thirds consists mainly of transverse planks fixed across the carriages.

We steam slowly out of the station back to Kilindini, and then across the Makupa bridge to the mainland, getting a

ALONG THE UGANDA RAILWAY

delightful glimpse of Kilindini harbour on the way. The first few miles are luxuriantly wooded with great mangroves, mangoes, baobabs, shrubs of all kinds and particularly hibiscus, and in the ponds and watercourses there are beautiful lilies. Orchids flourish among the trees, and everywhere is the inevitable palm. Indeed from here to Mazeras the Dom palm is the principal feature of the landscape.

When one thinks of the ubiquity of this tree and of the multifarious uses to which native ingenuity has put it, one is inclined to inquire whether life in the tropics would be possible without it. As Whittier writes :

“To him the palm is a gift Divine
Wherein all uses of man combine
House and raiment and food and wine.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun
Whereon he kneels when day is done
And the foreheads of Islam are bowed like one.

And in the hour of his great release
His need of the palm shall only cease
With the shroud wherein he lieth at peace.”

We rise steadily, and the dense woods grow thinner and thinner until all the luxuriant beauty of the vegetation disappears, the earth grows barer and redder, the dust thicker, the grass and undergrowth more sparse. The trees are only in scattered patches now, and those that we see are wizened, stunted specimens, with dried-up branches and scanty leaves.

Two characteristic features are the scrub, chiefly mimosa with its obtrusive thorns, and plants of the cactus type. Chief among these are the euphorbias, looking like great candelabras, the sanseveira, with its sword-like leaves, and the sisal, a sort of American aloe which is being largely cultivated here for its fibres. Flowers are few, save in sheltered spots. In the rainy season, however, there are many white convolvuluses. The scenery is all very uninteresting, and on each occasion that I have travelled from Mombasa to Nairobi I have evaded the monotony by going

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to sleep. The first time, we stopped at Voi for dinner, which was served in the little corrugated iron dak-bungalow which did duty as a refreshment-room. Many native women gathered round the engine to fill their gourds and kerosene tins with water. Their sole article of clothing was a very short double kilt covering the hips, but certainly not more than ten inches in depth, which was made of a dirty-looking khaki-coloured cloth. One curious feature of this trip to Nairobi is that the clothing of the natives seems to disappear *pari passu* with the foliage of the trees. The barer the trees the nuder the people. They wore necklaces of beads and brass chains, and their arms and ankles were adorned with spirals of brass and copper wire. The babies were slung over their backs in a kind of sling made of the same material as the kilt. Each carried two or three brown gourds, and a half cocoanut shell to use as a scoop. The gourds were distinctly picturesque, but this certainly could not be said of the kerosene tins, which supplied a decidedly discordant note. Water is evidently very precious here, for as the train left, the women rushed forward to scoop up the horrible black mixture which filled the puddles where the engine had stood, and ladled it into their gourds and tins.

The scenery here could hardly be described as pretty. We were on the edge of the Taru desert—"the Thirst," as the caravan porters aptly call it. There is long, coarse, dry grass, burned off in great patches, with here and there a melancholy tree, bearing evident traces of a stern struggle for existence. A few dingy mud and wattle huts complete a picture which is outlined on a rusty-red ground apparently baked hard as a brick. It was this Taru desert which, before the coming of the railway, formed the great barrier to communication with the interior. Forty miles of waterless, shadeless, foodless country, with a sixty-pound burden, was no mean obstacle to be surmounted.

Fortunately while dinner was ending the night fell. I say "fell," for no other word can adequately describe the coming of the darkness. It absolutely rushes upon one like an enveloping cloud. In these wide spaces one seems to see it sweeping across the plains. I had never, before visiting

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the tropics, realised to the full Coleridge's exquisite description :

"The sun's rim dips,
The stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark."

There was a glorious moon, which made the darkness a rich, velvety black, through which the showers of sparks from the engine swept like trails of golden fireflies.

Every now and again we passed little native villages, with the people sitting round fires outside their beehive-shaped huts, which were dimly outlined in the glow. It was weird and delightful, like a dim vision of another world. But the night chill began to be felt, for we were now on the plateau, and I was very tired and had, besides, all the symptoms of an incipient cold. So with the usual precaution, fifteen grains of quinine, I sought my berth.

In the morning, when the boy brought my early tea and bananas, I was much better, albeit none too warm, in spite of being buried under two Jaeger blankets, a topcoat and various shawls. And this is tropical Africa ! But I remembered that we had climbed some 3000 feet during the night. Moreover, the chill that comes before the dawn is always a little trying to one who has only just left the moist heat of the coast.

Sultan Mahmud was our first stop in the morning, but I had for some time been aware that the character of the country had changed. Not far back, I had seen a clump of real trees outside one of the little stations. They were acacias, and made a charming picture as the morning sun caught their red stems. There were flowers, too, gorgeous purple and mauve and white, and green grass, welcome signs that the desert was past and that we should get some relief at any rate, from that red plague of dust. As it was, we bore abundant traces of it. One's hair was full of it, one's face and neck powdered with it, one's clothes and belongings generally covered with it. Towels and handkerchiefs took on a ruddy hue, and hairbrush and toilet apparatus also conformed to the same scheme of colour.

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Oh that red ! Red plains diversified by burnt patches of grass, with red hillocks in the background. The engines are red, the carriages red, and the passengers red. You get out on to a red platform, enter a red refreshment-room and sit down to eat, with a mournful certainty that a large share of the "peck of dust" which man is fated to consume will be that abominable red product of African soil. Robert remarked exasperatingly that after all it was only oxide of iron and that iron as a medicine has its points.

Fortunately we had plenty of hot water to wash in. We had breakfast in the bungalow at the station ; two little eggs, bread and butter and tea at a cost of one rupee. I sat in my topcoat and shawl while Robert, who had a touch of ague, remained in the carriage. I was greatly amused watching the natives who thronged the station. Some of our fellow-passengers, too, took advantage of the stop to leave the train and perform their toilet in public by the side of the track. A well-dressed Indian held the centre of the stage. When I first saw him he was squatting on the rails with a kettle in one hand and a short piece of stick in the other. This is the usual native substitute for our toothbrush, and with it he proceeded to clean his teeth, a most energetic performance, and, to judge by appearances, entirely effective. Then he poured the rest of the water from the kettle into his hands, washed his face, and returned to the carriage. There were many natives in the train, and some joined at every stop. The native method of catching a train is characteristically African. When the journey cannot be deferred any longer, he strolls up to the station, squats in a corner under the shelter of the corrugated iron shed, and waits. It is a matter of perfect indifference whether the train comes to-day or to-morrow. He waits. If the service were weekly instead of daily he would wait all the same.

We moved out again. The region was now one great plain of rolling grass land dotted with copses and undulating as far as the eye could reach. The grass is green in the wet season, greyish yellow and brown in the dry season. In the background was the grey circle of some far-off hills, topped by masses of clouds. The air was fresh and exhilarating ;

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and, above all, everywhere around us was the game of which we had heard so much but had not yet seen.

For we were now in the famous Big Game country. Along the line it extends from Tsavo to Athi, and the great game reserves stretch north and south over an area of more than thirty thousand square miles. From this point to our destination at Nairobi there was no single instant when specimens of game of some kind could not be seen from the window. Often, indeed, the great plains were covered with herds of beasts—zebras, Grant's gazelle, Thomson's gazelle, kongoni and others, numbering hundreds at a time. Here also were to be seen ostriches in groups of two to eight; the cock birds black, with white necks and white under-plumage, and the hens of a dingy brownish buff. One amazing feature is the indifference with which they regard the train. The gazelles come as near as twenty yards or so, and the ostriches within a hundred. As we rush by, they just canter off to a little distance and then turn round to look after us. The dainty little Thomson's gazelle, the sportsman's "Tommy," is one of the prettiest, in its coat of fawn with a black diagonal stripe. One grey jackal I saw, stealing off through the grass. It was just like a grey fox, not so big as a wolf. Almost at the end of the journey I heard a terrific screech, and saw a wild pig making off in a state of great excitement. He had evidently made his lair too close to the track to be comfortable, and had got a bad scare as we passed. A giraffe or two could be distinguished in the distance, but we saw no lions. I am told that the lion is now rarely seen near the line, either because he is naturally of a retiring disposition or because he chiefly prefers to go abroad by night.

But the early history of the line teems with stories of the King of Beasts and of hunting parties, in which man was not always the hunter. Colonel J. H. Patterson's book, *The Man-Eaters of Tsavo*, one of the most thrilling stories ever written, is well worth perusal by anyone who desires to appreciate the dangers and difficulties which have to be met by the pioneers of civilisation. The author was in charge of the construction of the great railway bridge at Tsavo, and lions were known to be in the neighbourhood. Two of these

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suddenly developed a taste for the native workmen, who were chiefly coolies from India. In all some twenty-eight victims fell before their ferocity, many of them being dragged out from the tents where they were sleeping in the midst of their fellows. Finally the workmen struck, and the whole work was held up for three weeks. Patterson made all sorts of attempts to shoot them before finally succeeding. Much the same tale is told at other stations, and one sees even now the stages erected on the water tanks and elsewhere for the purpose of shooting these marauders. But lion stories are not always tragic. One historic instance, known throughout British East Africa, is that of the Indian station-master at Kimaa. Seeing a lion prowling about, he promptly shut himself in the station house. The brute sprang on the roof and tried to tear up the corrugated iron sheets with his great claws. Whereupon the Babu sent off the following telegram : "Lion fighting with station send urgent succour." Fortunately the succour so urgently required came before the lion had gained his way with the roof. Another famous example runs : "Lion roaring round station. Porters at time of roaring not so brave. What can do ?" Poor Babu !

But now, as we have said, lions rarely visit the line, and the passengers who see them from the train are usually ladies of keen imagination and positive views. Nevertheless a lion was seen from the train on more than one occasion while I was at Nairobi, and a zebra straying across the line was struck by the engine and killed.

Many such stories, told by those connected with the line, have the merit of truth. Sometimes it is a giraffe run down by the engine ; sometimes a rhinoceros who, primitive survival as he is, resents the coming of civilisation and marks his resentment by a furious charge, from which he retires, if not wiser, at least a sorer beast ; and sometimes it is a tale—perfectly true in every detail—of a lion which has sprung upon the train, seized his prey, and got clean away with his unfortunate victim.

We reached Ulu, a small station, about eleven o'clock, and received the comforting assurance from the guard that we should be in Nairobi by two. Ulu is in the midst of a great

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undulating plain covered with dried-up grass. There is no scrub, and the trees dotted here and there are small. The soil is still red, but a rich-looking loam. Far away on the horizon is a shadowy line of hills, and behind them, very faintly outlined, the snowy peak of Kenia itself. These are the great Athi plains.

The natives here, whom we see as usual bringing great loads of wood for engine fuel, are a different lot from those we have seen hitherto. They are the Kavirondo, a fine up-standing race, admirably built and looking like beautiful black statues. They are for the most part perfectly naked and entirely unashamed, and I am told are the most moral of the African tribes. They are the only natives I have seen without some kind of covering. Some of the women, however, wear little garments more or less of the nature of a kilt. These are dexterously woven of fibres or are made of palm leaves sewn together; they differ according to the social status of the wearer, and are not without a certain ceremonial or religious significance. The exquisites of both sexes have the habit of covering their bodies with a mixture of grease with some black pigment, rubbing it well into their skin to make it blacker, a curious parallel to the white woman's use of creams and powder. Many of the women have scars upon their foreheads; these are the marks of incisions made to bring good luck to husband and family. Others have huge weals across the abdomen made with a similar intent. Before her husband sets out on an expedition the devoted wife will make a few cuts, into which she rubs certain vegetable juices which have the effect of causing the flesh to rise up into these great weals, the whole idea being to ensure his success; or a husband going into a fight fortifies himself against his enemy by having a cut or two at his wife beforehand. They also pull out a tooth from each jaw. I have heard this explained as a precaution in the event of lockjaw, so that the patient may be fed through the aperture. But so far as I can learn, tetanus is no more prevalent here than in any other part, and the Kavirondo are a very healthy people. Possibly, if it could only be traced, there may be some remote religious rite or superstition at the root of the

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custom. The Kavirondo occupy a great part of the area between Nairobi and Lake Victoria, so that we saw a good deal of them during the second part of our journey.

At Machakos we crossed the stony Athi with its great reed beds of papyrus and bulrushes, and a little further groups of flat-topped acacias indicate that we are approaching Nairobi. We were not sorry to descend, for I felt wretched with my cold, and Robert was shaking with ague. Stafford Belfield met us at the station with his car and drove us over a bumpy red road bordered with trees, through a town which seemed composed chiefly of "tin" houses and incomplete stone buildings in various stages of construction, to Government House, which stands on an upland moor beyond the town. Here we found the Governor very ill, so that we were quite a house of invalids. Robert went straight to bed, while I got Yussif, the Swahili boy, to help Duma to unpack. After dinner I too went straight to bed, and next day was one complicated system of aches and pains and asthma, so I stayed where I was. Our introduction to the capital of British East Africa could hardly have been made under more unpropitious circumstances. However, time cures most ills; the next day cured Robert's ague sufficiently to enable him to visit the Governor, who was also on the mend; and the day after I was nearly myself again. The quickness of our recovery bore ample testimony to the health-giving properties of these central uplands.

II. NAIROBI

Nairobi, the coming metropolis of British East Africa, and the present seat of Government, is a very "new" town. Not much more than a dozen years ago it was part of the great Athi plains and the game roamed over the site of its streets. Even now it is not unusual to see antelope and gazelle in the suburbs, where they occasionally raid the gardens, doing much mischief and causing great annoyance. Monie told me that, this year, they had quite spoiled her roses at Government House. On a drive round the hills, particularly Railway Hill, one is fairly sure to see specimens



On the Uganda Railway.



Government House, Nairobi.

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of some kind. During our visit, too, a guest who cycled in to dinner arrived in a state of great excitement, a leopard having leaped on to him out of the darkness. He declared that he had never done such pedalling before, and his appearance certainly supported the statement.

Nairobi was originally selected as a suitable site for a railway depot. It may have been convenient for that, but it was certainly, everyone declares, a very bad site for a town, which ought to have been much higher up, where it would undoubtedly have been healthier. A little way off, say at Kikuyu, would have been a much better choice, but the depot had unfortunately grown into a town, and the site had become fixed before anyone realised the error.

Looking at it now, it is difficult to believe that ten years back there were but a few sheds and shanties of corrugated iron to accommodate the workers on the railroad and their material. There are now hundreds of buildings, some of considerable architectural pretensions, well and artistically built of stone. But Nairobi is for the most part still faithful to its original material ; it is still in the Iron Age of development ; and the scornful do not hesitate to refer to it as " Tin Town." Corrugated iron has its merits, but these are rather utilitarian than artistic. But these iron houses, crude as they may be outside, lack nothing in the way of comfort. The private residences, too, are tempered to the artistic eye by masses of creepers and flowering shrubs, which flourish here in unimaginable profusion. The passion flower in particular grows in wonderful abundance. There are hedges of it, yards across, and where it is trained over arches it forms great bridges, giving abundance of flowers and any quantity of fruit. The gardens are splendid. All kinds of European flowers grow here far more luxuriantly than at home, and display far more brilliant colouring. Practically all the white residents live on the low hills surrounding the commercial town, and their bungalows look charming nestling among the trees and flowers.

The town lies on a plain at the foot of some low hills. Originally there was one main street, a broad thoroughfare bordered with blue gum trees. Crossing this at right angles

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was one long street devoted to the Indian traders. Now there are four or five broad avenues, with cross-roads running from them through the suburbs out into the wild. Starting as it were from nothing, it has been possible to plan the town on broad, open and convenient lines, so that in time to come it will probably be worthy of its position as the capital of our East African Empire. Already the big interests are housed in good stone buildings, mostly two stories in height, with red roofs. Hundreds of the galvanised iron variety still exist, but, thanks to the vegetation and to the various schemes of colouring adopted, they do not look so bad as they sound. One great blot, however, is the native quarter, with all its squalor and filth, right in the middle of the town. If this could be removed to a place farther from the centre, it would be far better both for comfort and for health. It is, of course, difficult to do justice to Nairobi; for as it stands now it is so very much "in the making," and the impression one gets of the streets is distinctly unfavourable. There are fine buildings, but the streets seem to be littered with all kinds of rubbish. Builders do not seem to clear up after them, so that there is a general air of slovenliness. But while one can only describe the town as hideous, the suburbs are lovely. The views are entrancing, both in their charm and in their extent, and there are many beauty spots to be found.

Government House stands on a little hill looking right over the town to the great plains beyond. The prospect is magnificent. Right away to the north, Kenia, a huge mass rather than a mountain, rears her central snow-capped cone right to the clouds, while to the south, on a clear day, one may dimly see the twin peaks of Kilima Njaro faint and grey across a distance of two hundred and fifty miles.

There is no doubt whatever as to the future of Nairobi. Whatever may be said as to the town itself, the great plateau on which it stands is undoubtedly "White Man's Country." The climate has been described as that of a perpetual English summer, and while I am hardly prepared to subscribe to that, there is no doubt that it offers exceptional advantages. Being so near the Equator, it has, of course, no seasons. Most crops fruit twice during the year, and trees make

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double growth. The direct rays of the sun are very hot at noon ; and this is very trying at first, as the contrast with the cold of mornings and evenings is very marked. A huge log fire was always kept burning in the evenings in the hall at Government House, and was highly appreciated. The mean temperature of the nights is 45°. But although the sun is so hot at midday, there is none of that overpowering and suffocating heat which one feels on the coast or in the low-lying areas around Victoria Nyanza. There is plenty of rain without superabundance. The annual average is forty inches, and this occurs mostly in the two rainy seasons, April to May and November to December. There are no mosquitoes, there is practically no malaria, and there are no endemic diseases. There is no tsetse fly to work havoc among the cattle, and they can now be brought here by rail across the " fly belt."

The numerous great farms in the vicinity bear ample testimony to the fertility of the soil, and there is no doubt that in the near future this will become one of the greatest agricultural areas of the world. There are about 150,000 acres of suitable land in the Protectorate, and making all allowances for the Native Reservations and game reserves, there is ample opportunity for enterprise in stock raising and in cultivation. As for the latter, most things which grow in Europe will do well here, and there are, besides, great possibilities in the cultivation of sub-tropical plants. Coffee, tobacco, various fibres and even cotton will flourish, and it is only necessary for the Government to grant facilities to intending settlers to make this a great and flourishing colony. I visited some of the estates in the neighbourhood and was greatly struck with the industrial possibilities of the country.

With such a climate, the life of the European residents falls into accustomed grooves. There is plenty of golf and tennis, and riding, polo and racing are highly popular. There is an excellent polo-ground here and a race-course, and another race-course at Nakuru. Riding and driving are very popular, and few things are pleasanter than a drive in Nairobi in the early morning or in the afternoon when the sun has lost its midday power. There is also hunting, for

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which the jaekal provides the sport ; and the Governor has pointers and raises their puppies successfully. Besides the officials connected with the Government and the railway, there are many white settlers, often men of good family, who have come here to open up the country and incidentally to build up a competence. There are also land speculators, on whom the residents generally look askance ; and usually some visitors, more or less distinguished, of the globe-trotting class ; and lastly, the sportsmen who have come after the big game and for whose benefit there exist a number of " safari " outfitters who are willing to supply the necessary equipment for a hunting expedition down to the smallest detail. There are also several English professional men, doctors, dentists, lawyers, estate agents and so forth, so that for a town as yet in its early teens Nairobi makes no inconsiderable show.

The means of transport include the motor car, a very few horses, donkeys, bullocks, and here and there perhaps a camel or a zebra broken to harness. I saw only one camel during my stay. They do not thrive here, but they are brought to go with safaris which take the northern Guaso Nyiro route, part of which lies across desert. A pair of zebras is often seen in harness. Mr Edgell, who has a place just outside Nairobi, has made a speciality of training them to harness, with some considerable success. It is, however, difficult to overcome the instincts which they have acquired in the wild state. The sight of a lion or of its spoor seems to send them frantic. Attempts have also been made to cross the zebra with the horse and the ass, but only with a small measure of success. With Grevy's zebra, however, which is bigger and stronger than the common species, it is hoped to produce a useful animal for transport purposes. Similar experiments with these and other animals are being carried on elsewhere both by the Government and by private individuals. There is a Government Experimental Farm at Nairobi, where many experiments are being carried on, of which some account will be found in another chapter. The ordinary mode of transport in Nairobi is by rickshaw. These are the little toy-like carriages of the East, a sort of lilliputian

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chair on wheels with shafts, drawn by one native boy and pushed by another. The motive power is clad in a wisp of cloth twisted negligently around the loins, possibly as a concession to British prejudice. Indeed, some kind of costume is insisted upon in Nairobi. Haulage is done largely in little low carts drawn by humped cattle. These are smaller than our cows at home, and have a huge hump upon the shoulders. They were, I believe, originally introduced from India.

The natives are employed on the roads and the various public works, on the railway and on the plantations. They are not, so far, particularly energetic or reliable, but will doubtless improve in time. There is a great deal of wood-cutting done in the adjoining forests, for fuel and for building purposes. One of our photographs shows a gang of convicts engaged in cutting and carrying fuel for Government House. The wood is made into huge bundles and is carried to its destination by women. It is amazing to see the size of the stack that each can carry on her head, or slung on her back by a strap passing across her forehead ; and all, apparently, without the slightest inconvenience.

The native labourer, of course, earns very little, his pay averaging perhaps threepence or fourpence a day. This, however, is affluence in a country where he can live in absolute comfort for about a shilling a month.

As in most parts of the East, much of the retail trade is in the hands of Indians. One street, which crosses the main thoroughfare at right angles, is full of their shops. These Indians are the keenest of bargainers, frugal in their habits, and can live on the very simplest of food. They lay themselves out to undersell the Europeans, and it must be confessed that they generally succeed in doing so. But many of the smaller of the Indian traders live in squalid fashion and under the most deplorable sanitary conditions, which makes their presence, in the midst of a civilised community and under a hot sun, anything but desirable.

Sometimes the carts are drawn by teams of natives, greasy, perspiring and clad in the usual concession to propriety. Now and again, however, we passed a trap drawn by little white and brown Somali ponies or by mules, two or three to

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each. The camel that I met was pulling a cart, and seemed to resent the appearance of our car, for he came to a stand-still right across the way and deliberately made faces at us. It was a long while before three or four boys could apply sufficient moral and physical persuasion to get him to move out of our way.

The most interesting feature of Nairobi is, however, the extraordinary variety of peoples to be seen about its streets. There are natives of the Kikuyu, Kamba, Kavirondo, Somali, Masai and Nandi tribes, and Swahilis from the coast ; with here and there a specimen of the Wandorobo, a curious mongrel race, with no settlements or tribal organisation, the waifs and strays of Africa, poor in physique, abject in demeanour, slaves by instinct and habit, the survivals of neolithic man. Then there are the Indian traders, fat and greasy, quaintly clad in closely buttoned long black coats and bright calico or linen trousers ; babus employed in the warehouses or on the railway and full of the importance of their office ; abject coolies ; a few Europeans, and a sprinkling of white women, and occasionally a white child. The mixture of race and costume makes up a scene not easily forgotten. Settlers, too, in their riding kit, come in from the outlying districts. On race week, in particular, everyone comes in from near and far.

One of the pleasantest experiences during my stay at Nairobi was a visit to the Nakuru Show. This "Stock and Agricultural Show" is one of the big events of British East Africa, and is held each year about Christmas time. Exhibits of stock and produce are sent from all over the country, and the "week" has its social as well as its commercial side. On one of the days a race meeting is held ; on another the great cattle sale of the year, and there are always a ball, a gymkhana, and so on. The whole thing is under the control of the Pastoralists' Association. As it was to be my first experience under canvas, I looked forward with eagerness to having a most enjoyable time. I was again a guest of Lady Belfield, his Excellency attending in his official capacity.

Arriving at the station, I found the party waiting, and for

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the second time I did the lovely journey out of Nairobi. Travelling in the Governor's special train, it was, however, much more delightful than on my previous experience. For one thing, at Kikuyu, Mr Brett (Sir Henry's private secretary), Mr Donald Seth Smith, Monie and I went on to the cowcatcher in front of the engine, where comfortable seats had been prepared, and had a glorious run to Escarpment station. There we lunched in the saloon, after which Sir Henry and Monie Belfield, Mr Brett and myself returned to the cowcatcher and had a wonderful ride winding down the Escarpment. The track lies on the wall of the great Rift, with hills on the one side looking just like a scene in Switzerland, and on the other the great Rift valley, stretching far, far below. The fascination of rushing through the air with nothing in front of us but the ever-changing scenery was extreme. After leaving Naivasha we passed a number of fine red impala, a great troop of baboons and all kinds of antelope and gazelle. At one point a beautiful serval cat leaped up from beside the railway line only a few feet away; the roar of the train must have disturbed it from its sleep. This animal is said to be the swiftest of all the wild-cat tribe, and judging by the speed with which it disappeared I can well believe it. At any rate its legs are long enough. The most interesting experience was, however, a fight between some vultures and a number of jackals. The birds had managed to discover a "kill" which the jackals tried hard to secure, snapping and snarling at the birds and making rush after rush, only to be driven back by the cruel beaks and talons without gaining their end. When about fifteen miles from our destination, the engine broke down. A pipe had burst, and the water dripping into the fire half extinguished it, at the same time emptying the boiler. We got off the train and walked about the line, watching the driver's efforts to patch things up and get enough steam to take us on to Nakuru. Finally we started again. We had, however, lost so much time that when we got there it was after dark and too late to go into camp. Captain Winthrop-Smith met us on the platform with the information that the principal ladies of the place, seven or eight of them, had been waiting in the station

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for over an hour to welcome Lady Belfield. They came to the train and were presented, and then we dined in the saloon and slept the night in the train. Early in the morning we walked over to the camp. Everything had been admirably arranged. Lines of large white stones marked the path to each tent, and a broad road led past the sentries' quarters to the Governor's office, and then on to the big tent which was used as a dining-room, and where all the receptions were held.

On the first day, a number of people came to lunch. Monie had gone on to Anjore to stay with Mr and Mrs Sewell, and in the afternoon we went in Mr Taylor's special train (he is the manager of the Uganda Railway) to Anjore as well. We had tea and went over the farm. The house is delightfully situated on a hill-side looking down on Lake Nakuru and over stretches of beautiful hills. Mrs Sewell took us over her poultry farm. She was justly proud of her Rhode Island Reds and her turkeys. We saw some wheat being threshed, and visited some very nice horses which had been bred there. Curiously enough, I saw three snakes this day, the only snakes I met with during the whole of our stay; for there are apparently very few in this part of the country. The first was a puff-adder; the second, just as I stepped out of the train, a long white snake; and then, in the evening, Lady Belfield killed a puff-adder outside her tent. A number of guests came to dinner. It rained all the time, and some of the water came through the tent, which made things a trifle uncomfortable; but afterwards it cleared, the moon shone out brilliantly and we all sat round an enormous camp-fire. My first night under canvas was a most comfortable one. I had a capital little tent. A lamp hung from the centre-pole, a cosy camp-bed occupied one side, and my toilet things were arranged on my tin box opposite. The bath had the place of honour in the centre of the tent. In spite of the strangeness of the surroundings I slept soundly until Meriamum, my boy, woke me at six o'clock, bringing in my tea. Opening up the front of my tent, I saw his Excellency, who was already astir, strolling round the camp.

This was the opening day of the show, and I had a most interesting day among the exhibits. The yard had been laid

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out with a central ring, on one side of which was a small "grand stand." Around were pens with sheep, pigs, cattle, horses, dogs and poultry. There were numbers of stalls well filled with agricultural produce, and the competition between the exhibits was very close. I was specially interested in the examples of sisal. That from Nyali took the first prize. There were beans of various kinds, white, yellow, brown and spotted; also wheat, maize and many other things.

At one o'clock there was a sort of inaugurating luncheon given in an open shed, the Governor and visitors occupying a raised table at one end. After the King's health had been drunk, the Governor, who is an admirable speaker, delivered an important address, which was followed by other speeches, after which we went back to the camp for dinner.

The next morning before the show opened I went with his Excellency and Lady Belfield to see the cattle dip. This was very exciting. The cattle are driven through a narrow pen. At the farther end is a slide, down which they slip into a long trough of "dip." They have to swim through this and clamber out at the other end. The object was to show how cattle are dipped to prevent any infection being carried by the ticks they may bring. While I stood by, 126 cattle were put through in twenty-three minutes.

I took a number of snapshots and then strolled off to a group of natives of a kind I had not seen before. They were Suk and Turkana, who had been brought down to the show by their District Commissioner, Mr Reid. The Suks wear a strange headdress like an oval doormat hanging down their backs. This is composed of their ancestors' hair matted with their own. Another tribe wore a strange half hoop of flexible steel, one end fixed to the back of the head and the other reaching to within a short distance of the neck. When they are marching in the sun they put a piece of mutton fat or suet upon this, which, as it melts, drips down upon their necks and backs, acting in much the same way as the spine-pad we are recommended to wear on safari. These and the Suk carry quaint little stools, broad pieces of wood with four legs. It looked very comical to see these huge savages

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with such tiny seats, until it was explained that these served the purpose of a pillow to support the neck and prevent their quaint headdresses from being disarranged during sleep. Their ideas of clothing are even more primitive than those of most savages. The sole garment consists of a kind of cape thrown over the shoulders, a few strings of beads and ornaments of bone and wood completing the effect. They are tall, some of them exceptionally so, and very well made. When shown the prize bull, of which its owner was immensely proud, they asked to have it killed that they might judge for themselves whether it deserved the award.

Riding and driving competitions followed, and then a lunch, at which I did not put in an appearance, only arriving in time to see the Governor and Lady Belfield distribute the prizes. I walked back to the camp with Herr von Heidemann, the German vice-consul, and Mr Rodwell, manager of the Nyali Sisal Company, whose exhibit had gained the first prize. Lord and Lady Arthur Hay were of the company at dinner, being on their way to stay with Lady Belfield's eldest daughter, Mrs Ward, at Muthaga. Lady Arthur Hay is very entertaining, and kept us all amused at table. After dinner all the company went on to a dance at the Nakuru hall. Lady Belfield left after two or three dances, but I remained. I did not, however, dance, save once, as I found it too hot in the crowded room, but strolled about in the moonlight with Captain Winthrop-Smith and Mr Rodwell. Such was the fascination of the soft African night that when we got back to camp we sat together over the huge camp-fire till one o'clock. These tropical nights were often wonderful beyond anything I had dreamed. After breakfast I walked over to the police lines. On the way I saw a dead donkey, the first I had seen in my life. There were many chameleons sunning themselves on the rocks, and it was interesting to watch the quaint creatures with their staring eyes and their different colours. By eleven it was too hot to stay out in the sun, so we returned to the A.D.C.'s tent and sat under the fly, chatting till lunch. After lunch I went with his Excellency and Major Legget to the gymkhana. We took the car over some very rough country, and finally

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had to get out and walk, having missed the only negotiable track, which was practically indistinguishable from its surroundings. There were races for mules and ponies, and a final tea. Lady Belfield arrived later, with Mr Rodwell. At six o'clock we left, to find the camp all packed up ready for departure. We went to the station ; and Mr Taylor, the manager of the Uganda Railway, very kindly offered Major and Mrs Legget, Mrs Stordy, Mr Rodwell and myself seats in his special train back to Nairobi. The Governor and his suite left in their train for Uganda, where they were going on an official safari. We had a final most lively and enjoyable dinner in the Governor's saloon ; then the good-byes were said and we sought our berths. We arrived at Nairobi shortly after breakfast the next morning.

III. NAIROBI TO VICTORIA NYANZA

As my husband, after returning from his trip to the Guaso Nyiro, wished to take a further two or three weeks' shooting in the neighbourhood of Voi and Tsavo, after the famous fringe-eared oryx which is to be found in that district, I made up my mind that I would in the meantime fulfil one of my great desires and cross the great Lake Victoria to the source of the Nile. His Excellency and Lady Belfield were good enough to allow their daughter Monica to accompany me, and her companionship added greatly to the pleasure of the trip. Indeed, but for it, I doubt whether I should have undertaken the journey at all.

It was on Sunday, 22nd January 1914, that we left Nairobi. The station was all bustle and confusion, the natives rushing frantically about in every direction. A big safari was just starting, and the native porters, each with a great bundle on his head and a long pole in his hand, swarmed on the platform, packing themselves into their carriages with tremendous chattering and any amount of excited gesticulation. We steamed out of the station at noon. The way lay at first over the flat country which forms the extreme end of the East African plateau. The road rose as we climbed the steep incline to the eastern edge of the great

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Rift valley. The Kikuyu summit is 7600 feet above sea-level, so that we had to mount some 2000 feet in little over fifteen miles. Needless to say, the travelling is not rapid. Indeed, humorous people assert that natives wishing to save themselves the trouble of walking to Nairobi station simply wait beside the track until the train reaches them, and then jump on without waiting for it to stop. I am bound to say that I saw nothing to corroborate the story except the fact that the rate of travel was unquestionably slow. There are no great engineering difficulties in this section, but the gradients are steep and the cuttings deep. We had from here a capital view of the Ngong hills, with their four peaks. On the highest of these, so the story goes, the Masai found the chief of their gods, who was so pleased with his reception that he stayed with them and founded the clan of the medicine men by whom even now the tribe is ruled. Behind the hills lies one of the chief Masai reserves.

The keen mountain air was most exhilarating, and sharpened the appetite to such a pitch that we were glad to extemporise a lunch of sardines, bread and butter and juicy mangoes, the latter taking the place of the drinks which some forgetful soul had omitted to include in our provisions. The scenery was delightful, consisting of great rolling hills and spreading uplands with forests and pastures. On the latter occasional small herds of cattle and sheep were grazing. Here and there a quaint little native hut was to be seen.

We reached Kikuyu at two. The station was alive with natives, some most picturesque in cloaks of skin and hide thrown gracefully across their shoulders, and their skins liberally smeared with a mixture of brick-red clay and oil. The hair is similarly treated and plaited into short pigtails bound up with leather thongs. The ear ornaments are more in evidence than ever, the top of each ear being adorned with three or four sticks like match stalks, while the lobe is pierced with a hole large enough to accommodate corks, wooden plugs, cotton reels and even glass and china jars. Often the distension is so great that the lobe rests on the shoulder. It is one of the proofs of advancing civilisation that the

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exquisite among the Kikuyu now eschews the aid of jampots and contents himself with looping the lobe festoon-wise over the top of the ear. Chains of shells hanging to the waist complete the picture. The skin or hide which forms the sole garment is fastened over the shoulder, but hangs open down the side, displaying the lithe, muscular limbs and leaving these and the body quite unfettered. The Kikuyu were certainly the most picturesque of the native races I had yet seen.

From Kikuyu the eye ranges across great plains, with a wealth of stock, to the distant hills, and perhaps, if the day is clear, to the great mountain mass of Kenia itself. But Kenia is coy, and reveals her beautiful snow-clad peak only for a few minutes in the morning or about four in the afternoon. A striking feature here is the abundance of black wattle trees which are grown for their bark. The station garden is glorious with a wealth of bloom. One curious tree here, which the natives call *Muhugu*, has a thin, slightly spreading crown, and is very useful for timber, since its wood resists the ravages of the white ant. It is exported as sandalwood, and in texture is very similar to the sandalwood of India. The characteristic odour is, however, far less pronounced. There is a noticeable bush which bears a fruit like a yellow tomato or crab-apple ; its native name is *Tunguya*. An infusion made from its fruit is used as a specific in cases of inflammation and swelling. It is largely employed in native ceremonies, being supposed to have a magical effect in averting evil. It is, I think, a variety of solanum. Beside the station stands a large galvanised iron building of the type familiar in the East, a wattle factory where the bark is treated so that it can be used in tanning. From the train one can see the Kikuyu cultivating their little plots of mealies, while the tiny children herd the two or three humped cattle or the little flocks of hairy native sheep, white, brown or black.

The train continued to wind its painful way up past wild jungle growths and wattle-planted hills until at three o'clock we reached Limoru, the summit of the Eastern Escarpment. Here there are wild bananas, tree ferns and bamboos. There

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is also the *Mwethia*, a bush which bears long racemes of greenish-yellow flowers. Other flowers, yellow and red, very like those we call red-hot poker, grow in profusion. Little native boys came round to the carriages with roughly made baskets full of strawberries. These are somewhat like our wild strawberry, but are sweeter and rather earthy in taste. Tea was served at a table on the tiny platform, the kettle being boiled on a little bonfire.

Leaving the station, we passed a row of small corrugated iron houses built on the hill-side, the nucleus of the Limoru which is to come in the future. The country grew wilder. Now and again we saw a native armed with a long spear cautiously making his way through the dense undergrowth or grass as high as himself, and now and again files of native women carrying enormous bundles of wood. These are heavier than most men would care to lift, averaging, I am told, some two hundred pounds; the bundles are slung across the shoulders by a forehead strap. The babies are carried in a leather pouch behind, except when the mother has a load of firewood, when the little one is carried in front. It is rather a pitiful spectacle to see them trotting along, bent almost double under the weight of their burdens. Yet they do not seem to mind. Women in Africa are allotted all the heavy tasks, and appear to be considered simply as beasts of burden.

We now entered the Lari swamp, a beautiful hollow in the hills, where ferns and undergrowth alternate with stretches of grass and thickets of bush and clumps of trees. Emerging, we came on a building ill suited to the beauty of the scene—the Uplands Bacon Factory, an erection of the inevitable iron type, but the forerunner of a great industry of the future. Beyond was the summit of a great hill. We passed through some woods of eucalyptus, and suddenly found ourselves gazing down into the wonderful Rift valley. The farther side was dimly marked by a long flat-topped ridge, the edge of the Mau Escarpment, and in front of this stood the peak of Mount Longonot, the summit of which we had already seen. From Limoru the line winds weirdly down, curve on curve, to Escarpment

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station, and it is from here that we look down into the great Rift.

It is usual to call it the Rift valley, but no valley known to geography was ever comparable to this. The Great Rift is no water-worn depression in the folds of the hills. It is the scar of some unimaginable convulsion which must in geological times have changed the whole face of the continent. A section of the Central Plateau, 40 miles wide and nearly 1800 miles long, has been driven or crushed downward to a depth of 2000 feet. In the depressions of its floor lie the great lakes, Naivasha, Nakuru, Baringo and Rudolf. Another gigantic rift to the west, and on the east the vast trough filled by the Red Sea, testify to the titanic forces which have in the distant past gone to the shaping of Africa.

The scenery is wonderfully, indescribably beautiful. Some parts remind one irresistibly of Switzerland. From Escarpment station one looks down into a grey mist which half hides and half reveals a wild highland scene, in which rocky ridge upon ridge roll away into the distance like the waves of a congealed sea. It is all dim, weird and wonderful. The banks are everywhere precipitous, sometimes dropping sheer for hundreds of feet. Down them the railway runs, winding, doubling back upon itself, and crossing many ravines by viaducts that seem hung in space. There are eight of these viaducts on this side, and on the other, twenty-seven. Originally the traffic was carried down the steeper inclines by specially constructed trolley cars running up and down the track by the aid of a drum and an endless wire, the weight of the descending car serving to pull the other up. The trolleys were built with one end higher than the other, so that the floor should remain level when they were running on the sloping track. These were in use for about eighteen months, and were finally discarded in 1900. We reached Kijabe at four-twenty P.M. The word means *wind*, and no more appropriate name could have been selected. Around the station are the usual iron shanties, and hanging round the platform the usual groups of natives of various tribes and styles of attire. Huge stacks of wood for the engines have been collected here. There are great numbers of birds to be

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seen, eagles, kites, vultures and the marabout stork. The woods are inhabited by the famous colobus monkey. The forest region begins here, and besides the ordinary trees there are great junipers, some of them springing aloft fifty or sixty feet without a branch. These are unfortunately liable to the attacks of a fungus which eats away the heart of the tree, so that the stateliest specimen is often no more than a hollow shell.

Towards the plain the forests disappear and are replaced by scrub. This is the mimosa thorn, standing some seven or eight feet in height, with dark green foliage resembling something between a fir and a hawthorn. We passed here a gloomy eagle perched on a telegraph post, the first of his kind we had seen. Beautiful blue birds of the size of an English blackbird flitted round in great numbers. We also saw two ostriches feeding and a herd of zebra grazing with a number of impala, a beautiful red deer. Our route carried us close by the foot of Mount Longonot, the cone of which seems to spring right out of the crater of another extinct volcano. Both are bare, furrowed and scarred as if by some great blast of fire.

At Naivasha we had our first glimpse of Lake Naivasha, which has two or three islands in the foreground and a range of hills on the opposite side. The station had a shed into which we went for tea and eggs. The place was surrounded by crowds of natives and their herds of cattle and donkeys ; there were also typical highland carts laden with bundles of grass and drawn by teams of ten, twelve or fourteen bullocks. Naivasha was in days gone by the headquarters of the Masai. These have now, however, been transferred to the Laikipia plains. The town is at present in the primitive stage ; there are a few scattered houses, the adumbration of a street or two, and that is all. But the place has undoubtedly a future ; and time and the railway, to say nothing of the Government Experimental Farm, will in a few years make it a flourishing town.

The lake is delightful. Great beds of reed and papyrus fringe its shores, vast stretches of the blue lotus lily float on its waters, and innumerable wild birds and animals frequent

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its banks. Unfortunately the day was cloudy, and the failing rays of the setting sun pierced their way with difficulty through the cloud-rifts and threw a pale radiance on the waters. Multitudes of the blue birds, and of white birds with long black tails, flitted about the trees, and we passed hundreds of zebra grazing. It is strange how accustomed these wild creatures have grown to the train. Many of them were within fifty yards of the track, yet the only sign they gave of having noticed our presence was just a casual lift of the head and a curious gaze. Two of the beautiful Kavirondo cranes, like large-crested storks, were stalking near.

The character of the vegetation soon changed, the mimosa thorns disappeared, and the grass was dotted over with stumpy little trees like the olive. The ground was very dry and sandy, like the margin of a desert, and it was evident that there is little nourishment here for vegetation of any kind. After the glorious scenery of the hills, this was frankly disappointing. But the dreariness was relieved by a wonderful blue haze, which suffused the atmosphere and seemed to lend a mysterious beauty to the distant hills.

At six-thirty we reached Gil-Gil, a few iron huts in a desert. The only relieving feature was a solitary team of fourteen bullocks harnessed to a heavy wagon. But even a bullock team cannot hold one's attention indefinitely, and we were glad when the engine had been duly supplied with fuel and water and we could start afresh. By now the darkness had fallen, and we saw nothing more save the myriads of sparks that flashed in long trails of light past our carriage windows. At Elmenteita there was another halt. When we set off once more it was quite dark, and we retired for the night.

During the darkness we climbed the Mau, to a height of 8350 feet. It is just as well, I am told, to make the ascent by night, for the great ridge is a vast, bare wilderness of grass and sky. But the descent through the forest is a fine experience, the vegetation showing successively every variety of type from the temperate to the tropical. The air undergoes a like change, the healthy, invigorating briskness giving place to an atmosphere of muggy oppressiveness. We entered at

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last on a wide plain covered with long grass, and dotted here and there with stunted trees, a very uninviting landscape. The steep Escarpment lay behind, and everywhere were little beehive-shaped huts surrounded by hedges. The stunted trees wore silvery green foliage, and were covered with long thorns. And as for Victoria Nyanza itself, the long-looked-for goal of our journey, I am bound to confess that our first view of that was not particularly attractive either.

The wide, shallow, muddy creek that met our eyes was certainly far from imposing ; but one has to remember that our station, Port Florence, is on Kavirondo Gulf, an inlet of the lake, and not the great sea itself. Kisumu, the native town, is about two miles away across the gulf. Officially, Port Florence is called Kisumu, and as such it will probably be generally known when it becomes, as in course of time it undoubtedly will, the great entrepôt for the trade of Central Africa.

IV. THE SOURCE OF THE NILE

I have said that our first glimpse of the Great Lake we had come so far to see was disappointing. Instead of the vast inland sea of one's imagination there is only a sort of creek, for the most part shallow, and of that dull, uninteresting tone one is apt to associate with muddy backwaters. Originally the shores consisted of great mud flats, but much has been done by the building of embankments to reclaim a portion of the foreshore and make a convenient landing-place for the steamers which ply on the lake. Two of these lay at the pier on to which our train ran, and we went on board one of these, the *Clement Hill*, which was to take us across the lake, or rather across one corner of it.

It was quite interesting to watch from the steamer's deck the native porters at work loading the boats, or carrying with apparent ease heavy burdens to the little iron customs shed on the pier. They seemed a merry crowd ; they were certainly a noisy one, destitute of clothing save for the loin-cloth which British propriety exacts in all its stations and

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which does so little to satisfy it. Their bodies shone with oil or with perspiration, and one could watch the play of the muscles under the skin.

We were fortunately able to get a bath and breakfast ; and then the morning, which had been dull, broke, and when we left the pier the waters of the gulf were transformed under the glorious sunshine. The Gulf of Kavirondo is some forty miles in length. As we steamed along, the grey of the distant mountains was suffused with a blue haze only a shade lighter than the water, and deeper than the blue of the sky which serves as their background.

There are many islets here, some of them mere clumps of grass like swans' nests floating on the water. The farther we go the more beautiful the scenery becomes, until, looking backwards toward the port we have just left, my memory carries me back thousands of miles till I find myself rubbing my eyes and wondering if I am really on a steamer in the heart of savage Africa, or am on a boat just like this, sailing over a salt sea on my way to the Outer Hebrides, with the blue hills of Skye behind. Nor does the climate interfere with the idea. Although we are practically on the Equator, the heat is by no means so great as might be imagined—no worse, indeed, than sometimes on a hot day in England. The decks are, of course, covered with a roof and awnings to keep off the sun. But it must be remembered that Victoria is not one of the valley lakes, but stands on the plateau between the two rifts at an altitude of some four thousand feet above the sea. Lunch, a doze, and then four-o'clock tea, and the mountains have all but disappeared, and we are nearing the entrance of the gulf. The shores here close in and break into numerous islands, some large, some small, some barren and rocky, others like little low hills covered with trees and patches of dried-up grass, and fringed with clumps of reeds. On them, too, we see many ant-hills, looking for all the world, from the distance, like stacks of hay set up to dry.

There is now a delightfully cool evening breeze blowing from the lake and rippling its waters. We pass the islands that stand like guardians at the entrance of the gulf, and now we are on the bosom of a vast inland sea that stretches

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away to the horizon. By seven o'clock we entirely lose sight of land. The sun is low down on the waters, and his slant beams fill the distance with a deep red glow which here and there changes into ruddy gold as they break through the masses of dark grey cloud. Then darkness falls, and we anchor for the night. Navigation here is unsafe save in daylight. The lake is so huge, covering an area nearly as great as that of Scotland, that its reefs are as yet imperfectly charted and its currents are unknown with anything like certainty. It is said to teem with fish. The natives tell weird stories of a terrible monster, the "Lukwata," which, they say, dwells in its depths, and which, if one may credit the descriptions of those who have caught sight of it, must be a near relative of those "dragons of the slime that tare each other in the prime," some belated saurian from prehistoric times. Or, more probably, like "that sea-beast leviathan," he may owe most of his fearsome attributes to legend, which rarely minimises what it records. To our regret, we saw nothing of the Lukwata. It would have been something like an achievement to have been the first to bring back a photograph of such a curiosity. The nearest approach to a prehistoric monster that we saw was a crocodile. He, at any rate, is no myth, and can at any time be seen basking along the lake shores. There are plenty of hippopotami among the reeds, but I saw none on this trip except in the head waters of the Nile below the Ripon Falls.

As may be imagined, boat-building is a fine art on the shores of Lake Victoria. The native canoes are often of extraordinary capacity, holding sometimes as many as a hundred men. The Waganda venture out in them in all weathers. They are very swift, and apparently seaworthy, in spite of the fact that the planks are sewn together with vegetable fibres.

When I arrived on deck in the morning we were passing through a sea of islands, the Sesse Archipelago. Many of these are of considerable size, and there is an extraordinary diversity of appearance among them. Some are thickly covered with forest trees right down to the water's edge; others are smooth, round, grassy hillocks; and others, again,

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mere heaps or cairns of stone with rock plants growing in the clefts and crannies. The sight is a charming one—the blue lake, the dotted isles, the beautiful white beaches with their foaming breakers, and behind, as a background, the green of the primeval forest on the shore.

Inside the archipelago, the coast of the mainland is fringed with numberless tiny islets. A few are used by fishermen, and others are naked and barren. Unfortunately, in 1907, an outbreak of the sleeping sickness, that terrible plague which threatened to depopulate Uganda, and did, in fact, depopulate whole districts, made it necessary to remove all the natives from these islands and from the lake shore, to a place some miles inland. Those already infected, some thousands in number, were placed in isolation camps and hospitals where they could be properly treated. There is one such great sleeping sickness camp at Kystume, near Mukoni. Fortunately the disease is now fairly in hand; the swamps where the tsetse fly flourished are prohibited areas, and outside these the risk is not great. But at the outset the ravages were terrible. To take but one example: Bukoli, one of the southern divisions of Busoga, which was a densely populated country, rich in cattle and of singular promise, is now all but a desert, the greater part of the district being covered by the encroaching bush and inhabited only by pigs, leopards and hyænas. One Taza chief, who could formerly muster 17,000 fighting men, has now only 105 taxpayers. Dr Koch, of enteric fever fame, went to one of the Sesse islands to study the disease and its possible remedies. He claimed to have found a cure in atoxyl, a preparation of arsenic, but this claim was premature. The subject of sleeping sickness in its relation to insect life is dealt with in Chapter VII.

At ten o'clock we landed at the little pier of Entebbe, the English capital of Uganda. This was established in 1893, by Sir Gerald Portal, and soon became the headquarters of the Government. Kampala, the native capital, is twenty-four miles away. Passing through the usual crowd of natives and Indians, we got into rickshaws, and were trotted up a wide red winding road through a beautiful park

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filled with flowering shrubs and great forest trees of many kinds. Herds of cattle were grazing everywhere. It was very interesting to watch the tick birds fluttering fearlessly among the beasts, perching on their backs and heads and picking off the insects. These birds are about the size of a gull, but rather slighter in build, and have large orange-coloured beaks. The cattle are a cross between the humped short-horned breed which one finds in British East Africa and most parts of Uganda and the long-horned Ankole oxen which come from the province to the south and belong to the Galla breed.

We passed a few bungalows built of dried bricks and roofed with the ubiquitous galvanised iron, also some shops of the bungalow type, and then reached Government House. Like all the Government Houses in this part of the world, it is built on a hill, for obvious reasons. It commands a very lovely view over the lake and the forests. The gardens are particularly beautiful, and the roads are bordered with flowering shrubs bearing masses of the most delightful blossoms. The Botanical Gardens, too, are very fine indeed.

We were unfortunate enough to find the Governor and Lady Jackson away from home ; and after visiting a remarkable collection of curios which a European resident had for sale, we returned to our steamer and resumed the voyage to Kampala, which we reached about five o'clock. The captain took us to the pier head and put us into a rickshaw drawn by one boy and pushed by three, and we started on a six-mile uphill run. The boy in front struck up a kind of monotonous chant which sounded rather like a brief question perpetually repeated, to which the three behind made answer in chorus, with words which sounded like "Arrah Ugh ! Arrah Ugh !" and an occasional whistle or wild cry to vary it. The soloist changed his words from time to time, but the chorus was always the same. The boys ran well to this incessant accompaniment ; the road was good, broad, smooth and red, and we progressed swiftly and comfortably enough, save that once, when crossing the newly built railway line, we were very nearly jolted into the mud. There were plenty of native huts by the roadside, each surrounded by its grove

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of banana-trees. The natives here practically live on bananas, eating them raw or cooked in various ways. On the whole, the roads are surprisingly good. There are between two and three hundred miles of roadway specially constructed for motor traffic by the Office of Public Works. One of these, from Kampala to the Toro boundary, is 126 miles in length. Other roads are kept in repair by the native chiefs as part of their obligation to the Central Power. The Public Works Department, however, looks after all bridges, etc.

Our present route rose steadily, at first between great groves of bananas, with here and there a group of quaint native beehive huts. Then came stretches of tall elephant grass, effectively shutting off the view. Finally we emerged from the jungle, and the hills of Kampala lay clear before us; for Kampala has this in common with ancient Rome, that it is built on seven hills. Moreover, as in the case of Rome, each hill has its distinctive features. The finest of them all is Kampala, from which the place derives its name. This was the first British settlement here, Captain Lugard having, in 1890, built a fort on its summit, much to the advantage of the European settlers during the native wars which followed. The Government buildings have now been removed to the larger Nakasero Hill, as not too cramped to admit of future developments. On Mengo Hill the Kabaka, or native king of Buganda, has his palace, and lives surrounded by his chiefs; and here, too, the native Council assembles. The other four hills are occupied by the various missionary bodies which, at the cost of vast labour, great danger and immense self-sacrifice, have undertaken the conversion of Central Africa to Christianity and civilisation. The headquarters of the Church Missionary Society stands on Namirembe Hill, the mission of the White Fathers on Rubaga Hill, the Mill Hill mission of the Roman Catholic Church on Nysambya Hill, and that of the French Algerian Fathers on Ngambya Hill. It is beyond the province of these "jottings by the way" to attempt to appraise the work that has been done by these and similar communities. But no one can visit the native schools, and see how the children are being uplifted by

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the heroic self-sacrifice of these devoted men and women, without being touched with admiration, mingled with gratitude and respect.

Like all other Central African towns under British control, Kampala is growing rapidly. It possesses a number of shops, one of them a very large store indeed for East Africa, and several good buildings. The National Bank of India and the Standard Bank of Africa are established in the town, and there is an excellent golf-course on the top of the hill, whence a glorious view is obtained. We had cool lemon drinks in Mrs Taylor's bungalow, which is entirely enclosed in mosquito-proof screens, and then returned to our rickshaws and our singing boys. Darkness overtook us on our way back, but it was not the least interesting of our experiences to run through the tropical night to the weird chanting of the boys, our only light being the "darkness visible" made by a single feeble, fitful lamp hung from the shafts. But for our warning lamp, ineffective as it was, I am sure we should have collided disastrously with various carts of produce which we met being pushed uphill by bands of seven or eight natives, all droning their monotonous chorus and apparently oblivious of everything in the world beside. Now and again the chant was drowned by the multitudinous croaking of frogs in the marshes that bordered the road, a kind of bell-like chirp that harmonised admirably with the surroundings and the conditions of the night.

In the morning, having still a few hours to spare before starting, we again took rickshaws and ran round the town, taking a photo or two here, buying a calabash there, and generally establishing a reputation for feminine curiosity by acquiring all possible information. It is astonishing what an appetite for information the air of Central Africa gives one. Everything is so strange and new that one feels bound to find out all that one can. I can only trust that our informants did not take advantage of our ignorance to supply us with the tales which are devised for the special delectation of travellers.

At eleven we sailed for Jinja, and arrived about six, too late to land ; so we anchored for the night just off the entrance



Ripon Falls. Source of the Nile.



Eland in Government Farm, near Nairobi

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to the harbour. When morning came, the reason for the precaution was evident, for the opening to the bay lay along a narrow channel which could certainly never have been negotiated safely in the dark. Jinja consists of a small grassy hill, on the top of which is a flagstaff flying the Union Jack. Around are a few bungalows, and there is the usual pier, with its galvanised Customs house and great stacks of cotton bales ready for export. The few shops and the main road are behind the hill, and the native quarter on the side. The ground has been laid out and planted with young trees and shrubs ; but everything looks very new, and the place resembles a little Entebbe in the making.

The pier is the terminus of the Uganda Railway, which connects Jinja with Namagasali, a place on the Nile sixty-two miles away, and the first navigable point of the river. A by-road from the pier runs round the lake-side, terminating in a narrow muddy path. The lake here is bordered by weirdly shaped jagged rocks and fringing islets, literally swarming with birds of the cormorant type ; and the rocks and adjacent islets are white with the guano deposits of centuries. All the time the roar of water sounds in our ears and grows louder and louder as we progress, until at last we come out on to a ridge and find below us a vast cataract, the outlet by which the lake disgorges itself to form the Nile. The water flows very smoothly until the actual fall is reached, then it breaks into sudden foam as it rushes between the numerous rocky tree-crowned islets down to the river level below. These are the famous Ripon Falls, the birthplace of the Nile. The depth is not great, only about twenty feet at most, but the volume of water is immense. It is the overflow of all that vast region that drains into Victoria Nyanza. The width is about 1200 feet. The spray rises high above the rushing waters and the sun touches it with a rainbow play of iridescent colour. On the one hand the lake, blue, placid and sparkling in the sun, stretches away into infinite distance, and on the other the new-born stream winds its boisterous way, among tiny islets and between densely wooded banks. It is a glorious picture. One would be dull of soul who could let it pass without dwelling for a while on its transcendent

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loveliness ; and one would be duller still to whom the sight did not prove a charm, calling up a host of memories associated with the famous stream from the beginning of historic time : of Moses in his ark of bulrushes, found by Pharaoh's daughter among the reeds that fringe its banks ; of the dread time when its waters ran blood ; of Cleopatra audaciously resplendent in her galley at Cydnus, and of mailed Antony, who thought the world well lost for her love ; and so on through the ages down to modern times and those great explorers whose names are indelibly associated with the history of the river and of the lake which they proved to be its source. And then, bearing in mind the wonderful possibilities of the region through which we have passed, and the record of what men have done and are still doing to utilise all its wealth and exploit its resources for the benefit of mankind, another vision rises before the mind, one in which the argosies of commerce laden with the wealth of "Darkest Africa" shall crowd those waters, and the great River of the Past become the great River of the Future.

We climbed down below the falls and walked for a while along the river bank. Great fish can be seen disporting in the waters, and sometimes even leap over the fall itself. As we watched, two huge hippopotami raised their clumsy heads from a neighbouring pool and stared stolidly at us with their little piggish red-rimmed eyes.

It was hard to tear oneself away, but time, to say nothing of the *Clement Hill*, wait for neither memories of the past nor visions of the future. And so, slowly and reluctantly, we returned on our tracks. There are amazing numbers of birds here ; waterfowl of all kinds, gulls, divers, and here and there a black-and-white kingfisher. Among the most interesting, if not the prettiest, were the storks, of which there were various kinds. The whale-headed stork is one of the most extraordinary birds it is possible to conceive. There are also eagles and hawks. The fish eagle is to be seen anywhere around the lake, and the Egyptian kite is a veritable plague, particularly near the settlements, where his attentions to the chicken runs have made him a byword of execration. The kestrel is a migrant, as is also the cuckoo ; and since the

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one arrives just as the other leaves, it is obvious to the native mind that the one is changed into the other. Nothing could be clearer nor more satisfactory. All round the settlements are to be seen flocks of the beautiful crested crane, whose extraordinary antics during the breeding season, resembling a marionette dance, are highly diverting. The smaller birds are for the most part brightly coloured. Among these the fire-finches, sun-birds, love-birds and bee-eaters are noticeable; but there are also tits, wagtails, larks, whydahs, thrushes, warblers, and very many more. Among the game birds the guinea-fowl is the chief, and is met with in great numbers.

On our return journey in the boat we amused ourselves by watching through a telescope many crocodiles placidly basking and disporting themselves on the shores of the lake. We could see them quite clearly, great ugly beasts lying motionless as the rocks themselves, or plunging into the water with tremendous swishes of their powerful tails. Many natives, especially women and children, as well as cattle, are annually seized by these pests, dragged under water, drowned and then devoured.

Uganda is one of the most fascinating of all the African territories, and those who have investigated its possibilities assert that in process of time it will become the wealthiest. It contains some of the most fertile land in the world, and has a climate peculiarly favourable to vegetable growth. Cotton, coffee and rubber grow wild, and the imported varieties do admirably. There are great possibilities with tobacco, cocoa and various fruits and vegetables. The climate is the great drawback. There are districts where it is not far short of perfect; but there are others which could by no stretch of imagination be considered as "white man's country," and others again where it is absolutely impossible for Europeans to live at all. In certain of these malaria is common, the mosquitoes being an unmitigated nuisance. Something has already been said with regard to sleeping sickness; but it may be concluded that for white people the danger of this, outside the fly districts, is negligible. A further difficulty is the dearth of native labour. This is

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particularly serious in Busoga, where the completion of the railway from Jinja to Namagasali on the Nile has caused a considerable influx of settlers. The question of food supply for the workers in this region is also a serious one. There are no great food markets, and large gangs of natives working on plantations cannot be properly fed from the land. There is also, in certain places, a shortage of water. But these disadvantages apply only locally ; they are certainly by no means general ; and equally certainly, none of them is beyond the resources of civilisation.

CHAPTER II

MOMBASA

“ Nor could his eye not ken
The empire of Negus to his utmost port,
Ercoco, and the less maritime kings,
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind.”

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*.

THE native name of Mombasa is M'vita—the place of fighting. Its name epitomises its history. It has been for centuries the battle-ground of warring peoples: Arabs fighting with natives, Portuguese with natives, and Arabs with Portuguese. It was a place of call for pirates, an entrepôt for ivory traders, and one of the great centres of the African slave trade. Its early history is written in blood.

Vasco da Gama first brought it into touch with Western civilisation. He landed there on that famous voyage when he rounded the “Cape of Storms” and called it the “Cape of Good Hope” because he felt that he was at last on the way to the goal of European endeavour, the hope of every navigator of his day, that India whose fabled riches had set Europe aflame. This was in 1497. The voyage is a memorable one. It laid the foundation of European influence in the East. Incidentally, too, da Gama founded Portuguese East Africa. His fame is commemorated in the name of the principal street in Mombasa, Vasco da Gama Street.

Many vestiges still exist of Portuguese rule in East Africa. The chief of these is perhaps the old “Jesus” fort, which stands by the seashore to the side of the Old Town. According to a tablet still in existence, it was built as far back as 1595 and rebuilt in 1635. Tradition says that Vasco da Gama himself began it. It was the scene of many fierce struggles between the inhabitants of the island, the native tribes and the Arab invaders. At the close of the seventeenth

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century the Arabs, having besieged it for years, stormed its wall and massacred all who were left of the garrison, for that gallant band had already been far reduced by the plague.

The island of Mombasa is a coral rock standing in the entrance to a bay, which it divides into two channels. Like other coral islands, it has a fringing reef, and another reef borders the mainland. Both are covered by water to a depth of several feet at high tide, but of a few inches only at low water, so that it is easy then to wade across. It is most interesting to go out in calm weather on to the reef and watch the variety of marine life in the crevices and pools of the rocks.

Between the two reefs is the harbour, and it is hardly necessary to say that the utmost caution is necessary in entering it. Indeed, our boat went "dead slow." Inside are two inlets or arms of the sea running up into the land and forming natural havens sheltered from the sea and invisible from the outside. That to the north is the Old Arab Harbour, and on its island shore stands the Old Town. It is less commodious than the other, but was more easy of entrance in the old days, when ships had no motive power but the wind and must take into account its prevalent direction in choosing their entrance. On the mainland, opposite the Old Town, is Frere Town, the headquarters of the Church Missionary Society. It is named after Sir Bartle Frere, who founded it in 1874, and whose work and influence have left enduring traces on East Africa.

The southern harbour is known as Kilindini, or "place of deep water." This is one of the most commodious havens in the world. Certainly, with the possible exception of Dar-es-Salaam, it is the finest on the east coast of Africa. One of its arms, Port Reitz, is four miles long and more than a mile across. As the terminus of the Uganda Railway, Kilindini is certain to have an important future.

Behind the harbour the land slopes upward to the Shimba Hills, the crest of the ridge being only a few miles inland. The prospect from the ship is a most entrancing one. The blue sea, the white beach, the lines of foam which mark the reefs, the mainland with its palms, mangoes, baobabs and

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masses of flowering shrubs, the scattered white-walled houses with their red roofs half embedded in the trees, and the dim grey line of mountains behind with its three peaks fancifully termed the "Crown of Mombasa," make a picture altogether delightful to the voyager who has for days past seen nothing but the monotonous prospect of the sea.

There are, to be exact, three Mombasas: there is the Old Town, a tangle of narrow streets and quaint old-world Arab houses; the Modern Town, with the Government Offices, the Court House, the Treasury, the Banks, the shops and residences of the Indian traders; and finally the European residential quarter, on higher ground, facing the sea, where the tropical heat is mitigated by the cool breeze that blows in over thousands of miles of ocean. Here are the houses of the leading Europeans, and here stands Government House.

This is a very simple and unpretentious building, charmingly placed on a cliff overlooking the sea. The lower part is of white plaster, and this, with the white pillars and the little black tower, with its flagstaff flying the Union Jack, made a cool and delightful picture as I saw it for the first time, surrounded by its lovely gardens of trees and flowering shrubs, such as crotons, oleanders, frangipani and many more. I am bound to say that the internal conditions and arrangements of Government House leave much to be desired, and that one of the first things that should be done by the Government of the Colony is to see that its representative here is housed in a manner suitable to his position and the dignity of the office he fills. I think the reason may partly be that no previous Governor had made Mombasa his home for any length of time, most of the work of administration being carried on from Nairobi.

But despite its inconvenience, I look back on Government House with real affection; for, through the kindness of Sir Henry and Lady Belfield, it was my home in Africa for three and a half months. When I left it once for a few days to visit Zanzibar and German East Africa, I returned to it with a sense of pleasure, and finally said "good-bye" to it with real regret.

The first impression of Mombasa is one of brilliant,

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luxuriant vegetation, cocoanut-palms with tall, thin stems and graceful spreading heads, great many-rooted mangroves, mangoes, gaunt skeleton-like baobabs, masses of dense foliage, flowering shrubs and interlacing creepers, scattered white houses with bright red roofs, and purple masses of bougainvillea. The bougainvillea is one of the chief features of Mombasa, covering walls, clustering round pillars and hiding the gnarled bare trunks of the great baobabs with its clustering blossoms. It is a living monument to the great French sailor who introduced it here from America.

The second impression is that of the unmistakable odour of Africa, an odour compounded of the scent of heated earth, tropical flowers, the acrid smell of the hot sun on stone and metal, and, in the Old Town, the reek of heated humanity and immemorial filth.

The third is that of the heat, an overpowering, reverberating heat. It weighs down on one's head with terrific force, rises from the soil and beats back in actual palpable waves from every wall, patch of cement or metal. Many of the stores and sheds are of corrugated iron, and it often requires an effort to pass them. Midday is an impossible time for Europeans, and even those who avoid the noon find the climate far too relaxing for anything approaching physical activity save in the early morning or late afternoon.

The glare reflected from the white coral roads, the white-walled houses, the sandy shore and the surface of the sea is almost blinding, and I found it infinitely distressing to the eyes. Most of the Europeans wear dark glasses. But the sunsets are unforgettable in their gorgeous harmony of colour. And after the sunset, one may see the remarkable and beautiful phenomenon of the zodiacal light, a luminous patch of silvery light which stretches far above the horizon. A similar manifestation, seen before sunrise, is known throughout the East as the "false dawn" or, as old Omar has it, "Dawn's left hand." It fills the sky with its shimmering radiance, then fades, and darkness comes once more, to be succeeded after a little while by the glow that heralds the real dawn.

The visitor is, of course, mainly attracted by the native



Sir H. C. and Lady Belfield, Mombasa.



Government House, Mombasa.

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town, with its narrow winding alley-ways. A stranger entering it alone might wander for hours and never find his way out of the maze. But as a rule the stranger does not penetrate far into its mysteries ; its heat and odour are too overpowering. They are insufferable and indescribable. The old Arab houses, with their white walls and mysterious interiors, are of all sizes, quaint, irregular and closely crowded, veritable relics of the past, unchanged save for the inevitable touch of decay which makes them still more picturesque. Their massive doors of dark brown wood, intricately and beautifully carved, studded with huge brass or iron nails, and furnished with elaborately wrought metal-work hinges, are fascinating in the extreme. The narrow streets are thronged with natives of the East, a motley crowd of many nationalities and tribes and varying degrees of civilisation : Arabs, Swahilis, Goanese, Hindus, all in picturesque attire ; while the white garments of a casual European, sight-seeing or on business, lend a welcome touch of coolness to the scene. The native market lies in the centre. Two interesting sections are the vegetable and the fish markets, where curious fruits and fish may on occasion be met with. There are tiny shops, too, where the native may purchase the few things necessary to his simple life.

The better shops in Mombasa are outside the native quarters and are kept by Indians. Here the visitor may buy various thing he requires, and many he does not : many articles of native or Indian manufacture, and others by no means faintly reminiscent of our own Birmingham. The Indian is the recognised retail trader of the East Coast. Goanese, who are Eurasians from the Portuguese colony of Goa, form a considerable proportion of these. I was amused to note, from the inscriptions above the shop doors, how many of the latter claimed the aristocratic name of De Sousa. There are two large Indian shops near the club, one hardware store kept by Germans and one store kept by English people. It is, however, difficult to procure the necessary articles for daily use. I could not help noticing the number of German names to be seen in Mombasa. It is evident that the Germans were making a big attempt to capture the coast

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trade of East Africa. The English community is very small, mostly business men and officials, with an occasional visitor, a hunter or traveller, staying a day or two on his way up to Nairobi.

There is a pleasant little club-house near the Old Fort in Vasco da Gama Street. It has a fine view looking over the sea. About a mile from the club, half-way along the road to Kilindini, are grounds where cricket, football and tennis are actively carried on in the cool of the day. The Germans kept, or were kept, very much to themselves. The foreigners have their own club and their own tennis courts.

Outside the native town well-trodden paths lead to ruined or half-ruined mosques, some of which are still used by devout Mohammedans for their daily devotions. They differ far from the idea of a mosque which one acquires from the Nearer East. There are no beautiful domes or slender minarets with galleries from which the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer. Some of them are quite plain buildings with quaint conical towers, such as the example at the Gharry terminus. One fine example is in Vasco da Gama Street. The Hindus, too, have their places of worship here.

Farther on are many old tombs in an excellent state of preservation, the monuments of mighty chiefs, great white-washed stone sepulchres, dating back in several cases some hundreds of years. In certain of these, tin boxes filled with tiny handleless coffee cups are placed for the use of devout Arabs who meet to drink coffee, smoke and offer incense in these places sacred to the great dead. These tombs are just outside the Old Town of Mombasa, opposite Frere Town.

At present there is but the one road across the island from Mombasa to Kilindini, though a new one is being made. This road leads right through the new town, and going along it one passes the few modern buildings in the island. Among these is the cathedral, a quite interesting edifice built to the memory of the martyred Bishop Hannington. It is a mixture of the European and Oriental in style, and some of the native work, especially the detail in the interior, is admirable in taste and execution. The Portuguese and Goanese are, of course, Catholics ; and one of the prettiest

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edifices along the route is the monastery built by the Catholic mission. Among other buildings in the modern town are the Bank of India and the High Court of Justice. The tennis courts off the Kilindini road are charmingly surrounded by great mango-trees.

A tiny railroad runs along the Kilindini road. The rails are about two feet apart and were originally intended for the Uganda Railway, but proved absolutely inadequate and so were adopted for their present use. They were laid along the various roads past the houses of the principal inhabitants. The cars are quaint little open trucks called gharries. Each has a little platform on wheels, with seats holding two or three persons in front and two behind, and the motive power is furnished by a couple of Swahili boys, who run behind, push on the level and jump up behind when coasting down an incline. These inclines, by the way, are very few. There are no hills in the island. It is astonishing how quickly these gharry boys get over the ground. Every resident has his private gharry, and dresses his boys, to their great delight, in some kind of distinctive uniform ; for nothing pleases the native mind so much as to get into an official dress, which gives him a sense of importance.

Now, however, there are a few public gharries which can be hired at a low rate. I understand, however, that the rails, having become much worn, are to be lifted next year, as they are no longer adequate to cope with the traffic. They will probably be superseded by a regular service of motor buses, and a characteristic feature of Mombasa life, and one which I believe is unique, will disappear. To return home after a dinner-party or a dance, bareheaded and without the necessity of slipping on even an extra scarf, through the velvety blackness of a tropical night, is peculiarly delightful. The heavy odours that fill the air, the white stars—no one in England can imagine the African stars—and the glimmering circle of light that the little oil lamp in front casts on the rails, make up a picture that I shall not easily forget. I, for one, with memories of many pleasant runs, will view the passing of the gharry with unfeigned regret. I saw the first “resident” motor car which ever came to

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Mombasa, but before I left the island there were two or three more. Apart from the gharries, there were a few rickshaws, but no horse vehicles. Horses cannot live here ; there were, I believe, only four in the island, and dreadful scarecrows they were. Whether it was a result of the gharries or not, one thing that struck me greatly in Mombasa was the complete absence of dust. It may be that the coral soil binds into a hard crust.

There is a most delightful walk from the old Jesus fort along the edge of the coral cliffs to Ras Serani. Besides the lighthouse which shows the entrance to the harbour of Kilindini, there is here another old fort, that of Mir Ali Bey. This personage was a famous Turkish pirate, who, after ravaging the seas and raiding the seaports to the full of his bent, determined to settle here and spend his declining days in security and honourable peace. To this end, he built a strong fort on the cliff overlooking the harbour, mounted the cannon from his craft and prepared to enjoy existence. But "they who live by the sword shall perish by the sword." The avengers were speedily on his track. It may be, too, that there was a hint of treasure stored in the vaults of the old fort. The Portuguese stormed the fort, and Mir Ali Bey paid the penalty of his crimes. This was at the close of the sixteenth century. To-day the old fort is a picturesque ruin of broken bastions and crumbling walls, and a few old rusted cannon lie half concealed beneath the tangled undergrowth and creepers.

Serani Point was a favourite resort of mine : it was so delightfully peaceful. Its cool breezes and lovely view of the mainland and of the great seas breaking in foam over the coral bars formed a glorious contrast to the hot, tiring, noisy, striving town. Not far from the lighthouse is an old wreck. It lies firmly aground ; so high, indeed, that at low tide one may wade out to it. It is still attached to a huge anchor now entirely encrusted with barnacles. Only the mere shell of the vessel remains, and when the wind blows, it sighs and moans through the crevices of the battered plates. Sometimes, in bad weather particularly, the sound rising above the thunder of the seas and the rush of the wind is thrillingly

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weird, sounding through the night and above the gale like the voice of some poor soul in torment. In the daytime I often sat here, gazing out to sea, watching the great ships slowly gliding past the reefs, the native dhows sailing picturesquely along and the little boats darting to and fro over the blue sea, and behind all the lovely background of tall, waving palms.

To a stranger the native population naturally proves intensely interesting. At first I found extreme difficulty in distinguishing the different tribes, but one soon acquires a sufficient working knowledge of their various characteristics. The Arab, of course, is the superior person here, as along all the coast ; and if he happens to be wealthy, as he very often is, he is a very superior person indeed. He is at his fullest glory on festal occasions, such as the festivities which celebrate the conclusion of the great fast of Ramadan. This is the ninth month of the Mohammedan year, and as the Mohammedan month is a lunar and not a calendar month, as with us, it occurs at a different time each year. Fortunately, this year it came during our visit ; and I was greatly charmed with the decorations with which the followers of the prophet celebrate their emancipation, and with the gaily bedecked crowd which thronged the streets as soon as the proclamation was made that the New Moon had fairly begun and that the Faithful were free. I can see now this crowd with its curious mingling of East and West—Arabs, Swahilis, representatives of various African tribes, and the principal Europeans in Mombasa, outside a bioscope show. Kipling says that

“ East is East and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet,”

but if ever they do meet, Mombasa will be the place.

The better-class Arab wears a long robe embroidered with gold. This opens down the front, kimono-wise, to display a white tunic, bound in at the waist with a gorgeous gold-embroidered girdle in which is stuck a short, curved dagger, the hall-mark of the well-bred Arab. Altogether he is a very stately and imposing figure.

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The Swahili boys wear cotton vests, loin-cloths generally of "Merikani," which is East Coast for American printed cotton, and a sort of long white shirt. If one of them aspires to be a great swell, this may be embroidered at the neck with red. On his head is a scarlet tarboosh (fez) or a white cap. He is never bareheaded. The women wear a "kanga," which is a square of "Merikani," often amazingly decorated, both pattern and colouring having apparently been chosen with a view to the most startling effect. Large patterns of black on an orange ground, or of yellow on black, are greatly in favour. Even under these conditions, a print, the ornamentation of which depended for its main effect on a highly coloured and realistic representation of a railway train, seemed to be unnecessarily violent. The kanga is wrapped round the body above the breast, forming a kind of straight petticoat. A second square of similar material is often used shawl-wise as a covering for the head and shoulders. It is most amusing to watch the more ambitious and wealthy Swahili girls in their endeavour to ape the fashions of the Arab ladies. The lower kanga is wrapped so tightly round the legs as to give the effect of a sheath or hobble skirt of the most extreme type; the upper one is draped artistically over the shoulder like a plaid; and the whole costume is completed by a rather full pair of trousers of some light and more or less diaphanous material, finished off round the ankles by huge frills, giving a curiously Early Victorian effect. The sight of these frills standing stiffly out over a pair of large, bare, black feet always appealed to me as indescribably comical. The hair is pulled out from its natural frizz and tortured and plastered into a series of ridges running longitudinally from front to back. Each ridge ends in a tiny pigtail overhanging the back of the neck. The lobes of the ears are pierced, the holes being stretched for the reception of various amazing ornaments, the commonest being a round disc, perhaps two or three inches across, coloured in concentric circles.

Jewellery is to a large extent a matter of glass beads and shells, bangles of copper, brass or silver, and coils of iron, brass or copper wire. Indeed, I am told that the vanity of the native girls and their partiality for copper wire has more

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than once been responsible for serious interruptions in the telegraph service, particularly in the early days of the Victoria Nyanza Railway. When one realises that the men found the rail-bolts equally irresistible because of their usefulness in the manufacture of spears, some of the difficulties of the railway pioneers may be imagined.

One of the most interesting features of Mombasa native life is the Ngoma. Strictly speaking, the Ngoma is a drum, the instrument to which the natives perform their dances. For on the East Coast, as in other parts of Africa, and possibly in more civilised regions, the native expresses his emotions in the dance. "Letting the steam off" was one derisive comment I heard. But the term has come to mean the dance itself, and Mombasa finds its medium for self-expression in Ngoma. I saw it on Sunday afternoons, but I understand that the great displays are generally held at night, particularly when the moon is full. The men carry knob-kerries and prance round in a circle; the women, dressed in their gayest colours, stand marking time to the rhythm of the dance and wriggling from side to side. These demonstrations are carried out to a wild rhythm beat out on the drum. For a few minutes the proceedings are as interesting as they are furious; but the repetition of the tune and the sameness of the movements very soon become monotonous in the extreme, at any rate to the European spectator. As for the natives, they carry it on for hours, until they are ready to drop from exhaustion.

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined,
No rest till morn when Youth and Pleasure meet."

It is quite a common thing to see a "boy," approaching the limits of fatigue and streaming with perspiration, drop out of the circle, dash to an adjacent well, and, after a thorough sluicing with water, rush back and resume the dance.

Speaking of the wells reminds one that the great disadvantage of Mombasa is its lack of water-supply. It is but a small island, and of porous coral rock. Hence there are no springs, and the only water available for domestic purposes consists of rain stored in tanks and the brackish

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and more or less doubtful fluid drawn from the wells. The latter, owing to the porous nature of the coral rock, are liable to contamination, sometimes of the most serious kind. To avoid this as far as possible, most of them are lined with masonry, at least in their upper portion, thus avoiding surface contamination. The apparatus employed in drawing water from these wells is primitive and interesting. But the whole question is complicated by the fact that there is no drainage of any kind, and the sanitary arrangements are most primitive. A coolie comes twice a day, carries away the house refuse in pails, and throws it into the sea. The native has no idea of sanitation. I was told that the coral rock fortunately acts as an absorbent and an antiseptic, deodorising all refuse and rendering it harmless to health. All the better-class houses in Mombasa have underground water tanks in which the rain-water is collected and stored. But it is clear that if Mombasa is to become the great port of Eastern Africa, the question of an efficient water-supply, both for the town itself and for the calling ships, will have to be seriously considered. An ample supply could be obtained from the Shimba hills not far away, though at considerable cost. This would meet the needs of the shipping and of the European residents ; but from my experience of the native, I am sure that it is too much to expect him to pay a rate for pure water when he can get the brackish and possibly polluted product of the wells for nothing.

The water-carriers who draw the water from the public wells and distribute it over the town are one of the most interesting features of the island and as characteristic as the gharry boys. Their stock-in-trade is primitive, consisting of a couple of four-gallon kerosene tins, slung one at each end of an eight-foot pole. The weight must be considerable, as a gallon of water weighs about ten pounds. But they run along tirelessly and cheerfully, even through the hottest part of the day, at the same steady jog-trot, with their cry of "Similai ! Similai !" warning loiterers and passers-by not to impede the progress of folk in a hurry. Women, too, may be seen drawing water from the wells, an Eastern fashion familiarised to us by the Scriptures, and



Harbour, Mombasa.



On Government House Sea Path, Mombasa

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carrying it, not as the men do, but in a single oil tin or a picturesque native earthenware jar balanced accurately on their heads. Some of these women are finely proportioned, and their occupation gives them a magnificently erect carriage and a free swing from the hips that is both graceful and stately. It is a pleasure to see them walk.

My life in Mombasa, while my husband was away on safari, was very peaceful and uneventful, yet full of charm. His Excellency the Governor and Lady Belfield omitted nothing that might add to my comfort or enjoyment, and I received great hospitality from the various English residents. The Governor's secretary, Mr F. W. Brett, and his A.D.C., Captain B. Winthrop-Smith, although, for reasons to which I have already referred, they did not live at Government House, but lodged at a bungalow near by, were also unremitting in their kindness. But except for some special occasion, one day was very much like another : "*Les jours passent et se ressemblent.*" Perhaps, however, an account of a typical day may prove interesting.

At seven o'clock Duma, my Swahili boy, appears at my bedside saying : "Chai [tea], mem-sahib." He has a smiling black face, with a prodigal display of very white, perfect teeth ; a shaven head ; and is clad in a long, thin, white garment reaching to his ankles, open at the neck and with wide-open sleeves. His feet are bare. The morning cup of tea and its accompanying fruit disposed of, I rise, complete my toilet, and go down to breakfast. After breakfast, my pleasant task is the arrangement of the flowers, with which Lady Belfield has kindly entrusted me, instead of the Indian gardener, whose taste in floral decoration hardly accords with European notions. So when he comes with his arms full of blossoms from the garden I ask him to permit me to arrange them for him. With many salaams he expresses himself delighted that the mem-sahib should do him so much honour. This little comedy played, I get to work. Generally I find I have to put on a topee and slip out into the hot sunshine to cut a few more blossoms for the sake of variety. Garden flowers are few in Mombasa, and these are imported and do not do well, so that one has to fall back for the main

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supply on the flowering shrubs. Even these, I believe, have mostly been introduced from India. By the time the flowers are cut and arranged, the gharry is at the door, and we go for a morning run, either to the one English shop of Mombasa or to look in at the club and glance through the papers.

“After luncheon rest a while” is an admirable maxim here. The *siesta* is an absolute necessity, for the heat is overwhelming in the middle of the day and the glare painfully distressing to the eyes. Once when I went to my room about ten-thirty, a time when the sun is very hot, I looked out over the verandah and saw, to my horror, what I took to be five corpses lying face downward in various parts of the drive. They were, however, only five of the gharry boys, who had been unable to resist the temptation of the slight shade afforded by the trees and had flung themselves down to enjoy the perfect happiness of a noontide sleep. At four or four-thirty Mombasa awakes, so far as its white population is concerned, and the social day begins. One goes walking, sailing, fishing, riding in gharries, while the more energetic play badminton, tennis or cricket. Those to whom those somewhat violent forms of exercise do not appeal sit round under the trees and watch the games and chat.

On one occasion I remember his Excellency and Lady Belfield wished to make an informal visit to the tennis and cricket ground, and they started off after tea, taking with them Captain Winthrop-Smith, the A.D.C., and myself. The grounds are along the road to Kilindini, and the games were in full swing when we arrived. Three or four sets of tennis were being played; and we had the pleasure of watching, from where we sat, the last game of cricket for the season. The teams were distinctly composite. There were at least two judges, three or four others of almost equal rank, a miscellaneous assortment of officials and merchants, and, to complete the eleven, a couple of Goanese. It was exceedingly funny to watch these running between the wickets or rushing about the field. Like other Indians, they wear a long white garment in the nature of a shirt, and as this is not tucked into the trousers European fashion, but hangs nearly to the knees outside, it flaps about in a very comical

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fashion during violent exercise. I shall never forget that cricket match, and its evidence of the newness of the country, for it was impossible, that afternoon, to get an eleven composed entirely of Englishmen.

The latter part of the afternoon is delightful. The declining sun has mitigated the fierceness of the noontide heat, and the approach of evening in the tropics has always a peculiar charm. The sunset colourings are indescribably beautiful and the swift coming of night has a never-failing interest. After dinner comes coffee, generally served on the terrace when there was a moon, so that one might enjoy the delicious softness of the air and listen to the soothing voices of the tropical night. Then a game of cards or music, and then "Good-night." Uneventful, as I have said, but entirely delightful and very restful.

One charming walk after tea is to go past the lighthouse and across the golf-course, where one gets the full breeze from the sea, and then take a broad sandy path along the cliffs toward Kilindini. The road is bordered by all sorts of vegetation, huge mango-trees covered with dense foliage, cocoanut palms and papaws with their curious bunches of fruit. Most interesting of all are the baobabs, with their massive trunks and leafless branches. This is locally known as the "monkey bread tree," and grows to a great size, the trunk being sometimes over a hundred feet in circumference. The leaves appear in the rainy season only, and the sight of the bare tangled branches with their pendulous fruit is most weird; they look then like skeletons of trees. Even when they are covered with clusters of blossom like pink rhododendrons, they still have an unnatural appearance due to the absence of leaves. Small wonder that the natives imagine them haunted by the ghosts of the dead.

A remarkably beautiful tree is that known as the "gold mohur tree." I am not sure that this is not the "mohwa tree," and that the common name is not derived from the similarity of sound between *mohwa* and *mohur*, coupled with the ruddy gold of the flower. It is a magnificent tree, with beautiful emerald-green foliage and wonderful masses of orange and red blossoms. It was almost the first thing to

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attract my attention, and the last to retain it. Here, and in all the coast places I saw—Zanzibar, Dar-es-Salaam and Tanga—it grows in profusion, a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. It is the smile on the face of these Eastern places, and if my description of them is inadequate, I have as my excuse that I could never get past the smile. Here, by the sea, the castor-oil plant is especially luxuriant and produces a beautiful effect.

We pass the ruined bastions of an old fort, now half buried in wild undergrowth, and then scramble down on to the shore. At low tide the most beautiful shells, large and small and of infinite variety of shape and colour, are to be found, and the hollows of the coral rock are alive with crabs of the quaintest shape and most remarkable colouring. Half-way to Kilindini, we turn inland through the beautiful mango-trees, to the tennis court, for rest and refreshment in the little clubhouse. Thence, if tired, one has but to take the trolley home.

Often there were invitations from various friends for dinner, music and so on. Now and again, too, there was a dance. One, given by the foreign residents, I remember particularly. It was held in their own tennis ground, covered for the occasion with a wooden floor, and a most enjoyable and fascinating function it proved. The day after this dance there was a luncheon party at Government House in honour of H.R.H. Prince Leopold of Bavaria, who, with his son, Prince Conrad, and staff, was passing through the island, on his way, presumably, to German East Africa for big-game shooting. The four chief Arabs formed the most picturesque feature of their party. In the afternoon I met the party again, together with most of the foreign residents, at the German Consulate, whither we had been invited for tea. The next day about two hundred persons came to tea at Government House. This, indeed, was quite an eventful week. For the most part life in Mombasa was less exciting.

Our favourite recreations were sailing and fishing, and I frequently went out on one or the other expedition. One has, however, to be very careful if one ventures in the daytime, as the heat is great and the glare from the water is certain to produce a violent headache unless suitable precautions are

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taken. It is best, as a rule, to wait until after four. The game fish here provide excellent sport. One of the best of them is the barracouta, which can often be seen leaping ten feet or more out of the water off Kilindini. He is a big brown fellow, often ten or twelve feet in length, and scaling up to forty or fifty pounds, and a famous fighter, far more powerful than a salmon of equal size. The Governor is a great fisherman, and always went out in a motor boat. I believe that speed is necessary to catch some of the big fish. One day, when I was out with him, he hooked a big fellow which broke away after an hour's fight, and must have weighed over fifty pounds. The koli koli is another big fish of the mackerel tribe, probably allied to the tunny of the Mediterranean and the famous tuna of North America. The tangesi is somewhat like a pike, and may reach forty pounds or so ; and at certain seasons of the year, between December and March, great shoals are seen of a curious fish which local fishermen call the dolphin fish. It calls at Mombasa on its migration southward.

The natives are keen fishermen and have many devices for trapping their prey. Among the first things to strike a visitor to the seashore are the great fishing screens. These are made of twigs and branches fastened together into a kind of rough lattice work, and form a double wall extending out into the water. The space between the two walls is wide on the outside and narrow near the shore, and the fish are driven into the wide-open end and up the constantly narrowing funnel until they become an easy prey in the shallow water near the shore. Curiously enough, they do not seem to think of escaping through the meshes of the screen, which would be quite easy. There are also great woven baskets like huge lobster pots, six or seven feet long and three or four feet wide. These are baited with some kind of seaweed, and sunk in twenty or thirty feet of water near the reef. After a while a fisherman dives down to inspect his basket. If it is full it is pulled up, nicely balanced across the narrow canoe, and brought ashore. The baskets are called *owzis* and are used also for shellfish, such as crabs and crayfish. A great drag net somewhat after the fashion of a seine is also used.

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A word or two with regard to the native "boys" may be of interest. I do not know much at first hand about their manners, customs and habits of thought, for I was greatly handicapped, at the outset, by my inability to understand Swahili, the *lingua franca* of the East Coast. My direct knowledge is confined to my own boys, who could speak English; but I was fortunately in a position to learn from others who had long and intimate acquaintance with the natives. These native boys are, of course, one's only servants, and each has his special duties. There is the personal boy who acts as valet, the house boy, kitchen boy, table boy, gardener boy, cook and gharry boy. All these are common to the East, with the exception of the gharry boy, who is peculiar to Mombasa. His sole duty is to keep himself clean and smart, to do the same for his gharry and to push the latter when required. When the gharry is not in use, he goes home for his meals, returning to work, or, if not needed, to sleep. As a rule, he is immensely proud of his uniform, and looks very smart in it.

The best cooks are the Indians, of whom the Goanese perhaps bear the palm. Everyone who can afford the luxury has an Indian cook. Unfortunately they seem, almost without exception, to be addicted to periodical outbursts of drinking. When the time comes round the cook appears in apologetic mood and explains that he is really very ill indeed and must go and see his medicine man. One learns by experience the uselessness of arguing the point. He goes away and the establishment is run without a cook for two or three days. The Goanese cooks usually have native boys of different ages to work under them. These are very bright and quick, and look quite happy.

Wherever one goes the boys go too. In the train, they travel in a special compartment reserved for natives, and bring food, etc., when wanted; and when the train stops at a wayside station and the passengers dine in the "refreshment-room," the boys unpack and make up the beds with the blankets and pillows that have been brought. When staying at an hotel, they see that their employer is made comfortable, and look after his belongings. Some, of course, are

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undesirables, but the good native boy is deserving of all credit. As a rule, one's personal boy can be trusted to look after one's belongings. He will not steal from his master or mistress, and does his best to prevent anyone else from doing so. But if he gets the chance of annexing some unconsidered trifle, whether ornament or garment, belonging to someone else, he is not at all likely to resist the temptation. In six months, I only lost a silver thimble and a silk petticoat, which is some testimony at any rate to Duma's honesty and watchfulness. Sometimes, too, I would leave the keys of my dressing-case or my purse or rings on the table. On returning, I invariably found them gone ; but when Duma appeared he would look at me reproachfully and tell me, as if I were a naughty child, that I must not be so careless. Then he would show me, with a great air of pride, where he had hidden the missing articles for safety, under the mattress or a corner of the rug.

There is a curious habit, common, I believe, to all native boys. Yours may be with you for weeks, or even months, but a time will come when no boy arrives with your cup of tea in the morning. For two or three days you can hear no word of him, and then he reappears. He has been very ill, or his mother or his wife has been ill. You have your own opinion, but say nothing. You recognise the uselessness of protest. But when thus thrown on your own resources you recognise how invaluable these boys are, and how impossible it is to do without them. Unfortunately, these lapses happen very often at a time when you want the boy most. But the habit seems incurable, and no amount of punishment is of any avail.

He has, too, a natural gift for mendacity. I have heard him described as a "born liar," and have never been able to convince myself that the accusation was unjust. Further, he is not in the least abashed by being found out, though he does not like you to disbelieve him. My second boy "Yussif," who was very good and faithful, honest and even truthful as a rule, sent my husband, after the conclusion of the trip, a long letter, written, of course, by a scribe, telling him that when he returned to his home he found that his house had

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been burned to the ground, with all his belongings, blankets and all, and that his wife and children were homeless. I felt so sorry for poor Yussif, until it was explained that this sort of letter is a time-honoured institution with the safari boy to get money, and more especially blankets, which he loves to possess, from the "Bwana" before he leaves the country. The boys need sympathetic treatment, and are terribly hurt, or profess to be so, if you refuse to believe them. They like to be chaffed. They invariably treat the new-comer as a fool, and will take any possible advantage of his ignorance. They are very good at reading character, and probably understand us far better than we understand them. They are quick to seize on any personal characteristic and to provide an appropriate nickname embodying it. In short, they need to be treated as children of a larger growth, kindly but firmly, and with an infinite patience and a real attempt to understand their point of view. It is so short a time since they were just savages.

It may be imagined that I left Mombasa with regret. On 26th December 1913, Duma and I began packing for our journey to Victoria Nyanza. I detest packing (Duma was entirely of my mind in this respect), and I hated the thought of leaving Mombasa. I had grown strongly attached to the quaint, old-world place, and everyone had been so kind. On this last morning, it looked more lovely than ever. The sea seemed bluer, the foam whiter, the sunshine more glorious and the air more fragrant with the scent of frangipani, oleander and the rest of the flowering shrubs that grow luxuriantly on the island.

The memory of the friendship I had met with lent an added poignancy to the parting. Fortunately I was not alone, and the company of Lady Belfield and Monica, who were going by the same train, to say nothing of the attention of the boys and the familiar frolics of Cato (the kitten) and Monty (the lemur), all served to dispel the sadness I could not help feeling as I said good-bye to all the friends who had come to the station to see us off for Nairobi. It was with difficulty, however, that I restrained my tears.



Old Arab Well, Mombasa.



Court House, Mombasa.

CHAPTER III

ZANZIBAR

It is ten o'clock in the morning when we get our first glimpse of the "Gateway of Africa."

Right ahead is a lighthouse, a gleaming column⁷ of white surmounting the red roof of a little house. Around are a few scattered palms. The lighthouse stands on a little island, a half-mile bank of coral, a tiny offshoot from the coralline chain that guards, like a breakwater, the coast of Zinj. The islet is densely covered with vegetation of a bright yellowish green.

Across a narrow break of sea, another island, long and low, lies on the water like some great sea-beast basking in the morning sun. This is Zanzibar, and there is surely nothing more beautiful on earth. The sea washes in creaming ripples on a sparkling beach of sand. Above this stand low, dark cliffs of wave-worn coral, carved by the sea into the most fantastic shapes. Above the cliffs the land slopes very gently upward by slow gradations to the centre of the island. The whole surface is covered with vegetation of every conceivable tone of green, with here and there a point of colour where the sun strikes some mass of bloom. Near the shore are clumps of feathery palm interspersed with giant mangoes, and where the sea runs up into the island the shore is fringed with huge mangroves with their gnarled and twisted roots. In the distance the dark masses of the clove plantations form a dusky background, with an occasional patch where the bare soil shows through the vesture of green. There are no mountain ridges, no towering peaks, only soft, swelling outlines. The whole island, as I have said, looks like the rounded back of some leviathan rising above the surface of the sea.

The colouring is magnificent. The sea is of the deepest

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blue, and the glowing sky is sapphire too, a sapphire which the glare of the sun has robbed of none of its intensity. The sea ripples gently to the breeze and the sun touches the tiny ripples with dull gold, while his rays are reflected from their edges in diamond flashes of light.

Away in the distance is the faint line of the African coast, dim and mysterious, a bank of grey suffused with purple and rose. Sea, land and sky are lightly shrouded in a sort of luminous haze which hides nothing but mellows everything, and gives to the whole scene an air of sensuous repose, a sort of languid charm which is peculiarly of the East. But through the indolent peace of the morning one can feel the whole atmosphere throbbing with the coming heat. And this sense of latent passion and unrest is Eastern too.

Coasting the shore, the cliffs, with their fringing palms, are in full view, and the dark masses inland resolve themselves into trim plantations of cloves, the spicy odours from which are clearly perceptible. Then the town comes into sight, a bold façade of houses gleaming in the sun, palaces, public buildings, churches, mosques and dwelling-houses, white and yellow in colour and all apparently rising out of the sea, their roofs and the pinnacles of the minarets clear-cut in the morning air. Chief among them are the square Palace, with its harem, the Mission, the British Agency, the Hospital and the Old Fort.

There are no piers or promenades. Passengers landing in the ordinary way are brought to the shore in small boats rowed by noisy Swahili boys, who run them right up on to the sands, to the accompaniment of much shouting. One shudders to think of the possibilities of a landing in rough weather. But we are favoured people, and go on round the point to the British Agency, where we find a private landing-stage, and are just in time to have tea with Mr and Mrs Sinclair and some friends. The Agency is a prominent feature of the front. The house is new, having been built by Mr Sinclair. It is half Arab, half French in appearance, a large white building with an open terrace upon part of the roof. The rooms are large but rather narrow, a feature common to most houses here, and probably due to the fact that the

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stout mangrove joists are rarely procurable of any great length.

After tea we motored across the island to Chuaka. The road is excellent—wide, smooth, white and almost dustless, and bordered on each side by mangoes and palms. Legend has it that a former Sultan, cruising in his yacht, was unfortunate enough to be wrecked here. Coming safely to shore, he discovered, to his disgust, that there was no road by which his august Presence might be transported to the city in ease and comfort. Hence, with Oriental extravagance, he ordered one to be made, in case, I suppose, he should ever again be shipwrecked in the same place. However, it is a good road, being one of the few properly metalled roads in the island, though others are being made. All along it are ruined palaces of former sultans, charming in their decay, each surrounded by its garden. The sultans of Zanzibar, it seems, disdained to live in the house of their fathers; and each, as he came to the throne, built himself a lordly pleasure-house, with, as befitted a comfort-loving and much-married man, a separate building for his harem.

Hence the ruins which border the great white road, deserted mansions whose only tenants are the creatures of the jungle and the thick undergrowth of the tropical forest.

“They say the lion and the lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahram, that great hunter—the wild ass
Stamps o’er his head, yet cannot break his sleep.”

The most famous of these deserted palaces is Dunga, the old residency of Sultan Seyyid Said, which is situated almost in the centre of the island and is surrounded by lovely experimental gardens. There is a magnificent approach to the palace, the gardens are luxuriantly beautiful, and the building and its surroundings form a lasting tribute to the taste of the old corsair who made it his abiding place, and whose spirit, if popular rumour may be credited, still visits it at night. Most of these palatial ruins are haunted by the ghosts of their former inhabitants; at least, so every Zanzibari firmly believes. These natives are intensely superstitious, and

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there are many awe-inspiring stories told of haunted houses which no native can be induced to enter at night. Indeed, so strong and universal is the belief in the supernatural, that even Europeans who have lived long on the island have become imbued with superstitious beliefs, and tell stories of spectral figures and mysterious voices seen and heard in the darkness and stillness of the night.

The clove is the staple product of the island, which is responsible for about seven-eighths of the world's supply. The clove, as we see it at home, is the unexpanded bud, picked just when turning from pink to red, and dried black in the sun. The "shambas" or plantations cover a great part of the cultivated portion of the island. Originally the planters were the Arabs, and many of these still exist; but European enterprise and methods are rapidly supplanting them. A tree, under Arab cultivation, will produce from two to three pounds of cloves, but under European treatment will average five pounds. The picking is done by women, who either climb the tree or bend down the branches by the aid of a crooked stick. They get one pice, about a farthing, for a measure called a *pishi*, which holds about five pounds in weight. The staple food of the natives is cassava, which, with rice, Indian corn and the banana, is largely cultivated. The Arabs are extremely fond of the fruit of the durian, a big tree almost the size of a mango; but the odour of it is generally quite sufficient for a European. Indeed, so pungent and penetrating is it that one fruit brought into a house will make every room practically uninhabitable for anyone with a delicate sense of smell.

Leaving the cultivated part, we passed through a long stretch of scrub, crossed the only river of the island and came on to hard coral soil, where nothing is planted, but which is covered with low bushes and grass. Here wild pigs are numerous and afford great sport to the natives.

At Chuaka, on the other side of the island, there are two delightful houses, set among cocoa-palms and looking out over the sea. One of these is a "Rest-house," an ideal spot, I should imagine, for a lazy holiday of basking in the sun and gazing out over the sands and sea. When we got there

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the sun was just setting, and the wonderful colouring was a delight to the eye. A glorious green light suffused the air, blending with the blue of the sea and the silvery sands, and relieved by the thin fire-tipped clouds in the west. The silence was broken only by the cry of the sea-birds and the dreamy ripple of the water on the shore. It was wonderful in its sense of colour and space, mystery and calm.

Under the palms near by was a tomb, a large, flat slab, surrounded by a wide garden bed and enclosed by a low wall. So large was the enclosure that I thought it must be the resting-place of some once mighty chief. It was the grave of a little English child, a tiny babe of three months. It was indescribably pathetic in this lonely, beautiful spot, so far from that England of which it was part and which it would never see.

Next morning we took rickshaws to visit the native town. This lies behind the outer town, which is built on a sandy spit, and is separated from the inner town by a tidal creek, which looks as though it might profitably be drained and reclaimed. We passed through a narrow opening, and suddenly and unexpectedly entered a labyrinth of narrow paved streets. It is said that the streets in these Eastern towns are designedly narrow, in order to secure the greatest amount of shade. Possibly this arrangement may be effective against the direct rays of the sun, but one result is to produce a hot, stifling atmosphere which almost makes one gasp for breath. As luck would have it, rain had fallen in the night, and there were everywhere muddy pools and many great hollows filled with water. Every time a native appeared wheeling his long trolley we had to step out of the rickshaws and squeeze past him, while the rickshaw-men retreated to the next corner to let him pass, so that our progress was slow and not without its drawbacks.

The better-class houses are of stone, square-built, in the Arab fashion. One notable and delightful feature was the number of heavy black doors of curiously carved wood, which contrasted admirably with the white walls. Now and again an open doorway afforded a tantalising glimpse of an interior, and here and there a vivid mass of flame-coloured acacia

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provided a delightful splash of colour. The native huts are of the usual mud-walled type, and are thatched with leaves of palm. The framework is of mangrove wood, and the parts are lashed together with coir. An antipathy to nails seems to be characteristic of the native builder. Even the dhows launched from the local yards are built of planks lashed together. It is marvellous how tight and secure these tied joints are.

The narrow streets are thronged and full of life and colour, the garish, primary colour of the East : violent reds and yellows, mingled with orange and purple and blue. The crowd is cosmopolitan. Here are natives of all parts of the world : Arabs, Swahilis, Indians, Cingalese, Portuguese, with here and there an English or American visitor. The shouting, hustling, bargaining, laughing and wrangling throng is instinct with the essence of Eastern life, showy, tawdry, sumptuous, vociferous and passionate. Here are Indian merchants and native Africans, stately Arabs, dignified, courteous and magnificently attired, and black women, gorgeously draped in coloured squares, one for the shoulders and one for the breasts downward. Their necks and arms are bedizened with coloured beads and brass and copper ornaments, bangles, chains and coils of wire. Foreheads and fingers are dyed with purple. But all are in native dress ; and taste is not offended, as elsewhere, by some ridiculous compromise between native and European attire. The alleys are edged with tiny shops, in each of which sits an Indian trader placidly awaiting custom and ready to bargain for anything in his stock. The baker may be seen making his bread in a little clay oven, and the oilman crushing his seeds by the same primitive means as have been employed in the East for centuries. Mingling with the crowd are Europeans connected with the Government or associated with the various commercial interests of the island, their white clothes forming a pleasing relief in the prevailing scheme of colour.

Very interesting are the water-women who come to fill their cans at the taps from which flows the water from the Sultan's Spring some two or three miles away. It was old

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“Barghash the Builder,” under whose regime the slave traffic was finally stopped, who determined that the water-supply to the city should be sufficient and pure, and brought it by means of a conduit to various points in the city. To these places the water-women repair to fill their jars and distribute the water round the city. It is pleasant to watch them, they seem so happy and gay; and the fact that the jars are empty paraffin tins only gives a quaint touch of incongruity. They carry the cans on their heads, a custom which explains their admirable poise and walk. Five cents is their charge for a five-gallon tin.

The shopkeepers are mainly Indians—Parsees, Banians, Goanese and Portuguese half-castes. Of the latter there are a great number in the island. It is significant that most of the retail trade in the East should have fallen into the hands of these people. The shops are booths open to the street, and those of the better class are full of curios, quaint and interesting products of native art and craftsmanship, jewellery, rugs, carpets, embroideries, brass and copper ware, Arab chests and curiously carved specimens of wood and ivory. These traders are born salesmen, and exceedingly keen at a bargain. It is highly amusing to hear them haggling with a prospective customer who knows the ropes and is able to meet them on their own ground. They are fully alive to the value of their wares, or at any rate fully realise the extent to which they can impose on the visitor's credulity, and great bargains are rarely possible. Fortunately our party was not altogether unversed in the wiles of the East, and we escaped, if not unscathed, without serious injury. One point may, I think, be fairly advanced on behalf of the Zanzibar merchant. He does not, so far as I could observe, insult the intelligence of his customer with the ordinary pedlar's rubbish, obviously made in Germany or Birmingham, which one meets at the regular ports of call.

The Estella market is most interesting. Here all the produce of the island is brought, carried on the heads of its owner and his servants. It is a model of decorum in comparison with the bazaar. There is little noise and excitement. Each seller squats on the ground, with his basket of

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fruit or vegetables in front or spread neatly and enticingly on the ground before him.

The old slave market was one of the great attractions of Zanzibar that is fortunately now a thing of the past. But it was to put down the slave trade that England went to Zanzibar, just as English seamen in the reign of Elizabeth went to West Africa to start it. It began with the transport of ivory from the interior to the coast. A chief who had sold his ivory well was asked to provide native carriers to take it to the coast. He generally indicated some village that had incurred his august displeasure and told the Arabs to help themselves. The result—the surprise at night, the massacre and all the horrible accompaniments that savagery can lend—may be imagined. The morning saw the captives, chained and loaded, forming a melancholy procession to the coast. One has no wish to dwell on the horrors of the slave chain. But when it had reached its destination, it occurred to the dealers that not only the ivory but the chain itself was marketable. Finally the black ivory was found to be more valuable than white, and a regular industry sprang up in this commodity. The slaves were brought to various parts of the coast and then transferred in native dhows to the market at Zanzibar. The horrors of the passage were unspeakable. The slaves who survived were purchased by the Arab planters to work on their “shambas.” Fortunately an end has been put to it all, and the credit of this is due to the British Government. The abolition of the slave trade came under Sultan Barghash, after great opposition from the planters. A modified form of slavery, however, prevailed in the plantations until a few years ago, and was only suppressed in 1908. The Arabs declared that they would rather let their shambas run waste than pay wages to their former slaves. But the fact is that since the abolition of slavery the plantations have increased in value. Improved markets may partly account for this ; but there is no doubt that there has been an increase in small holdings, and this is an important fact in the situation.

The Arab dhows are among the quaintest and clumsiest boats I have seen. They are low and narrow at the bow,



Street Scene, Zanzibar.



Narrow Streets of Zanzibar.

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while the broad stern mounts high out of the water. As a rule, they have one mast with a huge triangular sail. In spite of their ungainly appearance they are good sea boats, and some, at least, are very fast. The smaller boats are outriggered canoes, dug out of a single trunk and carrying a huge lateen sail. They look frail and top-heavy, but the Swahili boatmen manage them with admirable skill.

Of the various inhabitants of Zanzibar, the Arabs appear the most interesting. Their bearing is superb. One would imagine that the ordinary things of life were far too trivial for their notice. They are often beautifully dressed, and live in magnificent style. They are the descendants of the conquerors of the island, and remain its aristocracy. The modern Zanzibar Arab has, however, little of the fiery energy which made his forbears the terror of the coasts. A century or so of Zanzibar, the most enervating climate on the face of the earth, has reduced him to slothful ease. Moreover, once established in the island he turned to the cultivation of cloves; and these, he found, could be cultivated with a minimum of labour, and that minimum applied vicariously by the kindly aid of the slaver. The Arab is still a planter, but his task is more difficult now. He has to hire men to work on his shambas, and to see that they do the work. Neither task appeals to his taste. For in a land where "it is always afternoon," where wants are few and easily gratified, and where, consequently, there is little incentive to work, the labour question is bound to present some difficulty. Many of the poorer Arabs are employed as overseers on the plantations. Europeans cannot stand the sun in Zanzibar, Indians cannot manage the natives, and Creoles drink.

It is a great sight to see an Arab grandee solemnly perched on the hump of his donkey parading the streets. He has neither saddle, bit nor bridle. A collection of brightly coloured cloths replaces the first, and a highly bedizened headstall does duty for bit and bridle, much, I should imagine, to the comfort of the ass. But the Arab is kind to his beast. Some of the donkeys are beautiful animals. They are of the large white Muscat variety, and as valuable as a horse. There is an inferior kind, the poor little *Jivu Jivu*, which is

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the ordinary beast of burden, and never attains to the dignity of a rider, at least of any social status.

The Arab women are not seen except in the evening, when, heavily veiled and safely escorted, they set out on their social round. Their brightly coloured silk trousers are very quaint, and the atmosphere of mystery engendered by their veils adds immensely to their attraction. They wear wooden clogs or sandals, which are left at the foot of the stair when they enter a house. They pierce large holes in the lobe of the ear, which they stuff with rolls of coloured paper. We saw these ornaments exposed for sale in the bazaar. Sometimes a silver ring replaces the roll of paper in nostril or ear, and silver bangles are *de rigueur*. These, however, represent the lady's savings bank.

Apart from the Arabs, the population consists of a mixture of all the East African tribes, with a touch of the Asiatic. The name given to this conglomerate is *Waswahili*, or, in short, *Swahili*, "*Wa*" being a prefix denoting a people, as in *Wapemba*, the people of Pemba. *Swahili* is a corruption of the Arabic *Sawahil*, meaning the coast, so that the Swahili, originally, at any rate, were the coastal tribes of East Africa.

Travellers differ with regard to their character. One finds them everything that is degraded and base, another finds certain virtues which go far to redeem them. It may be that this arises from the fact that there are two classes, one the agricultural class, and the other the casual class, which lives by doing odd jobs in the towns, performing such tasks as are commonly performed by coolie labour in the East. Such a race, tainted as it is by the refuse of the old slave gangs and by fugitives from justice, must undoubtedly present undesirable characteristics. Even in England the wasters who subsist on the fringe of casual labour are undesirable. But speaking from personal experience, derived from daily contact in the house and on safari, I found the Swahili, on the whole, good-humoured, obliging, obedient and faithful. Yet they are noisy, vain, easily influenced and hopelessly unreliable, and their disregard for truth is absolute.

I have already referred to the climate of Zanzibar, but may add a few salient facts with regard to it. The island as

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a whole is very unhealthy. It is correctly said that anyone who stays there any length of time gets malaria. I met men, however, who had lived in the town, or rather on its outskirts, for many years, and who certainly seemed healthy enough. Some among them had never had fever. So far as I could ascertain, it is certain death for any white man to sleep in the plantation area, where vegetation is dense and rank. Being so near the Equator, there is little variation between the seasons. The shade temperature averages about 80° , and the range is from about 70° to 90° or so. But the direct heat of the sun is terrific. Pith helmets must be worn, cork ones are useless; and no old stager will go abroad without his "life-preserver," a white umbrella. The rainfall is not excessive; sixty inches a year is the average, though as much as eleven inches have been known to fall in a day. There are heavy dews at night, and they come with surprising suddenness after sunset, since there is no twilight to cool the air gradually. These are very dangerous to Europeans; not that there is anything intrinsically harmful in dew, but the evening from four-thirty to eight is Zanzibar's playtime. Cricket, tennis, golf, riding and boating are in full swing; and it is so easy, after getting heated, to sit in the cool of the evening and contract a chill. Dinner-time is at gunfire, when at eight o'clock a signal gun from the citadel calls the faithful to prayer.

The healthiest part of the island is the east, which is inhabited by a negro people of low type, who are probably the aborigines of the island. On the west the healthiest spots are probably two islands, strangely enough known as Prison Island, which is used as a detention camp, and Grave Island, used as a cemetery for sailors who have died here or at sea within reach of this land. Another, close by, is Bat Island, so called because in the early morning great flocks of bats fly across to it, staying the day there and returning at night to Zanzibar.

It was ten at night when we left the island to go back to our steamer. The sea was perfectly calm, and looked an oily black. The white stars were reflected in it as in a mirror, and each of the lights on the shore made a tall shimmering

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column in the water. Under the moonlight the houses seemed ghostlike and the palms gained a new and wonderful beauty. The stillness was intense. There was not a sound to break the silence save the splash of our oars. It was a perfect ending to a perfect visit. As I look back, it seems to me that a day in Zanzibar is worth a month on the mainland.

And yet, as I sat entranced by the beauty of the scene, the stories I had heard of horrible cruelty, violence and lust, and of the terrible slave chain, would rise in my mind with a curious insistence, as if to dispel the feeling that no place so beautiful could harbour so much of evil. And I thought, too, of the pioneers who had passed through this gateway into the unknown, hunters, travellers, scientists, missionaries, to endure fatigue, privation and the dangers of the wild ; and who had returned to it, some famous, some broken in health and spirit, and some, like Livingstone, borne feet foremost by the faithful boys who had brought their dead leader home to rest among his own people.

We reached our ship and climbed on board. One final look at this paradise of the East, and then to rest.

CHAPTER IV

GERMAN EAST AFRICA

I. DAR-ES-SALAAM

CREEPING out of my cabin at five-thirty A.M. to get the freshness of the dawn, I watched from the extended comfort of a deck-chair the sun struggling to force his way through the morning clouds. Zanzibar, apparently in mid-ocean, lay a grey streak in the distance, a streak that grew gradually fainter as we approached the African coast. About half-past six we were able to distinguish many little islands, and a lighthouse striped black and white, marking the entrance to the harbour of Dar-es-Salaam.

The lighthouse stands on the largest of these islands ; but smaller ones, some not more than coral reefs, cluster round it, looking to my fancy like nothing so much as a family of maritime bears. These are but barren rocks. Behind them are larger islets covered with trees, and clustering round what appears to be a narrow river mouth, bordered with glistening silver sands on which lie numbers of tiny native boats. It is all quite commonplace, and affords no intimation of the beautiful spectacle to come. At the end of the channel there seems to lie a shallow bay. The *General* slows down through the narrow opening, and suddenly we are floating in a great inland lake. This is the famous harbour of Dar-es-Salaam.

It is this glorious harbour, the finest on the East Coast, finer even than Kilindini, which has made Dar-es-Salaam, or "the abode of peace," into the flourishing little town which it is to-day, and will, in time to come, make it one of the great centres of East African commerce, one of the chief termini by which the Great Lakes and their fertile borderlands are linked to the coast and to the rest of the world.

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Hitherto Bagamoyo, as the terminus of the great slave route, had held pride of place ; but its harbour accommodation falls far short of modern needs. It is still the largest town in German East Africa, but its glory has departed and it is already declining towards a slipshod decrepitude. Future travellers will view it as an interesting survival of the "bad old times."

From the ship, Dar-es-Salaam appears to be an ideal watering-place, so lavish has Nature been with her gifts. There is the beautifully sheltered bay, surrounded by trees and palms and bordered by a fine sandy beach ; but there is no background of great hills as in Mombasa. Beyond the shore lies a broad esplanade, flanked by buildings of a type that one certainly does not expect to find in an East African coast town. This is the famous Harbour Street, and behind it, in a broad semicircle, lies the town. Here, too, are handsome public buildings and fine white-walled, red-roofed houses, real European houses, whose bricks and tiles have come straight from the Fatherland. Many are surrounded by beautiful gardens, and there are numerous park-like expanses. In its primness and correctness and the liberal provision of open spaces it reminds one rather of an English garden city than of a coast town in the East. The Governor's residence, the Government buildings, the Fort, the Mission House and the offices of the German East African Company all strike the eye. The church, too, is a prominent detail, with its glaring red roof and its stucco steeple. Near it is the Custom House, close to the harbour, and in the distance a curious stack-like openwork erection of iron, like a miniature Eiffel Tower, which is the wireless station.

There are clumps of palms everywhere, and all that luxuriance of tropical vegetation which is characteristic of the coast belt. On the waters of the harbour the white sails of the yachts and other sailing boats contrast with the red-brown triangles of the native dhows, and the busy little launches which flit here and there give a strong touch of animation to a charming scene.

The town is certainly better built than any other on the East Coast, and is very Continental in appearance. With

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its correct buildings, its broad streets bordered with avenues of the beautiful flowering golden mohur-tree, its shops, its cafés and biergarten, it looks more like a German “*bad*” than an African settlement. Many of the houses look strong enough to stand a siege. I could not help noticing the difference between them and those in Mombasa and Kilindini, where many of the buildings have the air of having been run up in a hurry. There are good shops and commodious clubs, and three or four prominent statues of the Kaiser, Bismarck and other German celebrities.

For this reason the strong native interest, that flavour of the immemorial East, which is so fascinating in Mombasa and in Zanzibar, is here entirely lacking. There is indeed a native quarter, but it is modern. We drove through it in our rickshaws with Mr King, the British Vice-Consul, and the only Englishman in Dar-es-Salaam, who kindly acted as our guide. These quarters lie to the back of the town, and afford a convincing example of the thoroughness of the German system and of the seriousness with which they regard their work of colonisation. The streets are neat and tidily laid out, and immaculately clean. Each native house has a galvanised iron tub with a lid, to hold the domestic refuse; and this in Africa! One might as well have been in an English town under the rule of a too-zealous sanitary authority. True, there was no smell; but one felt that something was lacking on the score of congruity. The houses are one-storied and built of mud and wattle. Frames of trellis-work are made by lashing strips of wood together; a pair of these is set firmly in the earth about six inches apart, and the space between the two, as well as the interstices of the lattice, is filled with clay. This forms one wall. Three others are made in similar fashion, and the whole is lashed firmly together at the corners. The roof is a thatch of palm leaves. Some of these houses are whitewashed—again I can see the hand of the Fatherland—others are even painted. Most of them have in front a sort of stoep or verandah, either of beaten earth or, where there are greater pretensions, of stone. The furniture, as one might imagine, is not over-elaborate. The *pièce de résistance* is the bed, *kitanda* in the

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vernacular, a framework standing eighteen inches or so above the level of the floor. In its structure, as in all native carpentry, nails are unknown, the various parts being lashed together, and very firmly too, with strands of cocoanut fibre. The bed is often found in the daytime outside the house, in the verandah if there is one, and on it the lord of the establishment may be seen enjoying that *dolce far niente* which is the East African native's ideal of an earthly paradise. Those who have not risen to the height of a bed, perforce content themselves with mats. The natives are very skilful in weaving these, and I saw some quite beautiful specimens. The domestic utensils usually include a rough wooden mortar for crushing corn, a half cocoanut shell to serve as a dipper, and a hotch-potch of such empty tins and bottles as normally form the refuse of a European kitchen. In the houses of the wealthier natives, or of those who have enjoyed favourable opportunities for the acquisition of such wealth, European earthenware and enamelled goods may be found displacing the clay vessels of the native potter.

We found the sun very hot and the native quarter, in spite of, or because of, the evidences of Teutonic influence, not particularly interesting, and at noon we returned to our steamer.

At four o'clock we went on shore again to take tea with the Governor. This time we landed at the private pier, where rickshaws were waiting to take us up through the beautiful grounds to Government House. The gardens are very lovely, and contain many fine foreign and native trees, as well as experimental beds where all sorts of plants are being reared on trial. The house is a large two-storied building with an overhanging roof. Around it is a great two-storied verandah, its double tier of white pillars and arches giving it quite an Oriental appearance—Indian, with something of the Moorish too. Smartly dressed native servants ushered us through a spacious hall, richly carpeted, to the upper verandah, where, to get the benefit of the cool sea-breeze, tea was laid. Here we were received by his Excellency Herr Dr Schnee and his cousin, Fräulein Sehnee. The Governor was a young man with a kind, thoughtful face and courteous



Dar es-Salaam.



Native Street in Dar-es-Salaam.

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manner. Both he and his cousin spoke English admirably, and we had a very interesting chat.

After tea Miss Schnee took us for a drive in an open carriage drawn by a beautiful pair of horses, groomed to perfection, and driven by a red-turbaned, red-sashed Indian coachman. The scenery was not particularly interesting, the country being flat, with the usual alternation of long grass, short burnt off grass and shrub. There were a few large trees, mangoes, native huts and shambas. The roads are admirably made, and form another striking testimony to German thoroughness. Indeed one cannot help wondering how they managed to achieve so much in so short a time, contrasting their business-like methods and patient industry with the more deliberate methods of Englishmen in the tropics.

In the evening Mr King called for us at the ship and took us ashore to dinner at the German club. The club was crowded, and very hot in spite of the fact that the whole place was open to the air. There were a couple of dozen German ladies there, but we were the only English people. The ship's band played during dinner with Teutonic zeal and deafening effect. It was a good band of its kind, but thorough. After dinner the tables were cleared away for dancing, but it was far too hot for any but the more enthusiastic souls. We sat in the garden and were introduced to many of the principal inhabitants.

Next day we lunched with the Governor and his wife, who turned out to be not a German but a native of New Zealand. There were several other guests. I had the pleasure of sitting on his Excellency's left, and enjoyed not only an admirably served luncheon but an extremely interesting conversation. This was continued later over coffee in the verandah, and renewed on board ship, for the Governor and his wife were fellow-passengers with us as far as Tanga, whence they were starting on safari.

Whatever may be the outcome of the war, there is no doubt that Germany had a future before her in East Africa. Of that Dar-es-Salaam is eloquent testimony. Her administration was efficient; the zeal for health and sanitation

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admirable; her pursuit of scientific research energetic. Germans build well, make good roads, maintain law and order, and are keen to recognise and to utilise all the possibilities of the country. Yet they do not appear to succeed as Englishmen have done. Possibly it is, as I have heard it said, that there is not the same sense of justice and fine consideration between German and native, as between two Germans, and that it is the Englishman's tolerance, kindness and sense of justice, as well as the ability and intuition which come from years of experience, which account for his success with the native races.

In East Africa Germany certainly had every reason for satisfaction with her progress. Late in the field to begin, she made extraordinary strides in the time at her disposal. She had, so far, hardly achieved Bismarck's idea of establishing settlement colonies to take the surplus population, rather than plantation colonies. Yet in 1913, the year of our visit, her East African colony had a German population of 5336. This was, of course, not a great number in a country where the natives number some seven or eight millions, but it was rapidly increasing.

The European plantations cover about a quarter of a million acres. Among the most promising industries is the growing of sisal. Fibre to the extent of £375,000 was exported in 1912, and the product in the following year was far greater in quantity as well as finer in quality. Yet it is only about twenty years since the first trial plants were brought from South America. Rubber also is an important crop, and indeed was the most important until the fall in prices gave it a severe shock. Native labour is difficult to obtain, except by importing men from the interior, and the cost of transporting them is between two and three pounds per head. This is a considerable addition to a wage which works out at about sixteen shillings a month. Some of the big plantations consequently run half-staffed, so that the trees are not properly tapped. Others have gone in for more remunerative crops. Many small shambas still manage to exist by picking up the few hands they require on the spot. I was informed that rubber in German East Africa had proved

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quite a failure, and the unhealthy condition of the trees I saw quite bore out this statement.

Great efforts had been made to cultivate cotton, but, so far, with little success. This is the more surprising as there are several varieties of wild cotton which seem to do very well here. Coffee was more hopeful, but the first cost of this crop is great, so that the future prospect may be better than the present result. The natives grow great quantities of pea-nuts and make a good deal of copra ; and as there are about a million acres of cocoanut-palm there are certain possibilities in this direction. Also, like the Kikuyu in British East Africa, they collect honey and wax from the wild bees. Each of these three native products was being exported to a value of about £50,000 annually, coffee and cotton being each about twice this amount.

There is no doubt that there are immense agricultural possibilities in the country ; and if the progress had been slower than was anticipated, this was partly due to certain abuses of early administration, which not only alienated the natives on the spot but disgusted the advocates of colonial expansion at home. The regime of Herr Dernberg did much to remedy this, and to set matters on a firm progressive basis. The Bantu tribes are natural farmers ; and the Coast tribes, who had hitherto taken to agriculture only as a last resource when trading and fishing failed, are coming into line, as the flourishing shambas of the coastal areas testify. Among the minor products are maize, manioc, sesame, beans, rice, tomatoes, and various fruits. Tobacco is extensively cultivated. The growth is rank, and as the process of manufacture is crude, its "offence is also rank and smells to heaven." But your East African native has few niceties either of taste or smell.

The domestic animals are few. Hornless or long-eared goats, a few sheep, ducks and poultry make up the sum. Mangy and more or less unattached dogs roam everywhere. They are by no means beautiful, but are tolerated in a country where scavengers are few. Fortunately they seem to have lost their bark ; and, except when pressed by hunger or tormented by pain, the native dog is dumb.

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The industrial arts are, of course, in their infancy, but some of the coast tribes are expert metal workers. Iron and silver are the metals chiefly employed ; and if we make allowance for the native standards of art, and for the conventional patterns, the results achieved are excellent. Silverware, curiously chased, and silver inlaid work, are surprisingly good. Probably these craftsmen learned their art originally from the Arabs of Zanzibar, Mombasa and Lamu. Wood-carving, too, is quaint and interesting ; and the native artist finds self-expression in the ornamentation of boxes, sticks, ivory, and in the elaborately carved doors of which one sees such delightful examples in the old Arab quarters in Zanzibar and Mombasa. The weaving of mats is another industry often displaying talent of a high order, some of the tribes, notably those around Kilwa, producing beautiful work. This is largely in the hands of the women, as is also the manufacture of rope and the weaving of baskets and fishing-nets. Native masonry and carpentry are of a primitive type.

Dr Dernberg's great work was the expedition of the Tanganyika Railway. When he took office, in 1907, scarcely a hundred miles had been completed, the line reaching only as far as Morogoro. Under his vigorous handling the scheme took a new lease of life, and the road was rapidly pushed forward to Taboro, and thence toward the lake. At the time of our visit (November, 1913) it was within an ace of completion. As a matter of fact Tanganyika was reached on 1st February 1914, when the line touched the shore at Kigomo, near Ujiji, the spot where Stanley, after his arduous quest, stepped forward to meet a solitary white man with the historic words : " Dr Livingstone, I believe."

The construction of this line was a remarkable achievement, and was characteristic of German methods, commerce and strategy going hand in hand. If German East Africa could have linked up with the central waterways, in advance of the Congo railroads also under construction, she would inevitably have secured great strategic and economic advantage. Hence the race to the lakes ; and although Germany failed in this particular, the line is certain to have an enormous influence in the future development of the



View from Tanga Railway.



Up country from Tanga.

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region. Another railroad was also built, running from Tanga toward the slopes of Kilima Njaro, through a rich and fertile area capable of infinite development.

II. TANGA

Tanga from the sea is delightful. The little town is set in the midst of a mighty grove of cocoanuts, which seem to flourish here with a luxuriance exceptional even for this coast. In some ways it is not unlike Kilindini, but the soil is redder, and one misses the silver sands. But there are the same low coral cliffs with their fantastic outlines, the same dense verdure and the same white-walled and red-roofed houses dotted among the trees. The first building to catch the eye is the large, airy two-storied hospital. It stands on a promontory facing the sea, so that the inmates have the advantages of the cool breezes as well as a beautiful view, which includes a delightful little island in the centre of the bay. Like most important official buildings in the colony, it is solid and substantial, and is conceived in the best (or worst) style of modern German municipal architecture. It is, however, excellently planned and managed, again in the best German style, and is an undoubted boon not only to Tanga itself but to the whole district.

We dropped anchor just opposite the charming little island I have mentioned, and no sooner had we done so than little rowing boats began to put off from the shore. They were manned by Swahilis, as we had expected, but these Swahilis were arrayed and disciplined to German rule. Each wore a kind of uniform of khaki, surmounted by a red fez. Each had his number, and so had each boat. Evidently they were duly and officially licensed.

The wharf has iron-covered sheds and storehouses, filled with bales and boxes of the produce from the interior of the colony awaiting export. The amount seemed far less than at Kilindini, and there was little of the bustle and liveliness which mark the latter place. Everything, however, is exceedingly neat and tidy. Trolley lines run right on to the wharf.

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The town is a small one, but is strikingly clean and orderly. The streets are broad avenues with beautiful gold mohur-trees on each side. Trolley lines run along them as in Mombasa ; but here no passengers are carried, and the rails are merely for the trucks of produce going to the wharf. There is not the same necessity for a passenger service here as in Mombasa, for the latter is in the fly belt, so that draught animals cannot be depended on. We walked up a steep little hill with a very broad pavement on one side, the stones of which were engraved—a detail that struck me as somewhat over-elaborate. On the top was a line of rickshaws, and in these we proceeded to make a tour of the little town. There are four or five streets with native and Indian shops, and several side streets, all planned and laid out with mathematical correctness, with name-boards and avenues of trees. In some of them were cafés or beer-gardens with their verandahs filled with little tables, where contented Germans sat placidly smoking and quaffing huge glasses of beer. The residents' houses are neat and small, mostly two-storied, with verandahs, and enclosed in tiny gardens. Some of the streets have as yet no houses, but these are paved, named and planted with the same attention to detail as is evident throughout the colony. There are two good hotels. The Kaiserhof is a large white house with green shutters, deep balconies and an open restaurant and café—a welcome feature in this climate. The Grand is also good ; a balcony extends along the whole of the front, and the little tables on it, with their blue and white tablecloths, looked delightfully cool and inviting. These hotels were far better than any in Mombasa. The rooms were clean and furnished with comfortable wicker chairs, while the floors were covered with clean straw matting.

There is a fine park in Tanga, which is used as a recreation ground, and a nine-hole golf course, which was laid out by Mr King, the British Consul at Dar-es-Salaam. Another great attraction is the band, which is justly famous throughout East Africa. The market is like most native markets, except that the greater part of the trade is done by the natives themselves, and not by Indian traders. The meat, blackened by the sun, is unpleasant both to sight and smell. The fruit

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and vegetables, on the other hand, were of admirable quality.

The native quarter affords a picturesque contrast to the European town. Brick and stone disappear, and mud and wattle take their place as building material. There are the same broad clean roads ; but we miss the wide pavements of the civilised part, while the traffic is often impeded by the cocoanut-palms, which are apparently allowed to grow up where they will, sometimes singly, sometimes in groups, on the sides and even in the middle of the roads, in a manner which would shatter the nerves of a London cabman and which keeps the native rickshaw boy constantly on the alert to avoid danger. But the tall palms growing round the native huts seem to droop over them benignly, throwing a kindly shade in the heat of the day.

If the natives are not yet converted to German method, order and cleanliness, they seem at least to share in the general contentment. Their principal occupation appears to be to sit in the shade outside their shops and huts, while the goat-like sheep wander in and about the premises at will. The Swahilis look very cheerful and happy, and there is a ready greeting of "Jambo" for every passer-by. The busiest person we saw was the native tailor, who sat outside his shop and plied his craft with the aid of an up-to-date American sewing-machine.

Tanga possesses a fine native school, where the pupils receive technical as well as general education, such trades as typing, printing and furniture-making being taught. There is also a native hotel, whose proprietor sits all day on his verandah surrounded by a flock of rainbow-coloured ducks.

The dusk was creeping on as we made our way to the pier, and by the time we were fairly embarked it was quite dark. We returned, as we came, in a little rowing boat. The rudder was broken and worse than useless, and the boat steered very badly, with the result that when about half-way out we ran on to a sandbank. However, by dint of vigorous pushing, and no less vigorous shouting, we managed to get off again without damage. The Swahili boatman carries his lantern in the bottom of his boat, and the light thrown upwards into

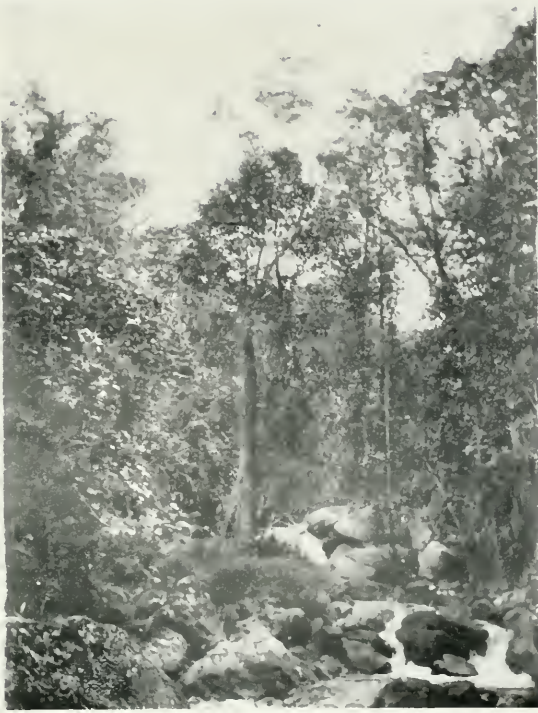
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the faces of the passengers and crew illumines them with a weird but picturesque effect. After twice nearly colliding with other boats, we arrived safely on board the *General*, where we were told that the captain had arranged an expedition up country for us, and that we were to start at seven-thirty the next morning.

Accordingly some twenty passengers, including Monie and myself, left the ship in the launch, *Usagara II.*, and landed at the wharf, where we found our special train waiting. We shared a carriage with Mr and Mrs Liebermann, Mr and Mrs Armstead, and an elderly German lady who chattered incessantly all the way from the beginning of the journey to the bitter end. After crossing several wide roads, and traversing the native quarter, the line runs through scenery of extraordinary richness and beauty. Tall trees of every kind rose from an undergrowth in which almost every kind of tropical plant grew luxuriantly. Cultivation seemed so far to be confined to the cocoanut-palm, of which we passed grove after grove on either side. On the right an immense plantation had recently been cleared by a European, but lack of capital had handicapped the work, and the clearing was already in danger of being overgrown by the jungle.

All this time we had been rising steadily. The forest was no longer universal, and signs of ordered cultivation appeared on every side. Among the first plantations we saw were those belonging to an Indian settlement founded by Herr Meyer. These Indian settlers have a large number of solidly constructed farm buildings and wells, for the most part shaded by mango-trees. The carts are drawn by hump-backed oxen, and here and there one may see a primitive Indian plough scratching its furrows on the African soil. Luckily the soil here is virgin, so that thoroughness of cultivation is not a matter of great moment. After these farms we passed many miles of country covered with sisal, and then many other miles planted with rubber, chiefly the Ceara variety, which is hardier and more rapidly productive than the Para kind. On these two crops the prosperity of German East Africa was originally founded.

As we rose ever higher the plantations in their turn dis-



Experiment 1 Gardens, up country from Tanga



Banana Trees, up country from Tanga

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appeared, giving place to a grand park-like country, a fertile, well-watered land of broad plains and undulating hills, covered with luxuriant grasses, scattered copses and occasional big trees, with, in the distance, the dim outlines of mighty mountains. From time to time we saw little native villages, usually perched on the top of a knoll and surrounded by palm-trees. Around them were patches of cultivated ground, remarkable rather for the variety of their crops than for the method of their cultivation. Scientific agriculture seems to be beyond the range of the native intellect. His sole aim in tilling the soil is to provide food for the moment ; he has no notion of raising crops that have to be transported to distant markets and converted into money before he can derive any benefit from them.

All the stations on the line were designed with characteristic German thoroughness and care. All were beautifully tidy and well cared for, and the more important places were furnished with that indispensable adjunct of civilised travel—the refreshment-room. The first station out from Tanga is Muhesa, in the centre of the rubber-growing district. Here there is a large covered shelter, furnished in the Continental style with tables covered with red and white tablecloths, comfortable chairs and equally comfortable Germans, imbibing beer from huge tankards. On the other side of the line stood a small crowd of native men, women and children, all mightily interested in the doings of the white men, and especially, as it seemed, in their eating and drinking, though as a rule the native prefers his home-brewed *pembe* to the choicest products of Munich and Pilsen.

After three hours in the train we arrived at Tengini, where a small train used for rubber-carrying was to take us on. No train, however, was visible when we arrived, and we learned that there were grave doubts as to whether it would turn up at all, as the native boy who had been sent with the letter commanding it had refused to go because of a rumour that lions had been seen prowling in the neighbourhood. However, after we had grilled for some time in the noonday sun, a train of small trucks arrived in charge of a quaint, fussy little engine. We packed ourselves into one of the trucks,

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and with a vast amount of puffing and snorting our engine got under way. It was a wonderful little line from the point of view of scenery. Hill and valley, river and mountain, precipice, peak and ravine—every phase of nature was presented in all its primitive grandeur, and in and out among them all the tiny train wound its tortuous way. On each side dense tangled undergrowth grew in reckless profusion, and above the jungle towered great forest trees. Ever and anon we emerged from the forest to catch a glimpse of lofty mountains, tree-clad to their very tops, which pierced the little white fleecy clouds in a seeming attempt to reach the blue sky above. Then we plunged again into the shrubs and ferns of the jungle. Great creepers hung in festoons from the branches of the trees, and even violated the sanctity of the bright new telegraph wires that run from tree to tree. The journey lasted for five hours, and then, with a screech, the train ran into a charming highland station. A neat wooden bungalow stood beside the line, surrounded with green trees and gay with flowers—a little piece of Switzerland in the tropics. Below us, in a large open shed, native workmen, with their white overseers, were busy at a sawmill. A waterwheel was driven by a mountain stream, and here, in the heart of savage Africa, great forest trees were being sawn up to make furniture for the German colonists.

We picnicked in the shade of the trees, and then walked up the river bank by a wide pathway edged with bamboos. The mountains rose precipitously from the water's edge, and their jungle-clad slopes towered over us on each side. The variety of trees, palms and ferns was too bewildering to permit of close inspection, and all one could do was to admire the general loveliness of the scene. The path goes right up to a farm one thousand feet higher ; but our time was short and our limbs were tired, so we did not risk the ascent, but after a short rest by the rocky torrent returned to the station and our little train. The journey back was uneventful, except that we saw a native hut on fire surrounded by a crowd of excited natives, who shouted and waved their hands as the flames leaped into the air. The carriage was very hot and stuffy, so Monie and I went out on to the little platform at the

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end, where the air was delightfully cool by comparison. Here we sat with our legs dangling over the side, watching the stars and the weird outlines of the trees as we sped by, until we once more reached the terminus and returned to Tanga and civilisation.

PART II.—HUNTING EXPERIENCES

CHAPTER V

ON SAFARI

I. INTRODUCTORY

CAMP life has a charm which the confirmed townsman will possibly fail to appreciate. He will have to live in all sorts of unaccustomed and uncomfortable ways, do without most of the things which seem to him to make life worth living, face the prospect of hunger and thirst, fatigue and physical discomfort, brave all sorts of dangers, and put up with a thousand minor inconveniences and worries. In short, he will have to rough it. And in Africa "roughing it" means roughing it, whatever care is expended on the preliminary arrangements. Therefore the novice who contemplates going on trek in the Dark Continent will do well to take careful stock beforehand, consider what he proposes to do, and then take the advice of someone who knows as to how he should do it. This is particularly necessary with regard to his kit and the mode of transporting it. The outfit which is just the thing for America, or even India, will not do for Africa. There the traveller has so much to put up with of necessity that he does not want in any way to add to his burdens. What with the heat, the thorns, the infernal activities of the insect world, the fatigue of ploughing through endless miles of scrub, the bad water and indifferent food, the risk of sunstroke and the chance of fever, it is not desirable for him to reduce his staying power by too much roughing it. If he does so he is either a novice or a fool, and is likely to pay the penalty. A man who desires to keep fit and to get the most out of his trip must pay the closest attention to his outfit, and take care that there is nothing lacking which may under certain

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circumstances become necessary. Roughing it is very well in the abstract, and sounds easy enough when suggested from the depths of a club arm-chair, but on the spot it assumes another aspect. This is, of course, not intended to frighten anyone. It certainly won't frighten the right sort of man. To him the pleasures of the free outdoor life are more than sufficient to compensate for any inconvenience or discomfort to which he may be put. And the pleasure is there. There is no doubt about that. The charm of the wild is powerful enough to make a man who has once felt it find that there is something lacking in city life for the rest of his days. When a man has spent, as I have done, a great part of his life in places remote from civilisation, among wild beasts and savage peoples, he is bound to find himself, now and again, hankering after the old free life. That is the "call of the wild."

There is a yet stronger appeal to the sportsman—the big game. One who has once tried big-game shooting is apt to find most other forms of sport fairly tame in comparison. There is nothing in the world more stimulating and brimful of excitement than to pit oneself against the great wild creatures, to match one's wits against their instincts, to play off the hunter's craft against the beasts' cunning, and to stand up to their charge, knowing as one does that a mistake or mishap, a momentary failure of nerve, hand or eye, will bring its inevitable penalty—probably mutilation and possibly death.

There is also a wonderful variety of interest. Each creature of the wild has its own ways, some due to instinct, and common to its kind, others due to idiosyncrasy and peculiar to itself. Experience and advice may teach one to meet the former, but careful observation alone will enable one to circumvent the latter. Every fresh beast that is roused thus provides a different problem, and so the interest is kept alive and the faculties alert. Again, there is opportunity for skill in picking up the spoor, in reading the message it carries for the trained eye, in tracking it over all sorts of ground, and finally, for nerve in following it home and meeting the quarry face to face. In a word, there is the whole pleasure of the chase in its finest form. And there is the

ON SAFARI

reward ; the satisfaction that comes to the good sportsman when, having passed by a hundred possible shots because the beasts did not appear to reach his standard, and having held his hand through the whole of a long tantalising day, he happens at the end to come upon a splendid specimen, and a skilful shot makes him the possessor of a record "head."

Even on a blank day, however, there is no room for dullness. One sees the country—sometimes, indeed, too much of it—and is on the *qui vive* all the time. Danger or opportunity may lurk behind any bush, in any coppice or tuft of grass. It is astonishing how little cover is needed to provide effective hiding for even the biggest beast. The rhinoceros is particularly skilful in effacing himself in this way. And a rhino, appearing suddenly from nowhere, and charging down on one from a distance, is exciting enough to relieve the monotony of even the dulllest day. So one marches with senses strung to the highest pitch, eye keen, hearing alert to every unexpected sound. Every unusually shaped tuft of grass, every strange patch of colour, every breaking twig receives due share of attention, together with the flight of the birds and the behaviour of the smaller game. Oh no ; it is not dull ! At first one is so strung up as to be oblivious of the flight of time until fatigue or hunger intervenes and tells of the strain that has been felt. In course of time this watchfulness becomes a habit, and all the indications of the trail are noted unconsciously. Then it is possible to become interested in the thousand and one features of the country, and in the absorbing variety of animal and vegetable life.

When in sight of game there is ample opportunity for testing the travellers' tales and the weird theories one hears and reads, the tales and theories which form the subject of endless discussion in all places where men who have been out after big game meet together. One can find out at first hand whether the lion is really as cowardly a beast as many have asserted ; whether the rhino is truly a ferocious ruffian whose horn is exalted against everything that comes across his path, or whether he is, on the contrary, a mild survival of prehistoric time whose only wish is to be left alone. There

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may even be an opportunity of testing whether a lion can really jump a six-foot fence, carrying an ox in his jaws as a cat does a mouse, or whether the fiercest beast will quail before the glance of the human eye. Personally, I have never been tempted to try this last experiment. I have always been content with gazing at charging lions, rhino and the like, over the sights of a good reliable rifle. I then know where I am and to what I can trust. And finally, a real enthusiast might try for himself whether being mauled by a lion is such a dreamy and on the whole rather pleasant experience as Dr Livingstone and one or two others have claimed. He will, in all probability, get his opportunity.

Not the least of the delights of the day is the ending of it: the return to camp, the hot bath that charms away fatigue, the savoury meal (what an appetite one has for it!) and the evening smoke in the doorway of the tent. The camp fires blaze cheerfully, the boys squat singing and working or playing round the fire or move to and fro in the glow, and the white stars shine against the blackness of the sky with a brilliancy unknown in England. It is a very pretty picture, and very soothing after a day's exertion. Then the guard fires are lit, the watch is set, and the chatter dies. Only the voices of the night remain—the deep, steady undertone of the insect chorus, the twittering of birds, the laughter of hyænas, the barking of deer, the neighing of zebra, and perhaps the chattering of monkeys. And sometimes, over all, the distant roar of a lion comes rolling along the ground, and the minor voices are stilled. The hush after the lion has spoken is one of the most striking experiences of the wild. The beasts have heard the voice of their lord. At last you call “Good-night,” and so to bed; and then, if the inner guard against the “terror that flieth by night,” the mosquito, has been well and truly set, you sleep the sound refreshing sleep that comes from healthy weariness.

Of course the man who is deaf to the call of the wild will fail to appreciate the charm. He will be chiefly concerned with the discomforts of the way, and will find enough to dwell upon. I have already referred to some of these. There is sometimes fatigue of the most intolerable kind, when it



On the March.



The Safari in Camp

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becomes a positive torture to put one foot before another, and only an extreme effort of will keeps one going, in spite of the fact that to lie down to rest is likely to result in at least unpleasantness. One often knows what it is to go hungry for periods much too prolonged for a stomach carefully trained to regular meals on civilised lines. One learns to understand the real meaning of thirst in a dry country under a tropical sun ; for all our journey lies between 0° N. and 1° S., and during the greater part of the time one stands directly over one's shadow at noon. Tramping through long grass and soft sand, and every now and again forcing a way through dense scrub or forest, is by no means an easy method of progression. That same grass and scrub, too, is alive with insects of the most pestilential type, whose number is only equalled by their pertinacity. Along some parts of the route "ticks" are found in amazing numbers, and swarms of mosquitoes, gnats and flies of every conceivable variety make life a misery. Their bites, even when least harmful, give rise to insupportable itching, and in the worst event may lead to blood-poisoning, to say nothing of malaria, sleeping sickness and the like. Many preparations, of course, are sold, with which to anoint the skin against the attacks of these pests ; but I have found nothing better or simpler than a strong solution of Epsom salts. This dries almost as soon as it is rubbed on, leaving the skin covered with a white incrustation which is apparently extremely distasteful to the insect tribes. From an artistic point of view the result leaves something to be desired ; one looks rather like a disreputable marble statue ; but it is effective in its purpose even if at first sight it creates a certain amount of amusement. Moreover, it costs practically nothing, which is more than can be said of some of the preparations advertised for the same purpose.

Then there is the "jigger," which is coast English for the chigoe. This is one of the curiosities of the insect world. It is a sort of miniature flea with an insatiable desire to see that its species does not become extinct. The great object of its life is to lay eggs, and its favourite place for depositing them is beneath the nail of the big toe. Once settled, there

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or elsewhere, it gets to work. The bag of eggs produced is about the size of a pea. If the victim notices it and takes proper steps, there is little trouble; if not, he is in for a very unpleasant time. At best the irritation is very great; at the worst very serious ulcers may be produced. But the ways of the jigger are more fully described in a later chapter.

Another trouble is getting wet. The dew lies heavy in the mornings, when the day's tramp begins; and in a very few minutes of walking through grass as high as the waist, or even the head, one gets soaked to the skin. The clothes dry, of course, later on, when the sun gets up. But there are water-courses to cross, rivers to ford, marshes and swamps to plough through. Any or all of these may be in the day's work. Consequently feet and legs are being continually soaked, much to the detriment of one's boots, which eventually become stiff, hard and unyielding, however carefully they are treated.

There is, besides, an ever-present possibility of bad drinking water, with dysentery in the background. But the man who will not take the trouble to boil his water before using it has no business to go on trek in Africa. It is true that boiled water is not particularly interesting as a beverage, but that is a minor evil.

Take it as one likes, a trek through Central Africa is by no means a path of roses. As a matter of sober fact, literally as well as figuratively, it is a path of thorns. The African thorns are unspeakable. A day through some scrub I have known would reduce an honest pair of breeches even below the native standard of propriety, which is saying a good deal. Even the lion won't face the thorn bushes. There is certainly some excuse for him, for the lion is notoriously a soft-skinned beast. Many of the trees are absolutely unclimbable for the same reason, at least under ordinary circumstances. I have, however, seen native porters, chased by a rhino, take refuge in a thorn-tree, though with disastrous results to clothes, skin and temper.

Further, one has to do a great part of the travelling by the primitive method of footing it. Steam can do many things nowadays in the way of annihilating distance, but it cannot

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bring the big-game hunter right face to face with his quarry. Fortunately the Uganda Railway has done away with the terrible march up from Mombasa across the waterless Taru desert, "the Thirst," as the natives call it, and the equally troublesome passage through the fly country. But once at Nairobi, the big-game hunter who desires to take the sport seriously must say good-bye to civilisation and to civilised means of locomotion. He may, of course, get pack animals or oxen, but they have to be fed, and there are great stretches where there is no suitable grazing. There is even greater difficulty in finding water; and in some districts the tsetse fly has settled the question of draught animals out of hand. Moreover, in areas where the greater carnivora abound, horses and oxen need protection at night; and as the very object of the trip is to find out where these beasts are most numerous the question of protection becomes a serious one. It means, in effect, constructing a sort of fortified camp each night. So, speaking generally, the plan is to go on foot, with perhaps a "salted" mule or two to help things along. If there is a desert to cross, the camel comes into the question. Many safaris to the Guaso Nyiro and beyond it to Marsabit do take camel. This beast lessens the difficulty in one respect, but certainly increases it in another. For of all the contrary beasts sent to plague mankind, the camel is the worst. For pure, unadulterated "cussedness" he has no rival. As Kipling puts it:

" 'E's a devil an' a ostrich an' orphan child in one.
'E'll gall an' chafe an' lame an' fight; 'e smells most awful vile;
'E'll lose 'isself for ever if you let 'im stray a mile;
'E's game to graze the 'ole day long an' 'owl the 'ole night through,
An' when 'e comes to greasy ground 'e splits 'isself in two."

Even that doesn't exhaust the tale of his iniquities. He is stubborn, vicious and unspeakably stupid. Really his stupidity is a virtue, and his only one; for if by a happy chance one does succeed in starting him the way he is wanted to go he is too stupid for anything to attract him from the straight path, and goes straight ahead. One is tempted to compare him with certain folk one knows. But as every

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schoolboy knows, he has one useful quality. He can go for some days without water, though his capacity in this direction is almost always absurdly overrated. I am half inclined to believe that he only does it at all out of sheer perversity and because he hates the sight of water. It is a spectacle for gods and men, if one is not in a hurry, to see a score or so of boys trying to get a baggage camel across a stream. If it is one's own baggage, and one is in a hurry to get on, the sight is not quite so entertaining. The camel scores over other forms of transport in another particular. There is no need to carry any food for him. Nor is it necessary to go out of the way to find pasture. The beast will be quite satisfied with the leaves and branches of trees and scrub, which he will find by the wayside. However, despite these advantages, and after considering the question in all its bearings, we decided that we would not take camel.

As one cannot depend upon replenishing stores *en route*, living on the country is out of the question. So the first thing to be done is to settle exactly what in the way of food is likely to be wanted. Now, getting everything one wants is a ticklish business. It is one of the things that money won't do. Of course any outfitter will supply *his idea* of what you want. But experience alone will teach you what you should really have, and the limits of that happy mean which embodies the maximum of comfort with the minimum of weight. That is the essence of the whole question—weight. And as in any case you can't carry all your impedimenta yourself, you are driven back in spite of yourself upon a gang of native porters. And that brings us, though perhaps by a rather roundabout route, to our safari. "Safari" is an African word, and the thing it represents is an African product. It has about as many shades of meaning as a chameleon has of colour. To begin with, it means a caravan. The caravan will consist of native porters, with perhaps a mule or two, some ox-wagons or a few camels. When one travels in this way one is said to "go on safari" or to "do a safari," so that the word also means an expedition by caravan. But the whole fit-out, with porters, gun-bearers, askaris, cook and syces, and all the paraphernalia they carry

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with them, also makes a safari, because you can order one at an outfitter's and that is what you get. If you ask a sportsman or traveller, just back from the interior, how he did his journey, he will probably say : "Oh, I went on safari." A very useful word, "safari."

They understand safaris very well in Mombasa and in Nairobi, a little too well, perhaps, for the unsophisticated visitor. Various firms exist for the purpose of fitting out safaris with all the things they want, and the thousand and one other things that might come in useful but never do. If a man has had previous experience, he may succeed in getting what he wants and in dodging what he doesn't. If he has not, he is, like the beginner at any game, just a sheep in the hands of the shearer. The atmosphere of the East has apparently a favourable effect on the development of the commercial instinct. Anyhow, traders in the East seem to possess in an unusual degree the faculty of keeping one eye on their own pockets while directing the other to your needs. As a natural result, the greater the novice the more perfect the safari he takes out. I am told that it is perfectly easy to trace a new chum's safari by the trail of "perfectly indispensable" articles it sheds on its route. I don't believe it, because I know the native boy's capacity as a picker-up of unconsidered trifles, and am perfectly sure that anything, no matter how useless, shed on the march, would find a place in somebody's private pack. One may be certain that the first time it is necessary to hold a kit inspection and make the safari expose its belongings, everything which has been thrown away on the march will come to light, to say nothing of several things which have not. Throwing away useless articles on safari is like casting bread upon the waters, save for the fact that one invariably gets it back with interest.

I do not propose to lay down the law as to what a man should carry. One may have a taste for soda water in bottle, while another may be content with sparklets and what water Fate may send him, and a third may have a partiality for champagne in bulk. It is all a matter of taste. Every man, too, has his own ideas as to clothes and armament. With regard to both, and to the latter particularly, he had better

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stick to what he knows than go adventuring after strange gods. If one should happen to get into a ticklish position, it is far better to have by him a weapon he knows than one yet to be proved and that he is not quite sure of. As to clothing, I have but one warning. A man must not imagine, because he is going into equatorial Africa, that he will need nothing but thin clothing. He must remember that he will be for a great part of the time some seven thousand feet above sea-level. He will find substantial underwear and a good top-coat distinctly serviceable. In fact, for much of the time during my trip to the Guaso Nyiro, I rode in a top-coat and a muffler.

I have already referred to some of the troubles of the march. The negro porter is another. That "man and brother" can at times develop as much vice and eccentricity as a mule ; and as an American writer puts it : " You never know what a mule is going to do until he has done it." He is, to start with, just a big child with a child's notions of responsibility and of morality, but unfortunately a man's capacity for doing mischief. Consequently the safari wants a great deal of handling, particularly at first. Like a schoolboy, the native is anxious to " try it on " with the new master. So he starts to find out how far he can go with safety. An easy or careless master is in for trouble, a host of petty annoyances, shoals of complaints about everything under the sun, including the food, the size of the loads, the tyranny of the headman, the habits of the others, and so forth, ending in sulkiness and possibly open disobedience. On the other hand, undue severity is apt to defeat itself. Punishment, which means the kiboko, either at one's own hands or those of the headman, loses all its effect if given for trifling offences or in excess. The fact is that the ordinary negro boy, like the British workman, wants a master, and isn't happy till he gets one. To try, in a mistaken spirit of kindness, to lessen his work or to make things light for him, is the surest way to earn his contempt. But if one is firm and has taken the trouble to find out what may reasonably be expected in the way of work, and to see that he has no opportunity to shirk it, he can readily be brought under discipline. The worst customer

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is probably the one who has been brought most closely into touch with civilisation. The Swahili has had some experience of life as it is understood in the Coast towns, and the knowledge has made him conceited beyond belief. The Somali has a sublime confidence in his own importance and an equal contempt for anyone else, and is at all times a difficult person to handle. When to this one adds laziness, a constitutional incapacity for telling the truth, and a strong inclination towards insolence, if it is considered safe, it is evident that a safari, unless carefully handled, contains all the elements of serious trouble. But once you have the native in hand and have won his confidence you may do with him what you will, and he will show himself cheerful, obliging, ready and enduring. There are regular races of these porters, who have been brought up, or are the descendants of men brought up, on the old caravan routes. Most of them belong to the Coast tribes, the Swahili, Wanyamwesi and Manyema. These take a pride in their work, in the loads they can carry, the distances they can cover in a day's march, and the rapidity and skill with which they can set up or strike camp. The last factor makes a vast difference in the comfort of a journey. The other races from the interior are said to be inferior in one way or another. Thus the Wayamba, though admirable carriers, are on the small side, and consequently unable to deal with such heavy loads. The Kikuyu, while amiable and docile, are considered less hardy and enduring than the Coast peoples. As to this, I can only say that I was perfectly satisfied with the work and behaviour of my Kikuyu boys, who did very well indeed.

The ordinary load is fifty to sixty pounds, and the porters, without exception, seemed to manage it with ease. I have heard, however, of men who could carry ninety pounds through a long day without showing signs of exhaustion. In considering the amount of each man's load it must be remembered that he carries all his personal belongings as well, in many cases no inconsiderable addition. It is interesting to note that whereas the Swahili, the Wanyamwesi, and other tribes used to the open caravan routes, carry on the head, the Kikuyu carry on the back, the load being supported by

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a forehead strap. To ease themselves the former will raise their burden at arms'-length above the head and carry it so for a considerable distance ; while the latter, to take the strain off the forehead, will bend forward so that the weight of the load is brought upon the humped-up shoulders. Like all labour in Africa, the march is accomplished to song—solo and chorus, a monotonous reiteration which gets on one's nerves abominably until they are accustomed to it. In camp, even after the most fatiguing day, the music is kept up with unabated spirit, accompanied by vigorous dancing and a no less vigorous strumming on some of the most awful contrivances for producing sound that even the savage mind could conceive.

As to dress, the porter wears, at the outset at least, everything he happens to be possessed of. A blanket and a jersey are items of his outfit which he acquires at your expense. But if he has at any time come into contact with civilisation he is sure to display traces of it in his attire, such as a pair of knickerbockers, a discarded shooting-coat, or possibly an old overcoat. He will certainly wear them all, no matter what the temperature may be, and seems actually to revel in a heavy ulster under a tropical sun. In addition, he has an extraordinary propensity for picking up discarded rubbish, all of which he manages to dispose about his person. Thus a safari on the march is often a source of considerable amusement. In camp, however, he discards all these adventitious aids to adornment, and reverts to savagery and grace, as his master will find out the first time he indulges his taste for song and dance, which will be as soon as the "bwana" shoots anything big enough to give the whole crowd a real good feed of fresh meat.

So far about safaris in general ; but it may be as well that I should say something about the one I know best, my own. Really I had three—one for each of my three trips to the Guaso Nyiro, to Voi and Tsavo, and to the Laikipia Plains. But though these, like the stars, varied in magnitude, there was very little difference in any other way. A few words about the first may therefore serve equally well for the other two.

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In getting my safari I was very fortunate, first, in my choice of time, which made me the earliest in the field and gave me the pick of the men ; and secondly, in my choice of locality. The Governor of British East Africa, Sir H. Conway Belfield, is an old friend. We were thrown together a great deal in our younger days in the Straits Settlements, and when I mentioned my purpose of shooting in East Africa he immediately declared his intention of doing all that he could to make the trip a success. When I landed I fancy the word had gone round that I was to be looked after. There is no doubt that every help was given me, and I am glad to have this opportunity of acknowledging his Excellency's kindness and hospitality, both then and during the whole of my stay.

I was equally fortunate in another direction. I had made up my mind to get a white hunter who knows the country to accompany me on my trip. Some sportsmen prefer to go off on safari alone, trusting to their headman to supply all necessary information as to the whereabouts of the various kinds of game and the methods of travel, hunting and living peculiar to the country. This method seems far too risky. There is the chance that the headman might not know ; and that even if he did know, he might not be able to tell me. And further, I had no mind to be alone in the wilds for three months or so at a stretch without anyone to talk to. I could give many more reasons ; but the fact was that I wanted a companion who would have the same interests as I had and who, moreover, would have the advantage of knowing the country.

I intended, if I could, to secure the assistance of Mr R. J. Cunninghame, whose fame as a hunter is known all over the world, and whose great black beard is a rallying point for "big game" men everywhere. But as luck would have it, he had just undertaken to go out with the Crown Prince of Sweden ; so, on his advice, I made the acquaintance of Mr Duirs, who had been manager for Mr M'Millan on his famous farm at Juba. After talking it over with him he consented to accompany me. It was a very lucky choice for me. A more skilful hunter, a better fellow, or a more interesting

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companion it would have been impossible to find. The pleasure and the success of the trip were largely due to his geniality, skill and unfailing resource, and I am very glad to have the chance of saying so here. He is now gone to New Zealand to take up farming, and may all good luck go with him.

Duirs helped immensely with the preliminary arrangements. Pencil in hand, we checked and ticked off the agents' lists, scoring out here, adding there, reducing one total and increasing another, until between us we managed to cut down our baggage to what I hope was a reasonable figure. I didn't want to leave out anything that would add to our comfort, and yet I wanted to take nothing we could get on decently without. In the end I fancy we did the trick, and hit the happy mean between skimping on the one hand and extravagance on the other. I certainly don't remember wanting anything that mattered while on trek, and I didn't see much waste. One or two things we took out and brought back almost intact. Among them was a case of very special old brandy which I had taken out from England for use on emergency. That emergency never arose, and the case proved a bit of a white elephant on the journey. I finally disposed of it in Nairobi for about half what it cost. In Africa the less spirit one drinks the better.

My team, as finally selected, totalled 144, and looked formidable enough for an army of invasion. And yet I found, as a matter of experience, that there were none too many. Indeed, I had to arrange for an additional 50 to join the safari at Nyeri to carry "posho." Of these more hereafter. That question of posho is the nightmare of the safari. By Government regulations each porter must have an allowance of a pound and a half a day. So, if you are 200 strong and off for a safari of three months, you need to take or arrange for the trifle of 27,000 lb. of posho! Of course you may like to take a little tinned milk or extract of beef as well for your own private consumption. But that 27,000 lb. of posho has to be arranged for. The Government has said so, and the State demands it. Fortunately, you can usually buy some posho *en route* from Indian

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shops (where there are any), from various trading posts on the safari routes, and sometimes from native villages. So you are not saddled with the whole 27,000 lb. at the start. But the posho accounts for your numbers. Like the army, a safari marches upon its stomach. Posho is usually Indian corn meal, but it may be flour, rice, corn or beans. When you find meat, the allowance of posho is reduced accordingly. It is rather a nuisance to have a mixed crowd, as their food requirements vary. Some won't eat meat at all, some object to game meat, some will eat beans and whole corn (maize), and some won't.

The most prominent persons among the crowd are the headman, the gun-bearers, the syces, the askari, the cook and your tent boys. I have put them more or less in the order of importance, save that the askari ought, as a matter of fact, to come last. But he looks so important that I hadn't the heart to put him there. He is the most dignified person in Africa.

The headman, "*monpara*" in Swahili, which is the *lingua franca* of the Coast, is one of the two great factors on which success depends. The cook is the other. My headman was named Nubi, a Swahili, whatever that may imply in the matter of lineage, and a thoroughly smart and capable fellow. This is no small matter, for the headman bears most of the responsibility of the trip. His business is to handle the crowd. Handling a couple of hundred semi-savage Africans is not the easiest job in the world. It requires a *man*. Your monpara must have unlimited energy and unlimited pluck, and he must know his job. Further, he must have the physique to back up his commands. If he is not up to his work you may find yourself some fine morning a hundred miles or so from anywhere, and face to face with an open mutiny; or worse still—for a mutiny *can* be handled—find the whole journey spoilt by sullen and half-mutinous behaviour. Nubi was a good man; I knew it, and the boys knew it, and we had no trouble. I can only record one little incident against him, and that is rather a joke than a grievance. On Christmas morning, a day or so after our return, I was sitting in the verandah of the Norfolk Hotel at

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Nairobi, when I saw Nubi lounging on the other side of the road. I had some idea what he was after, but I would not call him over, nor would he come and ask me for the rupee or so that was in his mind. He waited ; I made no sign. Then he came across to the hotel, still avoiding me, and asked to see the mem-sahib. When he saw her he shook hands gravely, and then remarked : "Mem-Sahib, this Christmas Day ?" "Yes, Nubi, it's Christmas Day." The hint was a palpable one but was not taken, and the conversation fell flat. Finally Nubi plucked up his courage and asked : "It is custom in England for sahibs give presents Christmas Day ?" "Nubi," remarked the mem-sahib severely, "you're an old humbug !" Nubi saw the humour of the situation, burst out laughing and went off without another word.

On the march, Nubi kept his men well in hand. We rarely had any trouble which he could not and did not settle on the spot, and that without the use of the kiboko. Discipline on safari depends first on moral force, the extraordinary authority exercised by the white over the black. Afterwards it depends on physical force, and that is why the kiboko becomes necessary now and again. A gang of natives is very much like a lot of big boys, and amenable only to the same arguments. Duirs wouldn't do it, which was perhaps fortunate, for he is a big, powerful fellow, and a big man animated with a sense of justice is apt to forget his own strength. I did not want to do it either ; and so, on the very few occasions when it was necessary, it fell to Nubi ; and with him, as a rule, I fancy it was largely a matter of form, and that his justice was largely diluted with mercy. But it is just as well to know how one stands with the law ; and legally a headman is not entitled to use his kiboko. A headman's wages may be anything from Rs20 to Rs75 a month.

The gun-bearers also were very good men. My own man, Ramasan, had been with Mr Selous, a very lucky thing for me, for he had had a capital training, was a good hunter and a skilful tracker, and the second gun, when needed, was always where it ought to be. He had plenty of pluck, too,

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and could be depended on in an emergency—which is not true, I am told, of all gun-bearers.

As a mark of esteem, or because he wanted to get rid of them, Mr Selous had given Ramasan a pair of hunting breeches, of which the latter was inordinately fond. On big days he always put them on and never failed to call attention to the fact that they were a present from the great master. I used to feel quite small on Ramasan's "breeches days," feeling sure that he was comparing me, not at all to my advantage, with their former owner. However, he was quite a good chap, and we got on famously together. Come to think of it, a gun-bearer's is a rather tricky job at times. It requires not a little pluck to stand in front of a charging rhinoceros or buffalo and hand the loaded rifle to someone else, especially when not quite sure that the someone else won't lose his nerve at the critical moment. I have nothing but praise for Ramasan, who certainly deserved his wage of Rs25 per month. You can get gun-bearers much cheaper, as from Rs15; or you may promote one of your porters, who will probably do very well after a little training. One's usual difficulty is to get them to take sufficient care with the skinning, which is not an easy matter if the trophy is to be perfect. A trained gun-bearer should be expert at this.

The askari are the military police of the safari. They are the headman's non-commissioned officers and help him to maintain discipline. It was their special business to guard the camp at night. They were mightily proud of themselves and their uniform—blue serge tunic, puttees and red fez. They were fine chaps, too. Each was armed with an antiquated Snider and the Government allowance of five cartridges—or none, I forget which. This is a concession to the possible needs of the safari, for in Africa natives are not allowed to carry firearms. Two of the guns would go off; the third wouldn't, but was probably just as effective as regards any execution likely to be done. But the air of dignity with which they shouldered these terrible weapons and protected the safari from the perils of the march was magnificent. As a matter of fact, I don't think askaris are at all necessary. Any of the porters could have done the

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needful in the way of standing guard just as well. But if they weren't useful they were distinctly ornamental, and were worth the Rs15, or whatever it was, per month, for the touch of importance they added to the safari. Moreover, the agents tell you that it is always the custom to take askaris and—well, we are a conservative people, and anyway we don't go to Africa to fly in the face of custom.

My syce was a man of different race from the particular blend which is known as Swahili. I think he was a Masai. If so, he certainly had one characteristic in common with his tribe. The Masai are a nation of warriors, and he never missed a chance of a fight. He was mightily proud and independent, and if asked to do anything outside his particular work was up on his high horse immediately. When the boys discovered this amiable characteristic, they provided him with all the opportunities for losing his temper he could desire. Someone would call out to him to come and fetch water. He would retort: "My business here to look after mule, I no d—— porter." Then the trouble would begin. Scarcely a day passed but he was quarrelling with someone or other, and the affair not infrequently ended in a fight. Once or twice the fight threatened to become general, and then we had to bestir ourselves and see that all knives and other weapons were taken away, or there might have been some serious damage done. Generally it was best to let them fight it out till we thought the affair had gone far enough, when we intervened and stopped it.

The cook and his mates have some knowledge of European cooking, picked up probably first at a mission station and then in the kitchen of some white official or trader. For the same reason they have a smattering of English. His art is hardly up to the level of the Ritz or the Carlton; but he can turn out a decent meal under almost any conditions, and that is not to be despised in the wilds of Africa. After all, fine cooking is hardly needed in a country where sun and air or exercise, or all three combined, give the hunter an appetite almost equal to that of the beast he is after. His pay is from Rs25 upward to, say, Rs50 or Rs60 a month, and he generally earns it. It will be well, however, to keep

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a careful eye on the tinned stuff. He has no sense of economy, and is hopelessly improvident. He has the most implicit faith in your capacity to provide more when the present stock runs out. So for your own comfort it is best to see that the chop boxes are kept intact until wanted.

The porters, who form the bulk of the crowd, are, of course, inferior to these, and generally know little or no English. Mine were coastmen—Swahili and Wanyamwesi, who had been thoroughly broken in to safari work—and a jolly, happy-go-lucky crowd they were, for the most part easily led, easily pleased, easily amused and just as easily aroused. Their good humour and endurance never failed to strike me with admiration. A load of sixty pounds per man, plus his own personal belongings, through African scrub and under an African sun, is no trifle; and a day's march may be fifteen miles or more, according to the presence of water. And his pay, at the regular trade union rate, is Rs10 per month, with his pound and a half of posho per day. If he can get fresh meat in addition, so much the better. He certainly expects it, and there is no doubt about his enjoying it. It is best to take along a substantial quantity of Epsom salts to deal with the "tumbo" that follows in the wake of the fresh-meat days. Remember too that a negro will want three times a white man's dose.

A brief account of a typical day will give a better idea of how the success of your expedition depends on the smartness of the safari than any amount of explanation. You strike camp at six A.M., so you are awakened at five; but there is no particular hardship in that, since you went to bed at eight-thirty. Here is your tent boy with your *chota hazri*—tea and biscuits. Meanwhile the askari has been rousing up the camp. Sounds of hurry and bustle are heard; the boys are packing up. If you are going to make a long non-stop march they will breakfast before starting. If not, they will eat at the noontide rest. The best plan is to let them feed first and then make camp about one or two o'clock. You get your tub. The dawn strikes chill, but you rub down vigorously. Meanwhile your bed has disappeared; frame, blankets and all are neatly folded and packed into the valise.

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Before you are properly dry your tub goes too. Breakfast is ready and you sit down to it under the fly of your tent, or under a tree if there is a decent one handy. The village of last night is gone; each tent is now a little centre of activity. Everyone is amazingly busy. There is swiftness, but no rush. Everything is deft, methodical. Nubi and his askaris are here, there and everywhere, urging the men on. By the time you have finished breakfast, there is nothing left save a line of packs, each man standing by ready to assume his burden. Even while you are looking round your breakfast things have been cleared and stowed away, with the kitchen utensils, in the cook box. Smart work, eh? But these are picked boys. They have learned their work and are proud to show how swiftly and well they can do it. If there is a laggard, Nubi has something to say to him; I can't understand it but I can fairly well guess what it means. In any case I will bet that gentleman won't be last next time. You glance down the line. "All right!" declares Nubi. "March!" orders the "Bwana Kubwa" (do you recognise yourself?); the burdens are raised to head or back as the case may be, the safari swings into line and the day has begun.

You, as befits your dignity, ride on and take the lead, your gun-bearers close behind, followed by your own boys with your water-bottle and odds and ends you may want on the march. Then come the cook and one or two askaris, and then the porters, led by a reliable walker to set the pace. The rate will be about two and three-quarter miles an hour, and there will be a ten minutes' "Spell oh!" every hour or so, according to the going. Of course this is not rapid travelling, and you must be careful not to get too far ahead lest you lose your column and get cut off from your supplies.

The dawn is just breaking and the grey of the east is turning to pink. The dew is thick on the long grass. Before many minutes you will be soaked to the skin, right up to the waist, or even the neck, for the grass is high enough for that in places. But the sun will be out presently and you will get dry again. Meanwhile you wish you could march in native costume. Getting wet doesn't matter to the boys; they



Fording a Stream.



Common Zebra.

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are dry again as soon as the sun comes out. Still, you have the beauty of the morning to console you. And the morning is certainly the best part of the day, and more so in Africa than in other places. If this is an ordinary day, you will have finished your march by the time the sun gets right overhead and you feel him strike down in his strength. Then camp is set in the same swift methodical fashion ; the tents are pitched, men go to fetch water, others to find wood. The cook builds his fireplace of stones or great clods of earth. And there is your village of overnight once more. It has taken about half-an-hour to build. The men will try to pitch on some old camping site, which saves much trouble ; but there is the curse and fear of jiggers, bugs and scorpions in these places. Then there is a hot bath, a meal, a siesta, and then, towards the end of the afternoon, you take your gun and stroll off to review the position, and to note from their spoor what game are afoot. On the way you bring down a buck or some birds for the evening meal.

That over, you sit under the fly of your tent, smoking and chatting, laying plans for the morrow, and lazily watching the boys squatting round their fires. They are gossiping—no one's character is safe from them ; or they are story-telling in more senses than one, or singing, or drawing quaint, minor melodies from primitive instruments fashioned by themselves from reeds and strings. Others are making sandals out of strips of hide or doing some kind of embroidery work ; or, if it has been a meat day, they are drying slices to a most unappetising black, by suspending them from sticks placed across the fire.

It is a simple and primitive life, and does one good after the noise and bustle of cities. It acts like a tonic. It makes a man fitter both physically and mentally. But the pipes are finished ; the watch-fires blaze up ; the guards are set, and " Good-night all " ends an uneventful but most enjoyable day.

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II. THE GUASO NYIRO

Until quite recently the Guaso Nyiro was the mystery river of East Africa. Its source was unknown and its mouth was unknown. The only thing that was certain was that it did not end by flowing into the sea. Geographers surmised that there might be here another of the great lakes for which Africa is famous. In search of this lake, Mr William Astor Chanler, an American, traced the course of the river from its head-waters on the northern slopes of Mount Kenia, and found that it ended, not in a lake, but in the great Lorian swamp. Two streams combine to form the main river, the Guaso Narok, "black river," and the Guaso Nyiro, "brown river."

From Nairobi one reaches the Guaso Nyiro by one of two routes : Fort Hall and Nyeri and the western slopes of Mount Kenia being the one, and Fort Hall, Meru and the eastern slopes of Kenia being the other. The latter is the shorter, and that usually selected by safaris. I took Duirs' opinion on the matter, and we came to the conclusion that as time was no object we would take the former and less frequented route. In this way we kept off the beaten track, and in my opinion got better shooting. Further, we did not attempt to keep to a strict daily time-table. If we were attracted by a certain kind of game we followed it up, even if it meant staying for a day or two in a particular place where we had never intended to stop at all, or diverging for a few miles from the direct line of route. So, though the journey from Nairobi to Archer's Post is reckoned to take only fourteen days, my safari, which left Nairobi on 20th September, only reached Archer's Post on 22nd November. By this method I was enabled to explore the head-waters of the river, to follow up certain of its tributaries, and to obtain some of the finest and most interesting shooting that it has ever been my lot to strike. The account which follows is based upon my daily diary, with such additions as have occurred to me at the time of writing.

The safari, under Duirs and Hutton, the keeper whom I had brought from Scotland, left Nairobi at four in the after-

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noon of 20th September. The start was late, but we were glad to get the men out of Nairobi. In addition to the regulation blanket, jersey and water-bottle, they had received some advance in cash, and a night in the bazaar might not have improved the prospects of the march. So off they went amid a scene of great bustle and excitement. We all stood outside Newland & Tarlton's store to see them off. Duirs mounted his mule and leaned over to say good-bye, when the beast cocked his tail and Duirs came off, much to our amusement and his own. Then the procession moved off, to camp for the night at Kamiti, about fourteen miles out along the Fort Hall road. I did not join the safari for some days, but will briefly describe its progress in the interval.

Sunday, Sept. 21st. Marched at 6.30 A.M. for the Ndaragu, and shot a kongoni and two Tommies on the road. The route lies over a very undesirable country, with here and there good grass but plenty of scrub.

Monday, Sept. 22nd. Struck camp at 6.30 A.M. and marched to Makinde on the Thika river. This is a charming spot and a favourite week-end resort for parties from Nairobi. The two rivers, Thika and Chania, join here, each having a beautiful waterfall, and each being spanned by a tiny bridge. Another object of interest is the famous hostelry known as the "Blue Posts." This is the half-way house along the Fort Hall road and is in consequence much frequented by those who travel that dreary road. It is also acknowledged, according to its advertisements, to be "the most beautiful spot in British East Africa." The hotel proper consists chiefly of a dining-room with separate tables, and a bar; while "accommodation for the night" is afforded by a number of little thatched huts, just like overgrown beehives, each containing a bed and washstand upon a wooden floor raised some six inches off the ground, the whole forming, to quote the advertisement again, "an English home in the heart of Africa." Here the whites of the party had lunch, and bear witness that the boasted "excellence of the cuisine" was duly tested and not found wanting.

Tuesday, Sept. 23rd. Struck camp half-an-hour earlier, at six o'clock, the next march to the Marangua river being a

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long one. Duirs rode ahead to call on Dr Lamb and inquire after Mr Outram, who had been badly mauled by a lion and at one time was hardly expected to recover. He found the doctor very hopeful, his patient being out of immediate danger. There was also every chance of saving his leg, which had been considered impossible.

Wednesday, Sept. 24th. Started at 6.30 for Fort Hall. This is the headquarters of the British administration and boasts a Court House flying the British flag, a few bungalows and a dozen or so sheds which do duty for shops and dignify themselves by the title of the Indian Bazaar. There is the usual crowd of natives in various stages of undress, and a number of askaris or native police, looking very smart in their uniforms of blue jersey, shorts, puttees and red fezes. Fort Hall stands on a low hill, and is hotter and more unpleasant than even any East African town has any right to be. The boys marched well and got to a point six miles beyond Fort Hall, receiving a rupee a head as an advance on their wages. In Africa, a rupee goes a considerable way in the purchase of such commodities as appeal to the native mind.

Thursday, Sept. 25th. Marched at 6 A.M. for Nyeri, but camped six miles short. Up to the present I was not with the safari. The fact is that I had learned that Fort Hall road is about as uninteresting as anything in the whole of Africa, the main feature of the landscape being great stretches of dull brown, for the soil consists of a sort of ironstone which is neither fertile nor pretty. Here and there are patches of black dotted with grey lumps of stone. The vegetation consists chiefly of thorns ; and each thorn has at its base a hollow blob full of ants which bite in a fashion which I can only describe as fiendish. Among the thorns too there are ticks. Moreover, along this road there is no shooting to speak of. So I determined to get a car and ride over from Nairobi to meet the safari at Nyeri. The distance is about a hundred miles ; the road is a weather-washed track which has never been made in any way ; and I rather regretted I had not marched with the safari, which, after all, can nip in and out of the sandy hollows as a car, or at any rate this car, certainly

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could not. However, I got there eventually. Duirs rode in to meet me on my arrival, returning to the camp after dark.

Friday, Sept. 26th. Duirs, at the head of his column, put in an appearance about nine o'clock. We were late in starting, as we had got fifty extra men here to carry posho. These fifty men were Kikuyu, sturdy, well-set fellows, though perhaps less powerful than the porters from the Coast. One gets off much more lightly with these in the matter of equipment, a blanket apiece, partly as a concession to propriety and partly for warmth at night, being the whole of the uniform required. These men prefer sleeping in the open to building shelters, apparently trusting to Providence to provide a decent night while they provide the fires. In bad weather and on open ground, they will sometimes rig up a tiny sheet on stakes to form a V-shaped tent. It is astonishing how well these natives of a hot country can stand the cold. On these uplands the nights are often extremely chilly ; but they lie out in the open all night with only their blankets, and these, curiously enough, often used to protect only the head. I have heard it said that natives will lie round the fire with their heads to the blaze, but I have never myself seen anything of the sort. I am quite prepared to believe, however, that the ordinary native does not suffer from cold feet, in the literal sense anyhow. On the other hand, the Swahilis used to pack themselves closely into their tents, the regulation five men to each tent, and curl themselves up in their blankets, as if they, at any rate, appreciated the cold. But I have seen both lots on a chilly morning absolutely stiff with the cold, limping up to stretch and warm themselves before the fire. Many a morning I have seen them trying to lift the sheet covering some dozen boxes, and have said : "These men are stiff with the cold ; give them a snack before they do any more." The native tribes living on these uplands usually come out in the morning to bask in the sun before beginning the business of the day, and our boys would willingly do the same were it not for the discipline of the camp. Nubi and his attendant askaris do not approve of basking.

Saturday, Sept. 27th. Marched as usual and camped on

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the Amboni river (6300 feet). We are now getting well up into the foot-hills of Kenia and the difference is shown in the vegetation. There are dense masses of shrubs of various kinds and the forest trees of the lower zone. The country is watered by innumerable rivers and the soil is black and rich.

Sunday, Sept. 28th. We struck camp at 6 A.M. for a very long day's march along the lower timber line. The scenery here, when one gets an open view, which is not often, is magnificent. At sunrise there is a glimpse of the snow-clad peak of Kenia, but for the rest of the day it is mainly shrouded in mist. Rolling hills are succeeded by huge plains covered with scrub, and looking from the distance just as if covered with velvet. The desert patches show white in the distance, and the track of the streams is marked by a fringe of green jungle. We camped to-day on the Muru, near Mr Coles' house (6900 feet), on the fringe of a forest of olives.

Monday, Sept. 29th. Marched at 6 A.M., and camped on the Rongai river (6750 feet) on Mr Pease's farm. I had a letter to him but did not present it. On the next day we broke camp at 6.20 A.M. We had made up our minds that our next stop should be on the Nyuki river, one of the biggest tributaries of the Guaso Nyiro. So I sent the safari ahead to find a suitable camping ground, while I went off on my mule with syce and gun-bearers following on foot. I can imagine someone sitting comfortably in an arm-chair and remarking: "Two gun-bearers! Why on earth couldn't the man carry one gun himself?" Well, at home I have often carried a gun all day as a matter of course, and have done the same in other parts of the world. I might do the same, let us say, in America. But not in Africa, thanks! There the necessary strain of long days under the tropical sun is so great that a man must spare himself to the utmost if he desires to keep fit.

As a rule the native gun-bearers are not particularly good at hunting or tracking, and some of them are hopelessly ignorant; but my head gun-bearer, as I have said, was an exception, having been trained by Mr Selous. The porters know very little about the game or the best methods of finding it, or indeed of hunting generally. I am bound to

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make exception in the case of the Wandorobo. He is mightily shy at first, but if you once get hold of him he will stick to you through thick and thin, just as a dog will do. He is a great hunter, probably the best in the whole of Africa, and will be of the utmost use to you ; being in that respect unlike the ordinary boy, who is, as a rule, so excited at the prospect of getting meat that he prevents your getting near enough to shoot it for him.

This afternoon we sighted a kongoni (the local name for Jackson's hartebeest). I stalked it for a very long time and very carefully, as I was anxious for the boys to get some fresh meat ; and as the kongoni is one of the strongest and swiftest of the African antelopes, I knew that if he got going I should never get near him. Eventually I risked a shot, but only wounded him, and finally lost him among the dense scrub. However, shortly afterwards I shot an oryx, which was some compensation.

When I turned round to look for my syce I found, to my disgust, that he was nowhere to be found. Nor, of course, was the mule. The syce had evidently lost me when I was tracking the kongoni ; and there was nothing for it but to take my bearings and foot it for the camp. I arrived safely after three hours' hard marching, and found the syce and mule calmly awaiting my arrival. Of course he had his excuse carefully prepared ; I said what the circumstances seemed to require ; and then, after dinner, went straight to bed, about as tired as I ever wish to be. This camp, where we purpose remaining a day or two, is pitched near Mr Sheen's farm on the Nyuki river, at an elevation of 7000 feet.

Wednesday, Oct. 1st. I went off at 7 A.M. to try for oryx, as, according to accounts, there should be plenty in the neighbourhood. I had the good fortune to bag two capital specimens with horns 28 inches in length. This, the Beisa oryx, is a beautiful animal, with high withers, stout neck, bushy tail and straight horns. Seen full broadside, with the horns in profile, one horn covers the other, so that the animal appears to have but one ; and it is easy to imagine how, under these circumstances, early travellers got their tales about the fabled unicorn. The oryx is supposed to be

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very difficult to kill. Possibly this is because the shot is usually a long one. Shooting in Africa is very deceptive, as the light varies very much and the shimmer from the heated ground makes the target indistinct. There is also a lot of refraction. Still, the oryx has a very thick hide, particularly on the neck and shoulders, and the natives prefer it to all others for making shields. However, in spite of all difficulties, I got my two easily enough.

Thursday, Oct. 2nd. This morning we shifted camp to a point farther down the river, where we pitched our tents on the fringe of a forest of cedars, a charming spot, at an elevation of 6700 feet. A Government safari camped close by. It was under the charge of a party of the King's African Rifles, and was carrying provisions across the desert to the north of the Guaso Nyiro, to Masarbit. I went out to look for buffalo spoor but found none sufficiently recent to be interesting. I managed, however, to shoot a kongoni, much to the delight of the camp, the boys being particularly fond of kongoni; this is about the only reason for shooting him, for he is an ungainly beast and makes anything but a good trophy. There are three kinds to be found between here and the Guaso Nyiro: Coke's (the common hartebeest), Neumann's and Jackson's. The latter has a very dark face, with no black blaze on it such as the other kinds have, and its horns are hooked back very sharply at the tips. These were 20 inches long. The kongoni is a biggish beast and has extraordinary vitality and endurance.

Friday, Oct. 3rd. I started out alone very early, still on the hunt for buffalo, and spoorred a big bull for about three miles. However, he managed to get my wind and went off into the trees, and I lost him. Judging by the blackness of his coat and the spread of his horns he must have been a typical forest buffalo, for the species found near reedy swamps is lighter in colour and its horns are smaller.

Saturday, Oct 4th. Broke camp at 6.30 A.M. and marched north-east, finally settling down by a creek on the way to Makindi, our next camp. Elevation 6600 feet. Here I had very little luck. I hit an oryx very badly but lost him in the long grass, and could find nothing else although I hunted



Thika Falls.



Oryx Beisa

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all the afternoon. The next day, Sunday, I went out in the morning and shot two zebra. I was very much annoyed to find my .360 misfire in the right barrel. This is certainly not good enough in a place where one's life might depend on the shot. So when I got back to camp I tested it thoroughly, and then, finding it continue to misfire, put in a new striker, and trust to have no further trouble. In the evening I shot another zebra. These were all Grévy's zebra, a taller and slighter animal than the common zebra, but like it in having the legs striped all the way down. It resembles Burchell's variety in having a bushy mane and tail. It differs from both in the number and narrowness of its stripes, and in their arrangement. They are rarely found far from forest, and are fond of hilly country. Burchell's zebra is a plain-dwelling animal, and in ordinary light its stripe shows a distinct brownish tinge. Its flesh, too, is greatly inferior in flavour to that of the Grévy variety. The natives, however, like it because it is always fat.

Monday, Oct. 6th. This was the date of our first misadventure, and one that might easily have had fatal consequences. I had sent the safari ahead to pitch camp at Makindi, and then climbed the highest point of the ridge to have a look round. I saw plenty of buffalo and rhino spoor, though none very fresh. Some way off were two eland bulls and eight kudu cows and one calf. I watched them through my glasses for some time, hoping the kudu bull would join them, which it eventually did. Then I determined to follow them up. At the end of a very long stalk I told the syce to take the saddle off the mule and to stay where he was until he heard my shot, and then to follow the mountain-side to the north, where the slope was easy and the mule would find no difficulty in walking. Then I made a long detour so as to head the wind, and came up to the place where the kudu were, only to find they had disappeared. I was horribly disappointed at having had all my trouble for nothing ; but as it was getting late I turned back at once and made all haste up the mountain-side to where I had left the syce and the mule. I hunted everywhere, fired my rifle to attract his attention, and waited for a long time. He did not turn up,

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however, and I concluded that he had given me up and gone back to the camp as he had done on the previous occasion. So I started to walk home, making up my mind on the way what I should say to the syce when I arrived. Darkness had fallen by this time, and climbing down the steep mountain-side through the thick forest was by no means an easy or a pleasant job. However, the moon got up and I came out of the wood into the grass, and then strode along in fine style, reaching the camp at nine o'clock to find that neither syce nor mule had arrived. I had a hot bath and dinner. Then, there being no sign of the wanderers in spite of all we could do by firing rockets and pistol, to indicate our position, I went to bed.

Tuesday, Oct. 7th. The syce did not return until nine A.M. He was in a pitiful case, with some nasty wounds in the right arm and a badly bitten foot. He was highly excited and more than a little incoherent; but I gathered that he had tried, in defiance of my instructions, to lead the mule down the steep face of the cliff, and had speedily got into difficulties. When he heard my signal shots from the top of the cliff he went back to look for me, but by the time he arrived I had evidently started back to the camp. He followed, and as soon as the moon went down a leopard attacked the mule, and the man's injuries, so he said, were caused by trying to drive the beast off. We got his arm and foot cleansed, washed with antiseptic solution and comfortably bound up. The leader has to do his own doctoring on safari, and generally with satisfactory results. He doesn't, of course, carry the whole of the British Pharmacopœia with him, but there is always enough in the medicine chest to treat slight injuries and ailments. As a rule there isn't a great deal the matter; slight injuries due to accidents, colds, a touch of fever, or a stomach-ache due to too much meat, are the principal troubles, and these mostly yield to the simplest treatment. The boys have immense faith in the white man's remedies, which they consider only one remove from magic, and are most eager to find excuses to come and be doctored. Quinine, Epsom salts and permanganate of potash are the chief stand-bys of the safari doctor, who often, however, lays

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himself out to devise something particularly weird and nasty for a "tumbo" due to a more than usually aggravated case of gluttony. I have known the whole of the table condiments pressed into service on such occasions with really excellent effect. But your negro boy always considers that the efficacy of a remedy depends mainly on its nastiness, and would give nothing for a "n'dowa" that had not a pronounced pungency of flavour. Under these circumstances there is a good deal of room for ingenuity and some scope for amusement. The syce, however, was badly hurt, and gave us some concern, because the claws and teeth of the carnivora are highly septic, through the unpleasant habit they have of interfering with other beasts in an advanced state of decomposition. We did our best with him, and meanwhile the headman appeared with the news that the syce had left behind, with the dead mule, the saddle, bridle and my camera. We started off to try and find the spot, but a bad thunderstorm intervened and we had to remain under shelter. No one who has not had experience of the tropics can have any idea of the amazing nature of the downpour. It appeared, indeed, as if the heavens opened and the water was precipitated in one solid mass.

Wednesday, Oct. 8th. The following morning at 4 A.M. we started out, taking lanterns with us as the track near the camp was very rough. We reached the top of the ridge but could find no trace of any dead mule. The syce was so upset by his mauling that he could give no coherent account of what had happened or where it had occurred. We quartered out and searched the whole district until ten o'clock, but without success; and then, unwilling to lose the whole day, gave it up and went off in search of game. Looking down over the mountain-side, I saw six kudu on the grass below. It was a long time before I could find the bull, but at last I fixed him, and slid down the mountain-side into a small gully, thinking that by following it I should get near enough for a shot. Leaving the gun-bearers in the gully, I pushed on through the grass until I could see his horns about 150 yards away. I did not dare raise my head above the grass, so fired from where I was, and was highly pleased to see him

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give two bounds and then fall dead. As I afterwards discovered, he was shot through the heart. At the sound of the shot two klipspringers leapt up out of the grass and made off uphill, bounding from rock to rock just like chamois, which indeed they much resemble. They are equally agile, spring from one perch to another in remarkably surefooted fashion, and steady themselves instantaneously, although the spot on which they land is not more than a few inches square. The name, which means "cliff-jumper," is well given. They are pretty little yellowish things, less than two feet high, and the male has a pair of sharp little horns about four inches long. They are excellent eating, so as soon as the male showed himself on the top of a rock, I knocked him over with a shot from my .360 Fraser. The klipspringer has very bristly hair, which comes out freely during the process of skinning. The boys came up in wild excitement at the sound of the shots, for nothing excites them like the prospect of meat; but I could hardly get them to believe that I had shot a kudu. They had not seen the animals at first, the distance being too great for the unaided eye. We took off the head and skin of the kudu, but were unfortunately unable to take a photo, my spare camera being in camp. Then the boys took what meat they wanted, which meant all that they could carry, and left the rest to the birds, which by this time had begun to collect in the usual numbers. Skinning is always done in the centre of an admiring and expectant circle. Scarcely has the beast dropped before a speck in the blue begins to get larger and larger, and finally discloses itself as one of the carrion birds dropping earthward like a plummet. Then other specks appear, rushing in from every point of the compass, and in a very few minutes you are in the midst of a crowded circle of excited, snarling, jostling birds of prey. If you try to drive them off, they flap heavily away for a few yards, drop to the ground, and waddle back into the circle again. Then, when you have finished with the carcass and turned to depart, there is a tumultuous rush and roar of wings, a tossing sea of backs, and a perfect nightmare of sound—screeching, snarling, rending, crushing, and always the brushing of wings, until in two or three minutes all that

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is left of your "kill" is just the larger bones picked absolutely clean. The birds have gone, all save a few fortunate ones which, first at the feast, have gorged themselves to repletion, and are now perched heavily on the neighbouring trees digesting their meal.

We climbed to the top of the mountain again for a rest and a meal, and then followed the track along the side through thick forest, keeping a sharp look-out for buffalo. We saw spoor but no beasts, but I managed to get a very fine impala, and arrived in camp as happy as a lord and as tired as I have ever been. I managed, however, to photograph the two heads, and then went to bed and slept until very late the next morning.

Thursday, Oct. 9th. The first thing I saw when I put my head outside in the morning was three mules instead of the two which remained to us. The new-comer, of its own free will, had joined the safari in the night. I rubbed my eyes and then said: "This must be a gift straight from heaven!"—which seemed to cause some amusement in the camp. Hutton, however, took the affair very seriously, remarking reprovingly: "Sir, surely you are the very last man to receive any gift from heaven, straight or otherwise!" As Hutton had never been known to smile, and would probably consider any suggestion as to pulling my leg as verging on impiety, I am afraid he must have been exercising his mind about me, and that, weighed in his balances, I have somehow been found wanting. But though it is impossible for a man to be a hero to his valet at home, his shortcomings might surely be excused in a temper-trying equatorial country like Central Africa. In spite of Hutton, and from whatever place it came, the mule turned out a very useful animal, and was certainly a godsend in one sense, since it took the place of the mule that had been mauled by the leopard and which we should have greatly missed. It had possibly strayed from some safari or had been left behind sick, and may have been on the mountain-side for years. It certainly did not seem at all displeased to get back to civilised company.

I sent the syce out in a hammock with eight men to carry him, so as to try to find the spot where he had been attacked,

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and then went off with Duirs for another look for those elusive buffalo. We got on to their spoor all right, and as it seemed pretty fresh we made up our minds to follow up. Early in the morning is a good time to go after buffalo, as in the noontide heat they will probably be lying up in cover. So we went on and on, over ridges into hollows, through the thick grass and among the scrub, and finally into the thickets. This was a risky business, and one had to be constantly on the *qui vive* lest some old bull, lurking in a brake, should come charging down on us before we were aware. But the day wore on, and still no buffalo. The beasts had probably winded our camp and moved out of our neighbourhood. The sun got high, and as all chance of finding them was now gone we gave it up. Then I got a shot at an impala and a bush-buck and wounded them both, which did not prevent them from getting away, although the blood spoor was plentiful and we followed them for miles. Both were long shots ; and long shots are not easy in Africa, in spite of the stories one hears of game killed at five and six hundred yards or more. Of course anyone who is a shot at all has brought off an occasional miracle of this kind when forced by unkind necessity to take a long shot or nothing ; but when it does happen to come off he thanks his lucky stars if he is a modest man, and doesn't brag about what after all must have been largely an accident. It is much easier to get "dead on" with the tongue than it is with the rifle, especially when all the plain is shimmering with the heat. Ranges, too, are a trifle deceptive when one suffers from an imagination. In any case, I got neither of my two, much to my disgust, for I wanted the meat, and also because I have a strong objection to leaving a wounded beast to the fate that inevitably awaits it in the wilds. So we went back to camp disappointed, through the usual thunderstorm, with its extraordinarily vivid continuous lightning, thunder crashing from all sides at once, and a deluge of rain which left the levels ankle-deep in water.

Friday, Oct. 10th. To-day the camp moved out to Makindi, a sixteen-mile march. We are still on the slopes of the foothills to the north of Kenia, but are gradually descending, our

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present altitude being 6500 feet. At this point we get below the cedar line and leave the virgin forests behind, much to my regret. The shade was delightful in the heat of the day. The trees here are mainly cedars and junipers, and above these are the bamboo forests where the Kenia elephants are to be found. There are great numbers of monkeys in the forest, the most interesting being the famous colobus monkey. He is a very handsome specimen, black with a long fringe of white, hair-like whiskers round the face, and a sort of mantle of long white hair hanging from each flank. He gets his name from the fact that he is thumbless. There is also a yellow monkey which I could not place, unless it should be the yellow baboon. On the other hand it may be a new species, as I am inclined to think it is. Near all the ponds and streams there are innumerable butterflies, some of considerable size and magnificent colourings. Sometimes they rise in absolute clouds.

Outside the forest belt is a stretch of fine pasture-land, intersected with streams from the hills and dotted with pools and marshes. Here and there are patches of wood, not open like the forest belt higher up, but a tangle of undergrowth and creepers. There are no paths, and pushing one's way through the jungle is fairly hard work. An hour of this pushing, wriggling, dodging and crawling takes it out of one more than a day's march across the plains. The air is close and oppressive, and the smell of the decaying vegetation is sometimes sickening. The dust is full of spines and spiky hairs from the grass and undergrowth, and is unpleasant in the extreme; and this, with the caterpillars, seems to have a peculiarly irritating effect, making one tingle and itch all over.

At the foot of the hills the whole prospect changes, and we get great open stretches of rank grass gradually merging into the scrub country. Ploughing through this grass is by no means easy, and Nature seems to have laid herself out to manufacture needless discomforts. There are, as usual, thorns of all kinds and sizes, burrs that stick with unheard-of tenacity, spiky seeds, spines and hairs innumerable. One's clothes are soon covered with them, and they seem to display

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a diabolical ingenuity in working their way in to the skin. Even the blades of grass are covered with stiff, sharp hairs. The insect life is equally distracting. The ticks are a pest to man and beast. They are of all sizes, from a tiny red chap no bigger than a pin's head to a bloated brute the size of a pea, and they come "not single spies but in battalions." The grass is alive with them. The boys do not take much notice of them. Nor do the wild creatures, though some species of game are literally swarming with them. I have seen zebra and rhino in which the eyes were surrounded by a rim of ticks, giving an effect like a pair of horn spectacles. In the soft skin of the armpit and of the groin, they cling like barnacles to an old wreck. Travelling in the tick country is torture to anyone with an irritable skin. Sometimes a boy is told off as tick-remover-in-ordinary to the company, scraping them off at intervals from the clothing and flesh. I have found in practice that the best thing is to apply a little paraffin on a sponge, which has the effect of making them loose their hold and drop off. And yet there are men who will go shooting in Africa in "shorts," with bare knees; in fact, many of the settlers adopt this as their ordinary dress.

We rode forward and picked out what we thought to be a suitable camping ground, and then sat down to watch the safari arrive. Then, after a wash and some tea, I took my gun and went off for a stroll to see what might be seen. Here I discovered the first date-palms, a sign that we were getting into the tropical belt. I found plenty of traces of game, including fresh rhino spoor. I was just turning back when two of the gun-bearers came rushing up in a state of great excitement, dripping with perspiration, to say that they had seen a large lion stalking across the plains behind some rising ground which I had just left. I had only my .360 express, much too light a rifle for lion, but I made my way cautiously round the hill. When I came near the top of the rise I dropped on all-fours and crawled along with the utmost caution. I am certain he could have seen nothing but the top of my head, but before I could get my rifle up he had bolted into a dry donga. I might perhaps have had a running shot at him, but the light was failing and he did



Klipspringer.



Water Buck.

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not give me a particularly good target, and I concluded on the whole that it would be best to wait. I ran back about three hundred yards and got on the other side of the donga, thinking that he might perhaps come out there ; and then, turning round, saw him right out in the open plain, and a fine big fellow he was. Unluckily he saw me at the same time, and was off again before I could get in a certain shot. I determined, however, to try for him, and using my telescopic sights took very careful aim and fired. He gave a growl, but the hurt was not sufficient to stop him, and he kept going till he reached another small donga and disappeared. By this time it was dark, and I decided, much against the grain, that discretion was the better part of valour, and so returned to camp a safe but disappointed man. He was a really fine specimen, full-grown, with bushy mane. If he had only given me a decent shot I might have got him. But your lion is not a considerate beast. Of course, I can quite understand some critic at home remarking : " If you wanted the beast so badly, why didn't you follow him up after you had wounded him ? " To this I can only reply that it is much safer to follow up lions from the depths of an arm-chair than through the jungle in the dark ; and that, knowing a little about dangerous game from actual experience, I have come to the conclusion that a man who will follow up a wounded lion in the dark, through scrub into a dry donga, is a fool who deserves what he is extremely likely to get. In that opinion most of the real lion men are likely to agree. It sounds very nice to talk about playing a sporting game, but even in doing so it is not necessary to present your opponent with all the aces. You have to remember that whether cowardly or not under ordinary conditions, under these circumstances the beast is about as dangerous as anything can well be ; that he can hide somehow, I can't explain how, behind a clump of grass that you would imagine wouldn't afford cover for a cat ; that when he does charge he comes like a lightning flash ; that he can spring fifteen to twenty feet ; that he weighs round about 500 pounds ; and that he is far better equipped by nature for a rough and tumble than yourself. If, remembering all these things, you decide to go in and fetch

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him out—well, good luck to you! You will want it as certainly as anything can be certain in this world.

Saturday, Oct. 11th. We started out early this morning to look for the lion. From the blood spoor on both sides of the track the .360 bullet must have gone right through him. This is a testimonial, for what it is worth, to the ineffectiveness of a small high velocity bullet in stopping big game unless it strikes in a vital spot. If it does this the consequent shock is enough to stop anything. If not, the amount of damage to tissue is not great; and when, as in this case, the bullet goes right through the beast, much of its energy is wasted in carrying on the flight after emergence. Anyhow, this beast had strength enough to get away, and though I had a hundred men out the next day looking for his trail, we could find nothing of him. It is true that the ground here was baked very hard, and that, apart from the blood at first, there was little opportunity for spooring. The whole thing was exasperating, but it is a characteristic example of the chancy way in which one comes upon lions. One goes out with a light rifle looking for small game for the larder, and is suddenly face to face with his Majesty himself, with no adequate means of dealing with him. Another time one goes out fully equipped, and does not see so much as a hair of his mane. On my way back to camp, however, I shot a zebra, and left him lying, thinking that he might tempt the lion to remain in the neighbourhood.

Sunday, Oct. 12th. I went out before daylight to the kill and took up a suitable position to wait for the lion if he should visit the spot. I lay there till sunrise, but except for the vultures my zebra attracted nothing. To-day we moved a mile and a half farther down the creek to look for rhino in the swamp behind the old camp at Makindi. The altitude is 6250 feet.

Monday, Oct. 13th. We were out at five this morning. There was plenty of rhino spoor, and we picked out the biggest and followed it right up to the forest line. There I found the brute apparently asleep, standing among some thick bush. I could not properly see his horn, but judged it to be about fifteen inches. I put in a .465 bullet behind his head, but

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I must have missed the vertebræ, for he gave one squeal and bolted off through the thick jungle, carrying everything before him. I followed as best I could, but he had the better of me at this game both as regards weight and toughness of hide, and it was more than I could do to come up with him. I could just barely see his bulk through the undergrowth, but it was quite impossible to get a head shot, and I finally had to give him up and return to camp, quite out of love with the events of the last two days. When I got back to the camp I found that the porters who had been sent to Nyeri for posho had returned. After a rest and some lunch I went out once more, climbing the ridge to the west of the camp. Again I found nothing, and turned back again, feeling somewhat sick with myself and everything else. Then, as luck would have it, I spied a fine eland bull standing about 300 yards away. He had seen me, but evidently concluded that I was not dangerous at that distance, so stood quietly gazing at me. I made up my mind that there should be no mistake this time, and, resting the rifle on the gun-bearer's shoulder, took very careful aim and fired. To my delight the beast gave one wild plunge and fell dead. The camp was not far off, so I sent over for my camera and took two photos of him. The messenger had, of course, told the camp all about it, and they turned out wild with excitement. Apparently the shooting of an eland was something of an event. Possibly this was because the flesh is very good eating, comparing very favourably with beef. Indeed I am told that, with the exception of the bongo, which I never had the luck to taste, it is the best of all the game meats of East Africa. Anyhow, after dinner the boys got up one of those symbolic dances which they reserve for great occasions, the safari bard improvising an account of the affair which, although I did not understand it, I somehow gathered was intended to be highly flattering to my skill as a shot and as a hunter generally. The whole company joined in as a chorus at the more effective bits, and finally capped the whole affair by carrying Duirs and myself shoulder high round the camp to the accompaniment of a chorus of "kavomo." I told them that they should have money in a few days, which was apparently what

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they were waiting for. At any rate it seemed to please them and, I am thankful to say, ended the evening's entertainment.

The eland was a fine specimen, standing about five feet at the withers, and must have weighed something round about half-a-ton. The tuft of hair covering the forehead was remarkably thick and long, but the horns were comparatively short though thick, a not uncommon characteristic of old bulls, which wear them down considerably. As shown by its colours, it was one of the northern variety, the body being marked by vertical white stripes. Curiously enough, the eland seems to be immune from the attentions of the ticks, and is also, I believe, proof against the fly.

Tuesday, Oct. 14th. I had intended going out early but felt rather tired, and so had a slack day in camp while Duirs had a talk with the Kikuyus. They had a long story to tell, and certainly did not go the shortest way round in telling it, so that the proceedings lasted nearly all the morning. It appears that Maji Moto, as they termed Mr Provincial Commissioner Lane, had interviewed my porters just before they returned from Nyeri, and among other things had told them to demand an increased rate of pay, and to go and see him on their return so as to tell him what I had done in the matter. I thought at first that he only wanted that they should be paid a little more, to which I should have had no objection, but it seemed, on going further into the question, as if he were trying to make trouble because these Kikuyu had not been engaged through him, but as the result of a direct bargain with the native chief of their tribe, by whom, as a matter of fact, the rate of payment was settled. However, to cut a long story short, I finally concluded that he conceived it his duty to insist upon a uniform rate of payment for all porters on safaris, on his own right to conduct all arrangements with the native chiefs, and to stand upon his dignity when any of these things was done outside his office. All of which surprised me very much, for I had found him extremely courteous and obliging.

The trouble was that the Kikuyu, who up to this point had been perfectly satisfied and contented, were now suffering

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under a strong sense of injustice. After being told by the great man of the district that they had a grievance, it wouldn't have been in human nature, certainly not in African nature, not to feel it. However, Duirs managed to talk them round without any increase of pay—an excellent testimonial to his powers of persuasion. Duirs has missed his vocation; he should have been a diplomat. That great question settled, we finished the day as we had begun it—by doing nothing.

Hutton was very far from being well, so I insisted on giving him a strong dose of Epsom salts. As this was the first physic he had ever taken in his life, and as he consequently had the strongest possible objection to beginning, this was another matter requiring diplomacy. This time I was the diplomat. He attributed his trouble to the posho which had replaced his native porridge, and which he declared “upset him.” I never noticed, however, any particular symptoms of dislike, or want of appetite, on his part.

Wednesday, Oct. 15th. This morning Duirs and I started off early after lions, taking with us a couple of gun-bearers with our second rifles. Unfortunately we saw no lions, but after a long tramp through the scrub we came across a big rhino standing staring around him on the open plain. He was too far off for anything like a decent shot, so we walked straight towards him. As all sportsmen are aware, the rhinoceros has very poor sight. He looks straight in front of him and sees very little at that. I should say that at two hundred yards he is to all intents and purposes completely blind, and he might just as well be so at much shorter distances. So the common practice is to walk straight towards him. And this we did, taking care to keep the wind blowing a little away from him so that he should not get our scent. For the rhino's nose is as keen as his eyes are dull, and under ordinary circumstances the scent of a man, and particularly of a European, will send him scampering.

When he is wounded or in a tight corner it is quite another matter. Then it is time to look out, and a man soon discovers what his nerves are worth when he has to stand up to the charge of an angry rhino. At such a time the beast seems possessed of a sort of blind fury that makes him

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perfectly reckless of odds or of injury. He has been known to charge a train on the Uganda Railway. We got some way towards our rhino when the wind, which was very shifty, betrayed us, and our rhino turned tail, breaking into a sort of lunging lope which took him over the ground about as fast as a horse could trot, his tail sticking straight up into the air in the most comical fashion. We pelted after him on foot as fast as we could go, thinking every minute that he would stop. But he must have got a bad scare, for he gave us a fair two-mile burst before coming to a stop near a dry water-course about a quarter of a mile from us. By this time I was pretty well blown. He did not stop here, however, but made off once more, we following as before. This time, after a short run, he seemed to make up his mind to see the thing through, and turned suddenly, faced round towards us and seemed to be making futile efforts to see us. It was perfectly obvious that he could not see us, although we were quite in the open. But by this time my lungs were panting furiously, so I sat down on the ground to try and get the steadiest shot I could under the circumstances. It was all I could do to prevent the muzzle of the rifle from making a figure of eight on his hide. Successful shooting under these conditions was hardly to be anticipated; but I managed to bring the .465 to bear and fired. There was the usual squeal, and then Master Rhino began to spin round and round in a sort of circle. I couldn't for the life of me imagine what he was after, but I have since thought that, roused to exasperation by the sudden pain, he was making frantic efforts to get our wind and have his revenge on whatever it was that had hurt him. Duirs sent a .450 bullet into him, and that steadied him with a vengeance, for he came charging full pelt downhill on us, snorting like an engine letting off steam and looking particularly nasty. There is a business-like air about a charging rhinoceros which is most impressive. He weighs something more than a ton, his little eyes glare furiously and the tip of his horn looks very unpleasant. Duirs and I separated a little so that he might come down between us. I changed my .465 for the .360 Fraser, and put three solid bullets into his chest. Duirs gave him two more from a .450. By this

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time he had had quite enough of our artillery practice, and I finished him with two more shots from the .360. I was greatly pleased with the way in which this rifle checked the rush ; but it is astonishing how much stopping some of these big beasts require when the first shot has not been particularly well placed. When struck through a vital spot, such as the heart, both lungs or the brain, he is usually put out of action at once ; but even if desperately wounded anywhere else he will fight furiously or gallop off for miles. In these cases he may be hit again and again without apparent effect, until he finally collapses from exhaustion or the loss of blood. I imagine that if the first shot strikes a great nerve centre, the initial shock is a paralysing one. If he is hit anywhere else this effect is absent, and subsequent wounds, when he is under intense excitement or making supreme physical efforts, hardly count at all. I refer to this because there is a great deal of talk about the "shocking" powers of modern big-bore, high velocity rifles, and their phenomenal effectiveness in stopping big game. I do not know how much of this is due to manufacturers anxious for the reputation of their rifles. Of course any man who has felt the kick of one of these, say a .465 with its heavy charge of 75 grains of cordite and a bullet of nearly an ounce and a quarter, will be quite willing to believe any stories about shock. His shoulder ought to afford him all the evidence he wants. But I am sure that a light rifle, provided the shot only strikes in the proper spot, will give all the shock that the occasion requires ; it will be enough to stop anything. If the shot is a bad one the biggest bore in existence would not do it. So that after all we come back to "the man behind the gun." I suppose there are occasions when the big bore will prove the better. It unquestionably does more damage to tissue, and in the case of a doubtful shot this is an important matter. My lion is probably a case in point. I had evidently drilled him through and through with the .360 and yet he got clean away. It is at least possible that had I shot him in the same place with, say, the .465, I might have got him.

However, the .360 did the rhino's business well enough. I took some photos of him, and after the boys had finished

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with the carcass we left it as a bait for lions. Hutton, who had heard the firing, now appeared on the scene, very excited and very warm. He had evidently been hurrying somewhat, and as he saw me remarked that he was too old for this sort of thing. I asked him how old he was, and he said: "Forty-five." "Well," said I, "I was born in July 1868"; whereupon he commented, with, I fancy, a suspicion of envy, that I was "gey supplc." From head to tail this rhino measured 12 feet 4 inches; his front horn was $24\frac{1}{2}$ inches and the back one $18\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

Thursday, Oct. 16th. We started out very early, at 4 A.M., for the spot where we had left the carcass of the rhino, hoping that we should find some lions there at their feeding-time. But there was no sign of anything, so we returned to the camp again at eleven. I wrote some letters and arranged to send the Kikuyu to Meru in the morning for a fresh supply of posho. Then I packed a box and settled to start out in the morning after kudu. These are very scarce here, though there are plenty in the lower areas near Voi and Tsavo.

Friday, Oct. 17th. The boys got ready early for the march to Meru. We had one sick man in camp and I wanted them to take him along with them, thinking he would be better attended to there than in camp. But they refused; I then supposed, because of the trouble. Afterwards I found out that the native has a great objection to having any dealings with anyone who is sick, especially if there is reason to anticipate that he will die. As they were quite obstinate and I had made up my mind too, there was something like a deadlock. This is one of the occasions when a safari requires careful handling. One cannot force the men to do what they are firmly determined they will not do. Even the kiboko is useless unless one is prepared to kiboko the whole crowd, which is scarcely a practicable proceeding. Finally I took away the two days' provisions with which they had been furnished for the march to Meru, and told them to clear out altogether. This seemed to give them some food for thought. They held a palaver among themselves and at last came to the conclusion that they would give in. So we got the sick man comfortably settled for the journey, and all was well



Rhinoceros.



Greater Kudu.

ON SAFARI

again ; though we did not get them started until nine. As soon as they were fairly under way, Duirs and I went after our kudu, taking the route over the ridge to a large open valley surrounded by mountains. A shower of rain had fallen in the night, so that there was enough water for us at least for the one day, and we determined to make this our camping ground for the night. Having settled the spot, Duirs went off in one direction and I took the other. Neither of us, however, found any traces of kudu, but I came across fresh buffalo and rhino spoor and managed to shoot a water-buck. Then, quite unexpectedly, when I was thinking of anything else in the world, I walked straight into a rhino in the midst of the thick bush. Of course, coming across a rhino, however unexpectedly, in the African wilds, doesn't give one quite the same kind of shock as if one had turned a corner and run up against him in, say, Princes Street, Edinburgh. But it is quite exciting to meet him anywhere. He is so apt to make a fool of himself, to get into a flurry and to do extraordinary things. The first of these is to snort and the next is to rush. If he has happened to wind you the rush is certain to be in your direction, for all wild animals charge up wind. Should he catch sight of you, as when close he might very well do, it is as well to look out for trouble. If he does not, he is as likely to go for anything else in the neighbourhood as for yourself. This is not necessarily because he is in a specially bad temper, but just on general principles. He has scented danger, and anything in his path, as, for example, a tree or a bush, is likely to have a bad time. If in the midst of it he should happen to connect you with his cause of annoyance, you are likely to have a bad time as well. These purposeless rushes are largely responsible for the rhino's reputation for ferocity, and for many travellers' tales of hairbreadth escapes from his charge. In the Guaso Nyiro district, so far as my experience went, the rhinoceros showed himself on the whole a beast of peaceable disposition, and with one overpowering desire to get away, which is exactly what this one managed to do. On this occasion I was a pacifist too. It is not desirable to take liberties with a rhino in the bush, or to thwart any attempt on his part to

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clear out. He is so amazingly quick on his feet, and there is such a lot of him to stop. I have heard it said that if a rhinoceros does charge, all that one has to do is to stand quite still, which is not so easy as it sounds, till he is within a few yards, say five or six, and then to step quietly aside. The brute will pass straight on without noticing. I have never tried this experiment, and I don't want to. Twenty-five yards is my limit for charging rhinos. If he should pass that, I do my best to stop him from getting any nearer. However, this one bolted, and as I have said, I was by no means sorry. I am bound to say that the rhino is one of the minor plagues of Africa. When you first see one you are mightily pleased. When you have been a week or two in scrub infested with the brutes you begin to regard them as more than a nuisance. You are for ever either running up against them or else imagining that you may do so. It is very trying work for the nerves. The safari doesn't like him either. The line is such a long one that, however blind the beast may be, he is bound to hit it somewhere. Then down go the loads, and off go the boys full pelt for the nearest shelter. Unfortunately, in Central Africa, the only available place of refuge is a thorn-tree. And a thorn-tree has thorns all over, and neither ascent nor descent is to be managed without much tribulation and a good deal of damage to both skin and temper.

Saturday, Oct. 18. We left camp at 6 A.M., striking westward. At 9.30 we mounted the crest of the ridge and began a gradual descent into another valley charmingly situated among the hills. But we could see no water, and as the prospect of finding any seemed to be at least uncertain, I decided to send one of the gun-bearers with a small party back to our last night's camping place to bring along what little we had left. Meanwhile the safari proceeded down the valley, and I went off alone to look for kudu. This is typical kudu country. The orthodox method is to choose a commanding position on the hill, whence, yourself invisible, you have a good view of the opposite slope of a valley, and then search that slope minutely by the aid of the glasses. For some reason or other, kudu are most often found on a slope. In

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this case I was rewarded by the sight of a fine bull, and determined to stalk him. Stalking, by the way, is not so easy as it sounds. To get a reasonably safe shot under East African conditions one must get within, say, about 200 yards. But what with the heat shimmer and the deceptive distances, it is not always easy to judge your 200 yards; and fifty yards too much or too little in your estimate will result in your bullet going over or under the beast, or at least in hitting it anywhere but where you want to. If you could only stand up you would be in a better position to get the range. But as it is, you are hardly able to move any part of your body except your eyes. Then you have to consider how the wind blows in relation to the lie of the country, and make up your mind whether you will attempt to approach the quarry where he is, or whether you will wait a bit until he moves into a better position. In this case I got a fairly good line and began to stalk him very carefully, taking advantage of every bit of cover, such as rises, thickets, bushes, tufts of grass and the like. It was a ticklish bit of work, for the wind was not really favourable and was decidedly shifty, but I finally managed to get within about 80 yards. Then the wind veered a bit and he got a whiff of my scent, and went off at full pelt with his herd, appearing for a second on the crest of the rise in the most tantalising way and sinking again into a hollow before one could aim. The ground was so rocky and uneven that although I watched with the closest attention, I could not get a shot until they were about 400 yards away, a distance far too great for my liking. However, it was the only chance he had given me, so I put three bullets from the .360 into him and dropped him. Then, marking down the place where he fell, I went back to meet Duirs and send off for the mules. To my excessive annoyance, we could not find the boys. This was quite a serious matter, as they carried our food and cold tea; and whoever has done a day's journey in a thirsty land will readily understand our feelings. There was nothing for it but to push back to the water-hole. By the time we got there my thirst had grown to such a pitch that the draught of lukewarm and more or less muddy water was the finest drink I have had in my life. The syces turned

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up with the mules at 5 A.M., their excuse being that they became frightened, and having lit fires to protect the mules, they had themselves taken refuge in a tree.

Sunday, Oct. 19th. After last night's experiences, I felt somewhat tired and did not go far from camp. I shot two klipspringers, which came in very useful for food. We also saw a number of kudu cows but no bulls.

Monday, Oct. 20th. I started at 6 A.M. to go back to the camp, and shot three Granti on the way. We met two Somalis with two mules and a horse; they had come down from the border with a herd of 500 cows and were pushing on to Nyeri. They said that they had had no food for days, so we supplied them. Before they left I bought one of their mules for 300 rupees, and was very pleased at having got a bargain until I remembered, too late, that they had come through the fly country, and then I began to doubt. My apprehensions, unfortunately, proved correct, for the wretched mule speedily showed the symptoms of fly sickness and died a short time afterward.

Tuesday, Oct. 21st. I started off by myself, taking the small tent and a little food. I crossed the ridge, camped in a dry water-course, and sent the porters back to the main camp. In the evening I went through the forest, over the hills. The bush had been recently burned and I could find nothing. The next morning, however, I had scarcely started out before I ran across an old rhino, who seemed disposed to dispute my right-of-way. I didn't want to interfere with him as he was not quite the kind of beast I wanted, the horn being rather short; however, as he proved aggressive, coming within twenty-five yards, which, as I have said, is my limit of safety, and showing an evident disposition to come farther, I landed him an ounce ball in the shoulder and another below the eye. There was a very pretty rumpus for a few seconds, snorting, squealing, stamping and crashing of bushes, but in the end he made off, only to drop about 150 yards farther on. He was a very old fellow, with an exceptionally thick hide. The horn was 17 inches. His height was 5 feet 4 inches at the shoulder, 8 feet 3 inches in girth, while from the nose to the tip of the tail he measured 11 feet 6 inches in a straight

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line, and along the curve 12 feet 7 inches. His forearm was 3 feet 3 inches. On the whole he was a little larger than the first rhino, though his horn was smaller. As I have said, I wish he had left me alone. My game licence included only two rhino, and I would have preferred this patriarch to die of a green old age. But your rhino is an impossible beast. He is a survival from prehistoric times, when life meant eating and drinking and sleeping, and anything that disturbed either of these had to be fought. They say that when the rhino has eaten and drunk his fill, he will stand motionless for hours. Sometimes he hides behind a bush, and sometimes, with the aid of the surrounding country, gives his celebrated imitation of an ant-hill. This is his day's work, and when disturbed in it he is naturally resentful. Let him wind you, and he is head down in a minute, charging madly in fright or in sheer cussedness. I think there is more fright than ferocity in it, but that doesn't make the danger any the less. He may start in an instinctive blind desire to follow your scent, but when he gets, as this one did, within twenty-five yards or so, and can see you plainly, the flurry is apt to become a vicious charge. Then it is time to take steps, for a charging rhino is surprisingly nimble and decidedly dangerous. At any rate I never felt inclined to let one come any nearer, whether it was charging me or merely making a wild dash. Even if his first intentions are harmless, there is no certainty that he might not change his mind. And he does not look particularly reassuring. "A horn on his nose, piggy eyes and few manners"—thus Kipling describes him; and that about hits the mark. All of which is an apology for downing a beast I didn't want to kill.

I left the carcass to the boys to take off the trophy, and went off through the hills again, but saw nothing save a reedbuck, which I shot. I returned to camp about 5 P.M., and having a touch of fever went straight to bed, after the usual rest and dose of quinine. Next day I felt much better but concluded that I should be none the worse for a rest, and so remained in camp. Hutton, however, went out for a stroll to look for a rhino which one of the boys was supposed to have seen. Finally, as he did not return, Duirs went out to

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look for him. He found him all right, but neither of them saw the rhino. Heavy rain began in the afternoon, and continued all night and until nearly noon on the 24th. I was still feeling very weak, but managed to climb up the mountain-side in the afternoon. However, I saw nothing worth shooting and returned early to camp.

For the next three days it rained almost incessantly. I drove a creek for bushbuck without seeing any, but on the way home got a steinbuck. We moved down the river, through a thin drizzle. The route was almost impassable. We camped at Gorge Camp (5120 feet), and after lunch I went out and shot a Granti with $24\frac{1}{2}$ -inch horns. Then we broke camp and marched over the hills, still through a nasty drizzle, following a new route to get down on to the plains. The scenery was very beautiful, but the going was extremely rough. We made camp at 5 P.M. on the Makindi river (3950 feet). We have now left the foot hills of Kenia, and the cedar forests lie far behind and above us. The temperature is much higher ; the plains are covered with a pale, bleached-looking grass, and the soil is dry and crumbly. For the greater part it is a sort of soft volcanic ash, which the rain converts into an indescribable mud, very soft and sticky, into which the mules sink over the fetlocks and the men to their ankles. Heavy rain converts the whole area into a swamp. As for vegetation, there is an occasional palm, a sort of cactus-like shrub, and a particularly uninviting scattered growth of thorn scrub. These thorns were of every conceivable type. The mimosa thorn is so plentiful that it is said that all the lions killed have festering sores in their paws due to them. There is the camel thorn with its little hooked spikes which tear where they touch, the wait-a-bit, and various others whose one purpose seems to be to make life a misery.

Tuesday, Oct. 28th. Still raining. We did not break camp until 9 A.M. Then we marched to Lone Hill on the Ngara Ngara river, where we pitched our tents at an altitude of 3500 feet. I went out in the afternoon to look for buffalo, but found none ; nor was I any more successful on the next day, though I found plenty of spoor ; and so

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had to return to camp empty-handed and thoroughly tired.

Thursday, Oct. 30th. I went out again very early to look for buffalo. I followed them up this time to their lair, breaking through the thick thorn bush with great difficulty. But when we got within twenty or thirty feet a calf winded us and broke away. It had evidently been lying asleep some distance behind the herd, which its sudden rush immediately stampeded. Perhaps this was just as well, for the undergrowth of grass and scrub was here so thick that it was impossible to see more than a few feet ahead of us. As may be imagined, ground of this type is not the safest for hunting the buffalo, who is, if not the most dangerous, certainly one of the most dangerous beasts among the big game of Africa. In view of the fact that in most cases he will have to be followed into thick cover of the type I have just described, and further, that he is in the habit of going about in herds, so that one may easily get involved with the crowd, he may probably be considered even more dangerous than either elephant or lion. Finally, he is very difficult to kill, and will on occasion go off with quite a quantity of lead distributed about his person.

The problem is made more difficult by the fact that the hunter requires only bulls, and bulls with a good spread of horn at that. It not infrequently happens that after forcing his way through thorn and grass to within shooting distance, he may find that the great black bulk he can see indistinctly through the dense growth belongs to a cow or an immature bull, and that all his trouble and skill have gone for nothing. Then he has to worm his way out again with all the same precautions as he observed in following up, lest they should hear or wind him and the whole herd come crashing through the forest in his direction. It need scarcely be added that the hunter who finds himself in the path of a stampeding herd of buffalo is in an exceedingly awkward position. He may possibly get in two shots before they are down upon him, but there is no certainty about stopping even one charging buffalo with two shots, let alone a herd. The great horns with their wide-spreading bosses form an efficient

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protection for the brain, and a body shot is always more or less a matter of luck, particularly in the jungle where any twig may deflect the bullet. However, in this case, I managed my retreat successfully, with nothing more than the ordinary discomfort and fatigue due to my exertions in the dense growth. The next morning I got up early and went to the east of the camp, but saw nothing more exciting than three-day-old spoor. However, I shot a zebra and a gerenuk before returning utterly fagged and fully determined to take a rest on the morrow. Three days in succession after buffalo in this sort of country is enough to satisfy any man who isn't a glutton for work.

Saturday, Nov. 1st. I kept to my resolve and stayed in camp, taking the opportunity to make a much-needed round of inspection to see that the tents, stores and the porters' belongings generally were in good order. This is always amusing. The boys invariably have the oddest assortment of things stowed away in their kits, among them generally being some that you recognise as your own property, and their excuses for the possession of them are often as ingenious as comical. I finally went out with my gun towards four o'clock, but came back without firing a shot. Still, my trip was not quite fruitless, for I found a spot where a lion had recently killed an oryx. The birds were busy as usual, squabbling and fighting over the carcass. As I watched, a striped hyæna slunk up in his furtive way and drove the birds away, selected the tit-bits among the bones, and trotted off to an adjoining clump of bushes to regale himself upon them at his leisure. I could have dropped him easily enough, but I was on the look out for the lion, which was probably not very far off, and it was not desirable to take any risks of frightening him away. Moreover, the hyæna is an ugly brute and makes by no means a fascinating trophy. If one kills him it is out of a sense of justice, for his nature and habits correspond with his appearance. He is cowardly in the extreme and feeds mainly on carrion. In inhabited areas this gives him an undesirable reputation as a body-snatcher. He is undertaker-in-ordinary to many of the native tribes, and where burial is in vogue, does not hesitate

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to disturb the graves. He has amazingly powerful jaws and can crack very large bones with the utmost ease, so that he manages to find an excellent meal in a carcass after the original hunter and the birds of prey have finished with it. This striped variety is by no means common in British East Africa, though I am told it is found in considerable numbers in Syria, Palestine, Persia and India. The ordinary African hyæna is the spotted variety. This is the largest of the three species and abounds in the centre and south of the continent.

I did not see the lion, but I followed his spoor for a considerable way, and had the curiosity to measure the distance he covered in his stride. This, when the beast was near its prey and probably bounding to catch up with it, was 14 feet 6 inches. This is the length of the stride from forepaw to forepaw, and not the distance of his final spring. When leaping on his prey the lion must undoubtedly cover a much greater distance. Sir A. E. Pease, in his book on the lion, gives forty feet as a not unusual distance. I am bound to say that I have never seen anything to justify this ; but he is undoubtedly an authority on the subject, few men having had so great an experience in hunting lions. In spite of all my care I could see nothing of the beast, although I kept the keenest look out. It is always desirable to keep a wary eye about, when stalking lions. One is never quite sure when the beast might take it into his head to do a little stalking on his own account ; and when he does so he rarely makes much noise about it.

Sunday, Nov. 2nd. We moved down the Ngara Ngara to within a mile and a half of its junction with the Guaso Nyiro. We called this "Junction Camp." The elevation was 3200 feet, and I saw the first Dom palms growing to-day. The Guaso Nyiro is between seventy and eighty yards wide here, and very swift. The banks are lined with a tall weeping variety of mimosa, and behind this lies the river jungle. It is not very wide or very dense, but it provided a very welcome change from the wretched scrub. There are plenty of palms and acacias, many of them of noble size. The river is very shallow, with numbers of low islands round which the current rushes swiftly. These are mostly covered with reeds and

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papyrus, and make a charming sight against the green-fringed banks. The country round is a mass of low hills, and the course of the river among them is naturally a most devious one, and is further diversified by occasional sand-banks and rocks. The water seemed to be very dirty, but I discovered later that a reddish-brown was its normal tint and that it was nevertheless quite sweet and drinkable. It proved also to be one of the few African rivers in which it is safe to bathe. In general the water is too muddy to make the idea of a bath at all attractive. Further, cold bathing is not a habit to be encouraged among Europeans in Africa. It is apt, at times, when one is fatigued by a hard day in the hot sun, to have very unpleasant consequences. To risk a chill in tropical Africa is to ask for trouble with something like a certainty of getting it. And the Guaso Nyiro, though from its shallowness one would have expected it to have a decent temperature, was abominably cold. The icy streams from the top of Kenia were too much even for the equatorial sun. Consequently I refrained from tempting fortune, but the boys were not so backward, and after I had shot a crocodile to encourage the others to keep out of the way, they were soon splashing away to their hearts' content. Whether as a result of my warning shot or not, I cannot say, but the crocodiles here, though numerous enough, gave us very little trouble.

The two chief game animals on the river bank are the water-buck and the impala. The former is often seen singly or in small herds. The herds would probably be the does, the bucks seeming to prefer a sort of bachelor existence and to go off on their own. The water-buck is a fine, heavy-looking beast, standing about four feet at the withers, and is wonderfully speedy and sure of foot. Mr Selous says that their favourite places are among steep hills, often at a considerable distance from water ; but my experience goes to show that the love of water from which they derive their name is very strong. I have constantly seen herds feeding knee or even belly deep in streams and swamps, devouring the water plants, but have not met them in the upland regions at all. I shot one here for the men's food. The flesh would probably

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not appeal to a gourmet, being tough, coarse, stringy and generally unpalatable. However, that did not appear to make any difference to the boys, who stripped the carcass in style and speedily finished it down to the bones. We got an impala for our share, and found it not at all bad eating. It is very interesting to watch a herd of impala from a little distance. They have a curious habit of stamping their feet when disturbed, making a quaint "Honk, honk!" The boys were very jolly at night. For one thing they were full fed, and that is much to an African. Moreover, they had finished with the interminable scrub; there was a prospect of a few days' rest from the tyranny of the load; there was a fine camp and plenty of wood for the fire. So they were content, and signified the same in the usual way, with musical honours. I had this time taken the precaution to pitch my own tent some distance from the native quarters and the noise did not sound so bad as usual. Perhaps I was beginning to get used to the tune; for there was only one. I managed to bear it with equanimity for the first few thousand repetitions, and then put a peremptory stopper on the proceedings.

One great episode of our day was the visit of some natives from a neighbouring village. They were Samburu, one of the least civilised of the Central African peoples. It was the first time I had ever seen any of them. Like the Wanderobo, they are said to be very skilful hunters, and plucky enough to face any beast, even attacking the elephant fiercely with their spears. If this is so, they are very different from most of the tribes, who are certainly not overburdened with this sort of courage. Those who visited our camp were not particularly favourable specimens of humanity, being two wizened, dried-up-looking old men who brought us some goat's milk in gourds. Contrary to our expectation, this was very good and quite sweet; for the negro as a rule prefers his milk sour and as near solid as he can get it.

Monday, Nov. 3rd. I made up my mind to rest in camp to-day and start down the Guaso Nyiro to-morrow or the next day, and then to go up the Isiola after lion and perhaps buffalo. The weather is very good, not too hot, and yet far warmer than we have been accustomed to lately on the

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slopes of Kenia. There I always rode in my top-coat and generally with a muffler round my neck, and in the mornings and at night it was distinctly cold. Here it is just comfortably warm, and one is able to go about unburdened by too many clothes. On Tuesday I shot an impala and an oryx. There are some fine specimens of the latter here. They come down to the river to drink, sometimes in considerable numbers. They look very fine too, big, upstanding, beautiful beasts, with their straight sword-like horns flashing in the sunlight like spears or bayonets carried at the slope. I also got a Granti, which is a sort of bigger edition of the "Tommy," except that the horns are finer than those of any other gazelles, good specimens reaching to about 30 inches. Those of the "Tommy" rarely exceed 15 inches. The latter has a characteristic, dark, horizontal band on the flanks, separating the fawn of his coat from the white. Another quaint characteristic of Tommy is his habit of continually wagging his tail. He seems totally unable to keep it still even for a moment. I also got a 12-foot crocodile, a pretty fair average specimen. There are plenty of them on the sandbanks here, lying half in and half out of the water, basking in the full sunshine or sleeping with open jaws. The only way to get these brutes is to aim just behind the ear opening. Unless the shot reaches the brain or cuts the spinal cord in the region of the neck, it is not fatal, and the beast wriggles off into deep water and sinks to the bottom.

Wednesday, Nov. 5. This was another rest day. A party of the boys started off down the river to Archer's Post for more posho. I took the light rifle and went out for a walk. As luck would have it, I came across a very fine impala and determined that I would get him. He was, of course, with his herd; for the impala, unlike the water-buck, is distinctly Mohammedan in his relations with the opposite sex, and takes the greatest care of his harem. These are very suspicious, and any sudden movement on my part would have sent the whole lot scampering. And when the impala runs there is no possibility of mistake about it. He is the cleanest runner and the best jumper I have ever seen. A herd in full course, covering the ground without the slightest appearance of



Impala.



Gerenuk, or Waller's Gazelle.

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effort and negotiating all obstacles with the same easy grace, is a charming sight. Still it was not a sight I was anxious to see to-day, so I started to stalk the herd in the most circumspect fashion. Unfortunately, just as I had got into a position which would have given me a fair shot, the does saw me, and I had to stop motionless where I was. It happened to be the top of a rock practically surrounded with scrub, and there I waited, hardly daring to wink, for what seemed an interminable time, with the midday sun blazing down upon me and the scrub around shutting off any possible breath of air. But there was nothing else for it, and so I lay and grilled. I fortunately managed to escape a sun-stroke, but I felt very giddy, sick and uncomfortable before I got my chance. And then I missed, probably as a result of the grilling I had had. Off they went full pelt; but I was determined not to be beaten and followed as fast and as carefully as I could. It was not until 1.30, however, that I finally got the impala, after a morning of the hottest work I have ever had. But the trophy was well worth the trouble. The ordinary impala's horns run to about 15 or 16 inches. These were both longer, and had the very fine spread of $27\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The horns are lyrate in shape—that is to say, they are set closely together at the base and spread outward in a kind of ogee curve, forming a shape like a lyre, and the amount of this spread is one of the chief points of the trophy.

I got back to camp at five o'clock after a most tiring day. On the way I shot a gerenuk. He was browsing on the leaves of a tree, standing on his hind legs with his forepaws planted against the trunk. This animal, "Waller's gazelle," is one of the quaintest of the tribe. An excessively long neck gives it the air of a miniature giraffe, and its horns, instead of sweeping in a graceful curve, bend sharply back at the tip into a kind of hook. It has a curious broad dark band running down the middle of its back. Its movements are as awkward as its appearance. In place of the free, swift, effortless bound of the impala, it has a sort of camel-like trot with its long neck stretched awkwardly out in front.

The next day we moved down the Guaso Nyiro to its junction with the Isiola, a distance of about eight miles;

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the elevation here was about 3100 feet. Here I shot a dikdik for our supper. This is the quaintest and tiniest member of the deer tribe. He stands less than a foot high, has legs no thicker than a penholder, and may weigh something less than a good hare.

Friday, Nov. 7th. We went on to Newman's camp, "Campi yanyana yanga," and pitched our tents on the spot where that famous explorer and ivory hunter had his headquarters, under the shade of a clump of very fine mimosa. Newman seems to have impressed his personality very strongly on the native tribes of Central Africa, who still refer to him with reverential awe, and with something as near affection as the native can be expected to display for anything outside his immediate appetites and interests. It is the more curious that he bore the reputation of being essentially misanthropic, a man who hated society and was never so happy as when alone. But it is a fact that this man who avoided his fellows, and finally died by his own hand, is now an object of something like reverence. It is fairly safe to prophesy that in a few years to come his name will figure among the tribal deities of the Borani and the Samburu. One interesting fact which may throw some light on his unhappy end is that he never wore anything on his head to protect him from the sun save a soft cap.

Walking out a little distance from the camp I found the spoor of a big buffalo bull, which had apparently come down the Isiola. I followed it for some time, and repeated the process next morning, starting off at four o'clock A.M. to do it, but got nothing but my trouble for my pains. Spoor there was in plenty, but no sign of any buffalo in the flesh. However, I managed to bring down a decent impala. The porters having returned from Archer's Post with the posho, there is great joy in the camp. What is more to the purpose, we are now in a position to move on up the Isiola where, if rumour speaks truly, we are likely to find some excellent opportunities for sport.

Sunday, Nov. 9th. Duirs and I started off once again after buffalo, and after a long and tiring march across the open plain we came across the spoor of a big bull, who had been

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feeding during the night, crossing and recrossing a pretty little stream which meandered through this great plain. We spent hours in following it up, losing it on one side of the stream and then picking it up again on the other. At last, however, we found his tracks lead into the forest. I took up a position where I was well hidden by the scrub, and Duirs went on into the forest to try and head the beast back toward me. I did not know exactly what he proposed to do, but he finally took up a position not very far from me, and sent three gun-bearers, excellent trackers, into the forest to head and turn the beast. This they were not long in doing, for I very quickly heard a snort, and in less than no time an enormous animal, his great horns lying right down over his withers, came crashing out of the forest along an old elephant track. He passed fairly close to me and I gave him the contents of my .465. This failed to stop him, and then, to my surprise, two shots rang out on my right about a hundred yards away. This was Duirs, who was posted at the edge of the undergrowth. He also failed to stop the animal, which dashed across a ridge, forded the river, and was speedily hidden in the forest. He was evidently badly hit, as there was plenty of blood spoor. We followed for a considerable time and then reluctantly gave it up. It was getting dusk, and we were some distance from our camp. Further, we had had nothing to eat since four in the morning, and were very tired with a most fatiguing day. The beast might have led us for miles, as the vitality of the buffalo, even when sorely wounded, is amazing. Moreover, tracking a wounded buffalo through forest and undergrowth is quite exciting enough in the daylight; in the dusk it is any odds on the buffalo. When wounded he is particularly vicious, and is probably the most cunning of all the beasts of the jungle. He has one playful habit of turning aside from the track, making a detour backwards and then hiding beside the track. The hunter, who imagines his quarry is far ahead, is likely to be suddenly and unpleasantly surprised at finding the positions reversed, and that he is being stalked by the buffalo. The situation is likely to develop with a sudden swift charge, equally difficult to evade or to stop. In fact, stopping a charging

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buffalo is one of the most awkward problems a big-game shooter is likely to have to face. In the first place the animal is extraordinarily tenacious of life, and in the second it is a matter of extreme difficulty to get in a sure shot. The buffalo charges with his head held high, not low down as he is generally shown in illustrations. The enormous bosses of the horns form an effective armour for his brain. It is possible to stop him if one can hit the line of division between the horns, but this is by no means easy when the beast is charging down full pelt, and is almost impossible in an uncertain light. The chest shot, the only one really available, is a chancy one at best. At any rate we chose discretion as our motto, and made the best of our weary way toward camp, leaving behind us, as we thought, the very monarch of buffaloes. Fortunately this forecast was not borne out by events, the beast being so sorely wounded that he did not go far, so I got my trophy after all, one of the finest ever obtained. Many sportsmen consider the buffalo as the most dangerous of all the wild game. Others, with equal experience, take the opposite view. The Hon. F. J. Jackson, who has had a wide experience in Central Africa, says that "it is the pluckiest, and when wounded the most cunning and savage, of all game that is considered dangerous." But Mr Selous, one of the great hunters of the world, declares that "the Cape buffalo (*Bos Caffer*) is not a naturally vicious or ferocious animal." The reader may make his own choice. Who shall decide when doctors disagree? Certainly not I. But I know from practical experience that buffalo-hunting is quite risky enough to supply all the excitement that the ordinary sportsman requires. In dealing with this question there are certain special points which deserve to be taken into consideration. The beast stands anywhere between five and six feet high at the shoulder. He is short in the leg, thick in the body, and weighs something between 2000 and 3000 pounds. And this heavy lumbering brute can move. On the plains it takes quite a good horse to keep ahead of him; and in the thicket his charge is like lightning. Most of the casualties which arise in the course of buffalo-hunting are due to a sudden swift charge from a bull lying in ambush

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or breaking away from a stampeding herd. His horns (I am speaking of bulls, for no one shoots cows except by accident) may, in a good head, have a spread of from 40 to 50 inches. Those in my specimen are excellent, measuring $50\frac{1}{4}$ inches, only short of a world's record. The buffalo, too, is a born fighter, wary, keen of sense, full of cunning and resource. He is of a gregarious habit, and the hunter who follows up a single individual is not at all unlikely to find himself at the finish involved with the whole herd. Then, of course, the chances of his being "winded" are multiplied exceedingly, and it is certain that if they by any chance happen to catch sight of him, he will have to deal, not with one only, but with the whole of the company. To be quaking behind a bush while a herd of, say, a hundred buffaloes is charging in your direction, is exciting enough to satisfy the most exacting taste. Old bulls seem to be very unsociable and are often found alone; I am not disposed to speculate upon the reason but the fact is indisputable.

One great difficulty in hunting the buffalo arises from his nocturnal habits. He will only come out in the open after dark. All the daytime he is in hiding, and only comes out on to the plains to feed at sunset. Shortly after dawn he retires to the thickets. The hunter's golden opportunity, therefore, comes just after sunrise. Then he has the chance of a clear shot in good light. If he can drop his quarry at the first shot he is a lucky man. If not, he will certainly have to follow up into cover. There he is beset with difficulties. In the first place he has to find the beast, and in doing so he may very likely come across the herd. So wary walking is essential. It is by no means easy work, for the heat in these jungles is terrific; the labour of pushing one's way through the undergrowth or of crawling through the long grass, and the minor but not less exasperating worry of creeping and stinging things all have their effect; and when at last, sweating, tired, smarting and irritable, one comes within sight of the buffalo, it is a matter of the greatest difficulty, hidden as they are among the long grass, to determine whether one is firing at a bull or a cow, and of even greater difficulty to determine at what point to aim.

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Monday, Nov. 10. I made up my mind to leave the camp and go up the Isiola to look for lion. So, taking one small tent, some provisions and a few boys, Duirs and I moved up the river about five miles to what we thought would be a likely spot. Finding lions is not the easy thing some travellers in Africa would make out. The popular idea seems to be that Africa consists mainly of lions and sand, with the former predominating. Truth compels me to state that this is, to say the least, an exaggeration. There are men, mighty hunters, who have gone to those parts of the country where the king of beasts most chiefly congregates, and have hunted him strenuously for months and then gone empty away. There is a great deal of luck in the business. Even when you have marked down a troop and arranged how you will attempt to shoot them, you may sit up for night after night and never see so much as a whisker or hear more than a distant grunt. I have had this experience more than once, and a most exasperating one it is. On the other hand, if one credit all the tales that are told in places where hunters and would-be hunters congregate, it is a matter for wonder that there are any lions left at all. But killing lions with the mouth is far easier than the more legitimate method, and the pen is often a far deadlier weapon than the rifle. It is so much easier to get your lion in a vital spot with it. With the rifle on a dark night, with only a pair of eyes to guide you, a deadly aim is by no means an easy matter.

On this occasion we found plenty of lion spoor and determined to sit up on chance of getting a shot at one.

There are various ways of hunting the lion, based mainly on observation of his habits. In the first place the lion chiefly frequents those localities where the great game herds are to be found. Thus he is likely to be seen on the great bush plains, in the jungles which border rivers and streams, on forest-clad mountain slopes, and in the valleys between them. He rarely goes very far from water, for drinking after feeding is one of his most striking characteristics. He comes out to hunt at nightfall, kills and feeds during the darkness, drinks in the early dawn, basks awhile in the morning sun, and then retires to his lair in a dry donga or river

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bed, among the rocks and caves of kopjes and hills, or in the high grass. This is what he should do according to routine. But the lion is nothing unless original, and what he will do is quite another matter. It is this uncertainty which makes half the charm and most of the excitement of lion-hunting, and which also constitutes the greater part of its danger.

There are several methods of attack. You can, if you wish, chase the lion with horses and dogs. This method does not find favour in Africa, though certain sportsmen who have adopted it have secured huge bags. You can set a trap for him, and shoot him when he falls into it. This is safe and effective, but not exciting, and I should hardly call it sport. It has been done, but I have never heard anyone boast about it. Or you can, if you like, pepper a zebra with strychnine and put it out as a bait. Then, if you are lucky, you get not one lion but a regular bag. Sir A. E. Pease, in his book on the lion, mentions a case in which eleven adult lions, as well as innumerable vultures, hyænas and jackals, were found dead around a poisoned bait. In this case also it is not usual to boast of the exploit. The trophies which are carefully collected may be left to tell their own tale and establish their owner's reputation.

Among the more legitimate ways of hunting, however, are three which are very similar, though they vary in detail. You can procure a goat or pig, tie it to a stake near a tree, and then at nightfall get up into the tree and await developments. This is safe but inconvenient. Once up your tree you stay there till morning, because in Africa it pays to be conventional and not to go home after dark. It is sure to be chilly, and is likely to be uncomfortable. Sitting up in the fork of a tree all through the night is apt to wear out one's patience, to say nothing of one's skin and one's temper.

You may, if you wish, vary your bait, and use a dead animal instead of a live one, appealing to the beast's sense of smell instead of to his hearing. This adds another discomfort to the vigil, especially if it extends, as it may possibly do, to more than one night. A zebra two or three days dead

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has a distinct bouquet, and one fraught with disastrous possibilities to a delicate stomach.

Another method is somewhat similar, but involves a considerable element of risk. The bait is prepared as before, but the hunter, instead of sitting up over it at night, goes out to visit it in the early morning ; when the lion, having fed during the night, may be found in the vicinity, gorged and basking in the sun, enjoying to the full the satisfaction that comes of repletion. As he generally seeks some convenient cover for this, and you have to follow him there, there is every possibility of an exciting time. Moreover, the light is not particularly good, and there is a chance that you may overlook him in approaching the bait, in which case you may find him on your track before you have had a chance of a shot.

Or, and this is, perhaps, the commonest method, you may build a boma. This is the native name for a shelter of thorn bushes, in which you take up your position overnight, watching through a loophole for the lion to visit your bait, which is tied to a pole in front. This also has its element of risk, for though under ordinary circumstances the lion, who is a thin-skinned beast, will fight shy of the thorns, he has been known to charge the boma ; and a lion, wounded and smarting with the pain, and smelling the occupants, would be likely to make short work of the structure and, bowling it over, mix it and its occupants up in an extremely unpleasant way.

The two last methods were those I generally adopted ; but there is a final method of dealing with the lion which is decidedly sporting. It consists in following him on foot into his lair. This is exciting enough in all conscience, and no one should attempt it but a man of iron nerve and prompt decision, an expert stalker and a sure shot to boot. For the novice it is suicide.

But to get back to our lions. There were plenty of signs that lions had visited the spot, and that very recently. So we made up our minds that we would set a bait and visit it in the morning for a start. Setting a bait seems simple enough, but is not so easy an operation as a beginner might imagine. Lions are very fond of zebra, and there are plenty

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of zebra about, so that there is no difficulty in getting the bait. But the difficulty is in getting it in the place where you want it. It must be in such a position that you can get close enough to it in the morning for a good shot before the lion is aware of your presence ; so that you will have to take into consideration the amount of cover, and also the probable direction of the wind in the morning.

We got our zebra at five o'clock, the little preliminaries having taken some three and a half hours. We noticed that the herd of zebra seemed strangely suspicious and were watching a rocky hillock very closely ; and looking through the glasses Duirs saw a lioness with her two cubs, the first we had seen. They were too far off for a shot, so we tried to stalk them. Some way in front of us was a good-sized tree. We walked back till this came directly between us and the lions, and then I moved forward towards them while Duirs went a little to the left. In this way I managed to get within a hundred and fifty yards of where she was lying. However, I had no luck, for she saw me and bolted before I got to the tree. I ran forward up the hill but she was not to be seen. A few seconds later I heard the report of Duirs' rifle. I ran to him, only to find that he had missed her clean. The sun was low down in the west, and he had to shoot with the glare right in his eyes, which no doubt accounted for the miss. Meanwhile the beast had taken cover in the black thorn bush.

We followed on to the spot where she had disappeared, moving round a little to get a better light on the sights of the rifles ; for the sun had now sunk below the horizon and we should have to hurry to get in a shot at all. After a few seconds of waiting she raised her head out of the tall grass, and I let drive and missed. I threw in another cartridge and fired again. This time it was an undoubted hit. I heard the bullet "plunk"—that indescribable but unmistakable sound it makes when striking flesh. But she was not sufficiently badly hit to stop her, and as it was too dark to follow up the trail that night we returned to the camp. We got in at 8.30. I had a meal and went straight to bed, in preparation for an early start in the morning. Although

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chagrined at the loss of the beast we were immensely pleased to strike lion at the very start. I was glad to learn that the syce who had been mauled by a leopard was able to use his foot again. I forgot to mention that he was able to direct the bearers who carried him on a stretcher to the spot where he had been attacked. There they found the camera, for which I was very glad, and also the saddle and bridle of the mule. Of the animal itself only the tail was left. All the rest had been eaten.

Tuesday, Nov. 11th. We were up at four, and off in the dark to visit our bait. We reached it just as the day was dawning, but to our annoyance found that only jackals had visited it. Then we picked up the trail of the lioness we had wounded the previous night. Following her spoor we found that she had made a detour from the place where she was hit, and had come back to a point quite close to the tree from behind which I had tried to stalk her, and had waited there some considerable time, no doubt in the amiable desire to get a little of her own back by ambushing me. Under the circumstances I am glad that I did not give her the opportunity she desired. Thorn bush, a wounded lion, and the dark, are not an ideal combination from any point of view. In the daylight it was another matter, though even then risky enough to keep one constantly on the alert. So, cautiously but thoroughly, we explored all the caves in the rock and the refuges in the face of the hill where we thought she might have taken shelter, but to no purpose. Lioness and cubs had vanished completely.

This following up of a wounded lion into cover is as severe a tax on one's nerves as it is possible to imagine. They are strung up to the utmost pitch and every muscle is held at tension. A lion can find cover in next door to nothing. His tawny skin blends admirably with the surroundings of parched grass and baked soil, and any attempt to make out his outline will probably fail. The expert looks out for little patches of black that should not be there, such as the tips of ears, muzzle or tail, and then proceeds to develop the position of the animal from them. It has to be borne in mind that the lion can easily spring some fifteen feet, and that

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the spring comes so unexpectedly that the best shot in the world cannot depend upon placing his bullet in a vital part. Even if hit through the lungs or touched in the heart, the beast will traverse a distance of from forty to two hundred and fifty yards, and is game enough to fight until he drops. So that, all things considered, it is best before moving onward to make sure that the lion is not within springing distance.

We left a boy to keep the vultures away from our bait and then went further afield, still searching for lions, but without success, and got back about noon. Then the boy who had been left watching the carcass of the zebra told us that shortly after we had left, about 7 A.M., a fine big lion put in an appearance and had a good look round, but finally made off when he saw the boy. So great a part does luck play in lion-hunting. We made up our minds that we would sit up for him, and spent the afternoon in building a thorn boma about nine feet in diameter. Having got some food and tea from the camp, we entered the boma at dusk and prepared to settle down for the night. Our arrangements were easily made. The ground was rocky and very hard. We had no blankets and so sat on our coats. The moon rose almost at once, and we could watch the hyænas gathering round the carcass. Two big chaps did most of the eating while the others did the shouting. Both parties were very successful, particularly the latter, who made a beautiful night hideous with their unearthly howling, snarling and fiendish cackling laughter. Up till now I had never seen so many of the brutes at one time. The noise was awful, but it was distinctly interesting to see how the two big ones kept on steadily feeding, ignoring the waiting, jostling, snarling crowd, which were licking their lips over the prospect of the feast to come when the big fellows had finished. But their anticipations were doomed to disappointment. Before the first two had had their fill there was a sudden lull in the noise, and after a few regretful growls the whole party slunk off. We guessed what this might mean and were at once on the alert. This was about 2 A.M. In a very few moments a lion came quietly up and began to feed. It was very difficult to see anything distinctly, but I took a very careful aim with

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my .465 at what I thought was the beast, and fired. I certainly thought that I hit him and that I saw him fall. But when we went out in the morning he was not to be seen, so that either I must have missed or he must have got away wounded. The hyænas did not come back, a sure sign that there were more lions about ; and sure enough in about an hour's time another came up and began to feed. This time I had a better view, and, taking a careful aim, fired. I heard the bullet strike, and the lion gave a great roar and sprang quickly away. He did not get very far, however, as we could hear a faint gurgling in the bushes. We concluded that he was badly hit and that we should find him all right in the morning—a supposition which proved perfectly correct, the beast turning out to be a very fine lioness. Some time after this—time goes very quickly when one is after lion—we heard more roaring in the distance, in which most of the other voices of the jungle joined. We kept quiet, wondering what was going to happen next. Suddenly there came a rush ; it seemed like a stampede of animals ; and four huge shapes dashed out of the darkness towards the zebra. At first I thought they were buck fleeing from the lions, but the grunting and growling as they seized the meat left no room for doubt as to what they were. It was very difficult to see at all as the moon was down ; but I could make out, very dimly and indistinctly, one great black form right in front of the peephole of our boma, and after careful consideration as to where to aim, fired. To my intense satisfaction the beast dropped on the spot ; and I found when I examined the carcass in the morning that he had been shot right through the heart. He had only grunted once, swung round, and fallen dead. But our adventure was not yet over. I felt in some mysterious way that some big beast was close by me. I could not see him ; I could not hear him ; but I knew that he was there on my left, just outside the narrow wall of the boma. He had probably scented us inside, and was softly prowling round to find the entrance. I got up very quietly and slowly. I was stiff with the cold. The night itself had been warm enough, but the chill that comes before the dawn was sharp. As I rose, I saw him move off to a distance of



The Author and Three Friends.



A Good Specimen.

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about ten yards. In the daylight it would have been an easy shot ; but as it was I found it most difficult. However, I slowly raised the .465, pressed down with the barrel a little twig of thorn that stood in the way, and took what aim I could and pulled the trigger. I heard a dull thud, and knew that the bullet had struck something. But it did not seem to me to be the characteristic plunk which is made by striking flesh ; and I had certain misgivings about the success of my shot, which were unfortunately confirmed when, going out in the morning to survey the field of operations, we found a tuft of grass cut off by the bullet, but no sign of any lion. Still we had no reason to grumble, our bag being two very fine lionesses. One measured 8 feet 4 inches from tip to tip, and 3 feet 4 inches in height to the shoulder. This was an exceptionally fine specimen, being younger than the other, which was 7 feet 11 inches in length and 3 feet 3 inches in height. The smaller was the first one shot, and she got the bullet through both lungs. As a matter of fact it passed clean through her, breaking several ribs on both sides. The larger one was shot through the heart. She showed a greater number of broken ribs ; but the bullet, though it had completely traversed her chest, remained in the skin on the opposite side to that at which it had entered, and fell out of it while she was being skinned. The difference may have affected the behaviour of the animals after being shot. With the first one the bullet, having passed clean through the body, must naturally have expended some of its energy on the farther side in continuing its flight. Hence the beast did not receive so heavy a blow as the other, whose system must have absorbed the full shock of the bullet.

A great deal has been written and said about the size of lions, and some people talk about them as if they were all of a certain definite size, instead of varying within considerable limits, just as other animals, including human beings, do. I believe that my second victim was unusually tall for a lioness. Sir A. E. Pease says that a lioness that stands 3 feet 3 inches to the top of the shoulder is an exceptionally tall one, and that anything over 9 feet in length makes a very long one. But hunters' measurements vary

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a good deal, according to the method by which they are taken. I have followed one invariable rule : the length is the shortest distance from tip to tip, measured between two spears stuck in the ground, one at each end. If the tape had been made to follow the curve of the animal's back the result would have been considerably greater, possibly by a foot. Some measurements are taken from the nose along the skull, and then straight across to the rump. This also would give a result greater than my method, though less than the preceding one. Measurements are often taken from the skin after drying ; but these are very misleading, as the skin will stretch considerably, to a degree varying with the method of drying selected, the moisture of the air and the degree of force employed in stretching. I believe it is possible to stretch a lion-skin something like a couple of feet in this way, a fact which provides large possibilities in the way of record-breaking.

Of the length the tail generally accounts for about 3 feet. But as there are short-tailed as well as long-tailed lions, it may happen that a 9-ft. 6-inch. lion is really a bigger and heavier beast than one which measures 10 feet over all, if the latter was of the long-tailed type. All of which tends to show that statistics may be made as unreliable in big-game shooting as they are, say, in politics. As to height, I fancy few sportsmen take the trouble to measure this at all, and when they do so it is sometimes done in the most casual fashion, so that the results are not always to be depended on. I made all my height measurements in the same way as for length, taking the shortest distance between two points, each marked by a spear stuck in the ground, the beast's limbs being held in a horizontal position the while. This, of course, has an element of error in the fact that the length of the limbs with all their muscles relaxed is likely to be greater than the height. When the animal is standing on its legs there must be a certain amount of settling down. The greatest height I have ever heard of is four feet. If anyone will take the trouble to visualise this height from the ground, and then to imagine the great maned head surmounting it, he will need no further convincing that a full-grown lion, standing erect, is an imposing spectacle. Such a beast would

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probably scale over 500 lb. He would, however, be an exceptionally fine specimen. It is probable that the ordinary good average lion is about 400 lb. in weight, and that the lioness is, say, a hundred pounds less.

We got the lions skinned and then made tracks for camp, a wash, a meal, and a rest. And we wanted all three. Keeping awake all night in a boma, with a zebra in a forward stage of decomposition a few yards away, is no business for fastidious people, or for those troubled with nerves. The odour is enough in itself ; but there might also be snakes in the roof and on the ground. In the darkness, any rustling which can't be accounted for is quite enough to get one's imagination to work. Then there are insects, such as mosquitoes, flies, ants and the rest. There is no room for imagination with regard to them. After a few encounters, in which you come off second best, your whole skin acquires a sort of crawly feeling, as though legions were marching over you. Reason, of course, assures you that there is nothing of the sort, but reason doesn't go for a row of pins under the circumstances. Reason or no reason, you are glad enough of a hot bath when you get back to camp. As for the tired feeling, anyone who has ever watched a whole night through can imagine it, if he will add to his experiences the hard ground to lie on, the scent of the zebra hanging thick and heavy on the air, the snakes real and imaginary, and complicate the whole thing with the infernal concert kept up by the hyænas, and finally will remember that during the greater part of the time one's nerves and senses are strung up to a fairly high pitch of expectancy, ears straining after every sound, eyes peering through the darkness. Then he will understand why, after washing and eating, we went to bed and slept the sleep of the just and tired.

But we had made up our minds coming back that we would put in another night in the boma ; so our sleep was rather of the " forty winks " variety than the long, deep slumber we were entitled to. What shortened it still more was the fact that we had made up our minds to kill a fresh zebra, in addition to what was left of the other, so as to cater for a possible variety of tastes.

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It is sometimes said that lions prefer carrion. I do not think this is true. They will, of course, under the stress of hunger, eat almost any kind of kill they come across ; but I fancy that as a rule they prefer fresh meat, and, for choice, meat which they have killed themselves. On the plain where game is plentiful they find no difficulty in satisfying their hunger by the old-fashioned method of "kill and eat." In the bush country there may be greater scarcity of food, and a lion may resort day after day to a kill he has found, until the carcass is absolutely putrid. In the plains this would not be possible, for the scavengers of the air would look after that. There may be some exceptions. For example, I have heard it said that lions are fond of elephant and rhinoceros meat. This, of course, they cannot kill themselves, and are, therefore, dependent upon chance finds ; and sometimes these, as a matter of course, will have a distinctly "gamey" flavour. Tigers are said to have similar tastes. But as against this I remember a rhino I killed in the Malay State. We took off the head, feet and various slabs of skin, and the natives had a go at what was left. There was a tiger prowling round the whole time. He must have known all about it, but he never touched the carcass. One advantage of a "high" bait is that it advertises itself over a wide area.

The plain-dwelling lion is undoubtedly partial to zebra. This may be because there are plenty of zebra and they are easily killed, so that the capture of them for food becomes a habit. On the other hand, it may be that the flavour has a peculiar appeal to his Majesty's tooth. This point I shall not attempt to settle. But I fancy that the solution may lie in the fact that the lion is very fond of fat, and the zebra alone of the smaller plain-dwelling animals is nearly always very fat. The rhinoceros and the hippopotamus also carry plenty of fat as a rule, but he cannot kill these. The fact may, however, explain his partiality for their flesh as well. A lion's first proceeding when dealing with a kill is to disembowel it with strokes of his great claws and to feast his fill on the fat of the intestines and on the soft abdominal organs. If game is plentiful, he may then retire, leaving the rest to his crowd of camp followers—hyænas or jackals and

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the carrion birds. He invariably rolls the intestines into a heap and buries or partly buries them in the sand, or under the grass or leaves. A leopard will do the same thing but far less completely. Indeed leopards often only roll them over and over among the fallen leaves.

The late Mr Selous, who must be heard with the utmost respect, says that he has found when shooting elephants that "lions will prey upon the stinking carcasses, as they lie festering in the rays of a tropical sun and at last become a scething mass of maggots, returning night after night to the feast until no more meat is left. This occurs in parts of the country abounding in game, where it would give a party of lions but little trouble or exertion to catch a zebra or antelope, and procure themselves a meal of fresh meat. In the same way, no matter how plentiful game may be, lions will almost invariably feast upon any dead animal left by the hunter."

Perhaps, after all, it may be no safer or wiser to lay down a hard and fast rule as regards the food of lions than as to that of man. We have heard that one man's meat is another man's poison ; so may it be with lions. Some may choose carrion because age or impotence prevents their hunting with any chance of success. Others may do so out of sheer laziness. Some may do so out of that queer perversity which makes some people we know pretend to like only what everyone else dislikes. Or again, the taste for "high" game may be an acquired one, and perhaps, as among civilised nations, a sort of social hall-mark. One curious fact, while we are on this point, is the lion's fondness for skin. It seems nearly always to bolt a certain amount with the meat, so that it is often possible to determine whether a half-devoured beast is a lion's kill or not by noting how much of the skin has been devoured.

The natives believe that the lion carries about with it in its mouth a charm, in the form of a ball of hair with sometimes a central stone. They assert positively that he takes this with him wherever he goes, and that when hunting he will bury it in the ground, returning after his kill and meal to dig it up again. When he dies he blows it out of his mouth to some distance. They attribute to it all sorts of

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extraordinary virtues, the least of which is safety from an attack by wild beasts ; and at every kill are very keen on discovering one of these balls. I didn't happen to come across one of them ; but it is at least possible that the whole thing arises from the lion's habit of eating the skin of the animals it feeds upon. The hair would naturally mat in the stomach into a ball-like mass, which would from time to time be expelled cat fashion, with other indigestible material.

After our sleep we went out, shot our zebra and had it pulled up to the same place as before. I may say that our choice of a zebra was probably dictated by the same reasons as the lion's ; first, because the lion is partial to his flavour, and secondly, because there is such a lot of him about that it is comparatively easy to get him into the proper position. Dragging a heavy animal a mile or so over rough ground, or through thick grass three or four feet high, is not the easiest of tasks. Fate was good to us so far, but we had scarcely got the carcass into position when it began to rain. I sent for a couple of blankets to add what comfort I could to our situation, and prepared for a miserable night hoping, however, as a set-off, for a visit from our friends of the night before. The first scenes worked out as planned. We got the hyænas as before, and the hyænas got the zebra and were grateful, so far as we could judge from the noise they made. But no lion. In the very early dawn came a faint distant grumbling, the voice for which we were waiting ; and the hyænas heard it too and ceased their noise. But daybreak found us wet, tired and stiff, but still expectant. As to temper, I don't know how Duirs felt, but I know how I did. However, our boys turned up from the tent at 6 A.M. with cold steak, bread and butter, and we devoured this and dreamed of hot coffee. We got some when we reached the tent a little later, and I had a good wash and a meal and a couple of hours' sleep before we started back at 12.30 for the main camp. The rain came down heavily soon after we started and we got soaked to the skin. Altogether a miserable finish to a wretched day.

Fortunately we found the lion-skins all right, but as it had looked like rain Duirs had had them hung up in front of

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his tent with a good charcoal fire to dry them. From one point of view that was a disadvantage. If we had left them wet they might have stretched a foot or so, and we might have got a record. I am beginning to suspect records unless I know the person who has taken the measurements.

Next morning was wet and we overhauled the skins. They were nearly dry by this time. This drying is rather a ticklish matter, as the hair, particularly in the neighbourhood of the mane, is more likely to come out than in the case of any other animal. Hutton was by this time much better, greatly to my relief. He had had a bad attack of dysentery which had handled him fairly severely ; and as he was the type of man who would never under any circumstances take medicine, for the simple reason that he had never done so in his life before, he was a source of considerable anxiety. I got rather sick of his obstinacy and impressed upon him strongly the fact that he wasn't at home in bonnie Scotland, and that in the tropics certain remedies are absolutely essential. Then he thought his last hour had come, or at any rate was approaching. But he was as obstinate as ever. So I had to fix him up against his will, and disguised the powder in the jam as one does with a small child. I started with Dover's powder in Brand's essence of beef, which worked very well. When we had exhausted the essence of beef I went through the stores, and found several tins of arrowroot, and started him on that with the addition of plenty of sugar and twelve grains of Dover's powder incognito. The only milk available was tinned milk, which is the best thing of its kind that can be got in Africa. This he would not touch under any circumstances. So I carefully mixed some with each feed of arrowroot, the sugar disguising this as well as the medicine. He lived without any trouble on this for several days, and with the aid of any quantity of hot tea began to pull round, and was able, to my great satisfaction, to return with the safari to Nairobi. He had been pretty badly shaken up, however, and was certainly in no condition to undertake another safari, so I shipped him off home by French mail via Marseilles. As he doesn't know a word of French, and his Scotch was so broad that the average

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Scotsman would have found it impossible to understand him, I was very anxious about him until I found out that he had arrived safely. But he must have had a lonely voyage, poor soul!

When I planned the trip, the idea of taking out with me a keeper whom I knew and could trust seemed to me to be an admirable one. I should have a man on whom I could depend in an emergency, a good shot, a man of powerful physique and a capital woodsman. But in actual fact, I found the disadvantages were many as compared with engaging a man on the spot who knew the natives and the language, and who, moreover, was accustomed to safari life and had not to learn, as we had to learn, all the thousand and one little dodges that make life endurable. You can get a headman to do all these things and do them well, at no very great cost. Further, if you take out a keeper from home, he is another white man, and has to be provided with much the same equipment as yourself, which necessitates more porters ; so that, all things considered, if you have a good keeper at home, it is better to let him stay where he knows his work and does it well, than to transplant him to novel surroundings where he may possibly be a burden rather than a help.

Sunday, Nov. 16th. We started up the Isiola to a point some seven miles beyond the camp, which we had concluded would be a suitable spot to look for lion. The way lay over a rolling plain of softish earth, with plenty of scrub and bush and numerous pig-holes, so that we had to keep a careful look out to avoid a cropper. Luckily Ginger, my mule, was an exceptionally sure-footed beast, and seemed to avoid most obstacles and traps by instinct. The beast seemed to have taken a great fancy to me, and I could do anything with him ; very few of the boys, however, dared come within a couple of yards of him. If they did, there was a circus for five minutes, the centre of it being a pair of lively hoofs and a very fine and vicious-looking set of teeth.

There was any amount of game about, for the most part quietly feeding singly or in groups, and the bush and trees were alive with birds. I had one great stroke of luck in getting an impala and a gerenuk with a right and left—a



Impala and Gerenuk, shot with right and left.



Grévy Zebra.

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most unusual thing, as I am told these two animals are very rarely found in company. But there they were grazing, certainly not more than twenty yards apart, and I dropped them clean with the two shots, greatly to my satisfaction. The gerenuk is by no means plentiful in this neighbourhood, and is very difficult to be seen, especially when lying in cover. His long giraffe-like neck enables him to look over the top of the grass or low bush without exposing himself, so that he can see you coming from afar off while his little head is practically invisible. Then, when you get within his danger limit, he is off before you can get a line on him, and you don't see him again except at the safest of safe distances.

Later on I got my first Grévy zebra, a fine beast too. This is the largest and most beautiful of all the zebras. A decent specimen stands over fourteen hands. Both in size and in marking the Grévy is vastly superior to the ordinary (Burchell's) zebra. The latter is common enough, too, while the Grévy is sufficiently rare to be considered a prize.

Having fixed on a suitable spot for our next attempt I killed two zebra in the evening to serve as bait.

Monday, Nov. 17th. Duirs and I went out at 4 A.M. to find out whether our kill had been interfered with. There were no traces of any animals except hyænas, and these brutes had completely finished one zebra. The other, which had dropped some distance away, was fortunately untouched. I took a photo of the impala and the gerenuk I shot yesterday, so as to be able to show my right and left shot. We returned to camp about 7.30, very wet and cold and ready for breakfast, having made up our minds to build a boma and sit up through the night; so, selecting a suitable spot, we began to put up the usual erection of thorns. When it was finished we pulled the zebra up and tethered the carcass with a two-inch rope about twelve yards from the peephole, the idea being to prevent the lions from dragging it away. After lunch we rode over from the main camp to the boma, about a mile and a half, to see that everything was in proper order. The cook came over from the camp and got our dinner ready, and then went back. Shortly after sundown we got into the

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boma, pulling a great thorn bush after us to stop up the entrance. Scarcely had we settled down when a hyæna came lumbering along the track where we had pulled the zebra. He stopped suddenly, having, I suppose, got our wind ; and then, after a good look at us, turned and slowly trotted away. Possibly he was suspicious, or it may have been too early for him to feed ; or, again, he may have gone off to call his pals to the feast, though I should hardly suspect a hyæna of generous sentiments. Anyhow, just after dark a troop of fifteen or sixteen put in an appearance and started to work on the zebra with the usual awful noise, snarling, chattering, howling and laughing.

They did not, however, settle down fairly ; for every few minutes there would come a lull in the sounds and they would bolt to some distance, so that we knew there were lions close at hand and that probably they were satisfying themselves as to the harmlessness of the boma before coming up. This went on for some time, the hyænas returning again and again to the kill, taking a few mouthfuls but never settling down to feed steadily. Finally, about 9, two lions dashed in—a very big black male and a lioness. The moon had not yet risen, the night was very dark, and one could not see too well. I may have made some trifling movement while peering into the darkness to get a glimpse of them, or it may be that he merely got our scent, but something startled the big lion and he slunk off before I could get a shot at him. Duirs would not allow me to fire at the lioness, as she was feeding steadily. I sat for more than an hour in a cramped position, not daring to move and scarcely daring to breathe, straining my eyes to follow the movements of the lion, who was prowling round and round the boma, evidently trying in his own way to sum up the situation. All this while I was sitting on my right leg, which seemed to me to be broken in at least three places with my weight upon it.

The pain became intense, yet I dared not stir for fear of frightening his suspicious Majesty and losing him altogether. So I continued to stick it, while he continued to prowl. He must certainly have known we were there, and was afraid to settle down to feed. At one time he came within twelve

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feet of me, as his tracks proved in the morning. It is curious to note the effect the scent of a white man has upon all kinds of wild creatures. They take little notice of blacks, but as soon as a white man comes within carry of their noses they show obvious signs of uneasiness and not infrequently move off. Whether it is that the odour of the white man is peculiarly offensive, or whether it is merely the suspicion aroused by an unaccustomed smell, I do not pretend to say ; but there is the fact, which I have often observed.

Shortly before the moon rose, the lion reappeared. He had evidently made a long circuit, and was now coming toward us from the front. The lioness had been placidly and steadily eating all this while, and was now joined by another which came up at a sharp trot from the westward. It had been weary waiting, but it was very interesting to see the lions at such close quarters and watch their behaviour. Before starting to eat they lick the selected part all over with their rough tongues, which sounds very much like sand-paper being applied to a rough surface. When the bait has been exposed to the sun for some twenty-four hours the abdomen becomes distended with gas. Then the noise produced by the preliminary licking is considerable, and resembles that made by a gummy finger being rubbed over a big drum. It is rather a gruesome kind of noise in the darkness and stillness of the desert. One can hear the hiss of the escaping gas when the first incision is made. The stench is, of course, overpowering. All the time they keep up a continuous purring, just like a huge cat. The lion is a noisy eater, too, and this, with the crunching of bones, the rasping of the rough tongues, and the growling and snarling, rather gets on one's nerves after a while.

Seeing the two lionesses feeding at their ease, the big male took heart, and began creeping nearer and nearer, then squatting on his haunches, going away, coming back, squatting down again, then sneaking forward a bit, and so on for quite a long time. However, the moon was rising and I could see pretty clearly now ; so when he got to about 43 yards (as measured in the morning) I seized my opportunity and put a bullet from the .465 into him. He gave one

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terrifying roar, which showed that I had touched him pretty deeply, and tried to make off. At the same moment Duirs fired at one of the lionesses. She made a fine roar too, and dashed towards us, probably charging the flash. We thought she was fairly in among us, but she dashed past our frail thorn fence just nine feet from where I was sitting. But she pretty well frightened the wits out of us for the moment. To be mixed up in a *mêlée* in which the other constituents were a wounded lioness and the fragments of a thorn boma is not a cheerful prospect.

We could hear the lion moaning some little distance to the north, and after a while, we heard the lioness too, away to the south-east, but our bait attracted nothing else but hyænas and jackals for the remainder of the night. At dawn we came out. We found the lion quite dead not far away, the .465 having done his business almost at once. I had every reason to be pleased with this rifle. With a soft-nosed bullet weighing 480 grains and a charge of 75 grains of cordite it seemed capable of stopping anything. The makers claim that it has a striking force of 4807 lb. It was certainly extremely accurate. The recoil was considerable for so heavy a rifle (it weighed $12\frac{1}{2}$ lb.), but one doesn't notice that particularly at the moment. The effects are evident enough, however, for two or three days after. I have had my shoulder black and blue with it. When firing lying down it would knock me a couple of feet backwards.

We followed the spoor of the lioness for about three quarters of a mile, her tracks being plainly visible through the heavy dew. Moreover, she had been bleeding freely, and had lain down three or four times. We could see that she had been joined by another lion which had possibly come to assist her into cover. Duirs and I, with our two gun-bearers, carrying the spare rifles, followed up. We failed, however, to notice that one set of tracks turned off to the left, and that those that we were following were those of the new-comer. Suddenly I had a feeling that we were being followed. It may have been some slight noise, or the sense that comes on one in the wild. But turning quickly I saw the great beast hot-foot on our trail and coming for us as fast as she could trot. This

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was turning the tables with a vengeance. The hunters had become the quarry. She was apparently too badly hit to spring; but as she was getting unpleasantly close, and evidently meant business, I took a quick sight at her with the .360 I was carrying and got her in the hind leg. She made a quick bite at her wounded foot. I fired my second barrel as she swung round, and the shot passed over her neck. She turned to the right and made for the long grass ten or a dozen yards away and was out of sight like a flash. Duirs had a snap at her but I don't know with what result, for we never saw her again, though we went very cautiously for a long time, expecting every minute to see her break out from cover.

We returned to the boma and took some photos and skinned the lion, getting back to camp about 10 A.M. amid great rejoicings. The beast measured: height to the claws, 43 inches; height to the pad, 40 inches; length, tip to tip, 8 feet 9 inches; girth, 57 inches, and forearm, 16 inches. When I first caught sight of him I took him for a buffalo, as he looked enormous looming up in the darkness with the withered grass as a background. After attending to the skin, which it is always best to do at once, we had a little sleep, and then returned to the boma for another night. We had some of the men on guard all day over the remains of the zebra to prevent the vultures and other birds of prey from finishing him off, which they would have made very short work of doing.

At sunset we retired, as before, pulling in our thorn barricade. As usual our first visitors were the hyænas, which caused the usual diversion with their cackling and laughter. The sounds varied from something approximately human to the most fiendish noise imaginable.

It is curious to note that the jackals do not feed with the hyænas, being evidently afraid of them; but they have apparently no fear of lions, for now they were crowding round the lions while the latter were feeding, darting in and out between their legs and picking up such scraps as came in their way. I suppose the lions consider them too small to take notice of. At any rate they seem to treat them with

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a sort of good-tempered toleration. On this occasion I distinctly saw a lioness roll a jackal over with a blow of her right paw, but so far as I could judge she was not in the least inclined to be angry. He had just got inconveniently close, that was all, and was patted out of the way. Nor did the jackal take it as anything out of the way, but after a somersault or two came sneaking up and joined in the feast again. But when the hyænas were feeding the jackals kept out of the way.

On this particular night the hyænas had a good time right up to about 10 P.M. They had the usual frights, of course, bolting and coming back again ; but at ten o'clock they ran away for good. I can quite understand that the lion, while tolerating the jackal, would not put up with the hyæna. The beast is no hunter himself. He lacks the speed and agility necessary to tackle antelope or other fast game, and so he is always on the track of lions. When the latter gets a kill, and having eaten what he needs, moves off for a space, to digest it and to sleep, the attendant crowd of hyænas fall on the carcass, and if not driven off, leave very little for the lion on the morrow. Even the bones are crushed. Indeed the exceedingly powerful jaw which is characteristic of the hyæna is possibly due to the fact that living as he does largely on carrion, he often finds a kill only after the vultures have dealt with it, and is reduced to the necessity of extracting what nourishment he can from the bones. I have a specimen hyæna's head in which the development of the jaw is amazing for so small a beast, while the back teeth are ground flat to the gums, proving that he was a bone-eater. Around the native kraals the hyæna is the recognised scavenger, and, gruesome to relate, the walking cemetery of certain tribes, which leave their dead to be disposed of by him.

This time the bolting was the result of the appearance of four lions. They seemed to be small, and we thought they were probably lionesses ; so we waited, and presently made out the form of a large lion some distance away. I put a bullet from the .465 into him, and off he went with a great roar, making a fearful noise at every stride. One curious

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point was that he struck the ground heavily at every stride, as though his legs were made of wood. Generally the lion, like all the beasts of the wild, will go off very quietly if unwounded, so that one can scarcely hear any sound as he trots along. He ran for about 80 yards, when the sounds suddenly ceased. We concluded that if he were not dead he was certainly not far off it. After a long wait my gun-bearer gently pulled my leg. I raised my head and looked through the peephole, a little aperture about 12 inches by 9 inches that one leaves in the front of the boma, facing the bait. Outside the hole are placed carefully selected thorn bushes to prevent a lion from coming right up to the aperture and looking in. As I have said, lions are very soft-skinned; and the pads of their feet being tender too, they are particularly careful, as a rule, to fight shy of thorns. What a wounded lion might do in his pain and rage, I am fortunately unable to say from personal experience; but I fancy he might make short work of a boma, which is, after all, but a flimsy structure. Anyway, a beast weighing anything up to 500 lb. and taking a mad rush at a peephole, would be right in among you in no time. This time we saw four more lions coming slowly up. These also seemed to be on the small side. We watched them very carefully while they fed only about a dozen yards away. We were, of course, exceedingly careful to make no noise. But I got cramp in my leg so badly that I had to move slightly. This was enough to warn the beasts, and one of them walked straight up to the peephole and stared right into the barrels of my .465 which was ready for action. He was a small beast, however, and I did not fire. I caught myself grimly reflecting that he never realised how near death he was. It would have been impossible to miss him at such close quarters. He was so near that it seemed as if I could have touched him by reaching out my hand. I had never been so near a wild lion before, and certainly never want to be again. He turned off a little to the left, and I had to withdraw my rifle from the hole so as to keep him covered in case of trouble. However, he passed slowly on, two others following him, but not quite so close, until he disappeared to the left. Next morning we measured the distance and found that his tracks were exactly

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seven feet from where we were sitting when he looked into my rifle.

Then came another period of waiting, after which they all returned to the kill. I fired at what I thought to be the biggest of them. He gave the usual roar, sprang a few feet towards us and then fell, making the most awful noise as he lay gasping out his life. I wanted to fire again to finish him off ; but Duirs held me back saying it was quite unnecessary and that in any case, as he was lying flat on his side, I could not see where to shoot at. The noise this beast made was wonderful, and under the circumstances was peculiarly thrilling and awe-inspiring.

I have heard lions grunt and roar on many occasions, but never at such close quarters. The darkness, and the fact that only a few thorns separated us from the place where the beast lay dying, added to the impressiveness of the scene. The usual sound made by a lion is a sort of grunt. When crouching in cover, awaiting the coming of his hunters, he keeps up a continual low growl. When disturbed at a meal he snarls angrily. But the proper roar is quite a different affair. It begins with a succession of throaty grunts repeated perhaps half-a-dozen times ; then come quick and sharp as many deep-throated roars which make the earth tremble, and these are followed by a number of quick coughing grunts. This animal roared almost continuously for several minutes, making the whole place reverberate until at last he panted out his life in a sort of gurgling sigh.

Then the silence fell again and I took the opportunity to get forty winks, for I was desperately sleepy. I seemed hardly to have closed my eyes when I was awakened. The moon was rising, and in the moonlight I saw what I took to be a big lion coming up very slowly and with evident caution, taking a few steps, then sitting down to watch, and then coming on again. Then, to my utter surprise, he sprang suddenly, with one swift, noiseless rush, right on to the carcass of my dead lion. He seemed so close and loomed up so big in the moonlight, standing with his forepaws on the carcass and his head up in the air, and the whole thing had happened so quickly and unexpectedly that it almost took



Leopard.



The place where I got my big Buffalo.—(*Page 151.*)



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my breath away. There was nothing for it but to take my chance. The shot was an awkward one, for I had to screw myself well round to the right ; and the beast stood directly between me and the moon, so that his whole front was in shadow and I had the moonlight straight in my eyes. However, I judged my aim as well as I could, and fired. At the report the body disappeared and there was a great silence. I could hear my bullet ricochet, and as there was neither stone nor tree to deflect it I could only think of one explanation—that it had struck the lion's head. The boys all said that I had missed. But the dark mass of the dead lion seemed to have grown larger to my eye, though I could not get the boys to agree. However, morning proved that I was right. My bullet had taken the beast, a fine lioness, in the right eye, and passing through the brain had come out at the back of the head with sufficient energy left to produce the ricochetting that I had heard. Naturally, too, after such a shot, the lion had dropped dead on top of the other, without the usual roar.

After this experience there was another interlude, during which I dozed off once more, only to be called again to see another big lion coming up in the same cautious and stealthy fashion as the last. When he got up to the zebra he gave me a fine shot ; and judging by the tremendous roar of rage which he gave he must have been very hard hit. I heard him bound away through the darkness. Very shortly, however, the sound of his movements ceased suddenly, and I concluded that he had dropped.

We had had wonderful luck up to the present. Surely, I thought, we shall have no further visitors to-night, and stretched myself out once more to get my much-interrupted forty winks. I had hardly got over the borderland when I was once more aroused by a tug at my leg and a whispered "Bwana, Simba !" So up I got once more, and saw, clearly, this time, the form of a fine big lion silhouetted against the moonlight. I gave him the usual ounce bullet from the .465—it is really an ounce and a bittock. The report of the rifle was followed by the usual ear-splitting roar which showed that the beast had been badly hit. Then there was a brief

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rush through the darkness, a bit of a flurry, and silence. The silence did not last long, for the rest of the lions must have cleared off, as the hyænas returned in great force and began to feed, not only on the zebra, or what was left of him, but also on the carcasses of the fallen lions. We wouldn't stand this, so we did our best by stoning them and shooting at them to drive them away from the bodies of those lions which lay nearest to the boma. The others, I imagine, they had not as yet discovered. This was quite comprehensible, for by this time the bouquet of the zebra was sufficient to disguise any ordinary scent. However, we were glad when morning broke, and we could go and inspect our bag.

It was one of the finest moments of my life when I found that every one of the shots had gone home, and that my bag was five lions for five cartridges, which cannot be far off a record. The distances varied from nine to forty yards; and the conditions, though not bad, were certainly not the most favourable for accurate shooting.

It is rather surprising that lions are not frightened away by the noise and smell of powder. But I suppose that it must be a common experience for a lion in inhabited districts to be pelted with firebrands when he raids a village, and probably any faint disinclination is quite overborne by his desire for food.

We took some photos of the beasts and went back to breakfast. The gun-bearers were highly excited, and when we got within earshot of the camp broke out into shouts of "Simba!" and some other gibberish which I couldn't make out, but which I imagine meant "Master has shot five lions." The camp went nearly mad on the announcement, rushed out to meet us, and then and there devised a dance in honour of the occasion. This lasted a great part of the morning, but for the rest of the day they were fairly quiet. I had a suspicion that they might be plotting something, and so it turned out; for they broke out afresh in the evening, after we had dined and were settling down to a quiet smoke and a chat over the affairs of the day.

The morning show had been an impromptu affair, evidently devised on the spur of the moment; but the evening per-

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formance was a full-dress business of the most elaborate nature, and carried out, I should imagine, on strictly conventional lines.

I don't know whether my descriptive powers are equal to the task of setting down an idea of it on paper, but it certainly was mightily effective, and interested me very much. Imagine a clear moonlight night and all the bushes throwing dense shadows across the grass, stars very white and camp fires burning brightly. Beyond the fires, the boys formed up in groups, and one could just see their bodies shining as the flames flickered up and down. At first there was nothing but confused noise and movement. This gradually settled down into a stamping of feet steadily marking a sort of dance time. Then one body of the boys moved forward singing, the remainder still beating time with their feet and with improvised drums and tins. As they came into the light we could see that this was to be an important affair. They had stripped off their everyday clothes, and, where they wore anything at all, were decked out in all sorts of fantastic odds and ends. Each tribe appeared to have its own song and its own symbolic dance. I imagine there is a kind of time-honoured litany which is adapted to each special occasion. On they came in turn, all to the accompaniment of stamping feet; every third beat being strongly accented—one, two, three; one, two, three; and their bodies swaying. Very picturesque they looked in the firelight; some stark naked, their well-oiled skins reflecting the glow, others wearing the safari blanket round their loins, and others decked out in the quaintest fashion with feathers, scraps of cloth, strips of hide and bunches of grass. For a while they pranced round solemnly to the accompaniment of drumming feet. Then the soloist of one party gave tongue, apparently asking a question in a curious high-pitched voice, and the chorus replied in an undertone. It seemed to be the same query repeated over and over again, with a different answer each time. This litany was by no means a comic affair. Indeed, an extraordinary solemnity was its main feature. The ceremony was clearly one of great traditionary importance.

The next party had broader ideas, and treated us to a

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realistic representation of a lion fight—as it might have been. Instead of a concert we got a full-fledged drama. Some rigged themselves out with artificial mane and tail, others carried sticks to represent them. These were the lions. The pantomime fight was worth seeing. The lions rushed to and fro through the grass, chased by the hunters. Every now and again they turned to bay with fierce growls and horrid threatenings. The hunters met them fearlessly, ran them to cover and went in after them much more recklessly than they would have done in reality. And all this to the eternal repeat of the song and the ceaseless drumming of the naked feet upon the ground, the banging of the drums, and the sound of some weird instrument of the same type as a boy manufactures from a cigar-box and some catgut.

At times the excitement increased to frenzy height, the voices rose to a wild shriek, and the fury of both hunters and quarry was tremendous. The slaughter must have been terrific, and the lions died with a realism which would have turned a popular actor green with envy. I could not, of course, make out the words of their song, but Duirs knew the language and translated a phrase here and there, so that I was able to get the hang of the proceedings. As may be guessed, it was entirely in praise of our triumph. So far as I could make out, we had been attacked (in song) by innumerable troops of lions, but we had not blenched when the lion roared his loudest. We had achieved a glorious day's hunting. No safari ever had such a day. The white man, the lion-killer, was covered with glory, and so on. Perhaps if I could have made it all out I should have blushed. But as I have already said, African music is amazingly monotonous. Two hours of it completely satisfied me. Moreover, I hadn't further use for compliments on my shooting, but I did want very badly to get to sleep. So I got Duirs to tell the headman that they should all have some money when we got to Archer's Post, and with that the proceedings terminated. I have a suspicion that the whole thing was expected to end in just that way. But I didn't care for anything so long as I could get to bed to finish that much-interrupted forty winks.

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Thursday, Nov. 20th. I turned out very late, still feeling sleepy and tired after our two nights in the boma. We did not go out all day, but were quite contented and happy to be pottering round the camp, looking after the skins and doing all we could to preserve them. This is of great importance, and it is necessary to bring along with the safari sufficient preservatives to deal with all skins you are likely to get. Salt is generally obtainable at the stations, and alum too, at not too exorbitant a price. But I used mostly burnt alum, and found it very effective.

Friday, Nov. 21st. Felt very much better this morning, the fatigue having practically disappeared. I suppose that after two nights in a boma one needed two nights in bed to make things right again. In the evening I went out and shot some meat for the camp; then I looked over the skins once more. They were in pretty good condition, but were not yet quite dry. So we decided to give them yet another day before we moved on.

Saturday, Nov. 22nd. We struck camp and moved down to Archer's Post. The distance was only about eight miles. There I found Nicolas of the Meru Trading Company, who had been anxiously expecting me for over a month. I had intended to strike Archer's Post much earlier; but as time was of no particular moment, when once I had started on my journey I chose to take things as they came and to be guided by the incidents of the march. If we found a likely spot for game, for example, we turned aside from the line of route and spent a day or so in testing its possibilities—a plan which I consider very much more interesting than being tied down rigidly to a prearranged programme. But I could hardly expect others to understand what was being done, and I fancy Nicolas had begun to worry a bit as to what was happening.

Archer's Post is a Government depot, one of the outlying stations in the great bush country to which food can be forwarded to await your arrival. Stores can be purchased from the traders there. This, of course, helps to reduce the number of porters you take with you on safari. We were glad to renew our supply of posho, which was running very

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short in spite of the fresh supplies we had obtained *en route* from Nyeri and Meru. Our letters, too, had been forwarded here from Nyeri, and it was distinctly pleasant to get into touch with civilisation again after our two months in the wilderness.

It must not be thought that Archer's Post has any pretension to be a town, even of the most rudimentary type. It is simply one of the outposts of civilisation which exist for the purpose of trade, and Mr Nicolas of the Meru Trading Company (Nicolas & Claydon) was the only white man there. Naturally he was very glad to see me. He came to dine under the fly of our tent, and we had a long chat, which I fancy was as pleasant to him as to us, as white visitors to Archer's Post are few and far between.

His house is just an ordinary native-built structure with a great store-room containing the articles traded to the natives. It is surrounded in the usual fashion by a fence, forming an enclosure probably some 150 yards or so across. Within the boundary are a few sheep and a camel or two. He has a good caretaker and a reliable watchman, an absolute necessity in such a district. But the life, as well as being dreadfully monotonous, must be an extremely lonely one. Safaris now and again call to replenish their stock of posho or of those medicines which are most commonly used on trek, and they are sure, quite apart from the business they bring, to meet with a hearty welcome and generous hospitality, including the usual light refreshments. We certainly got all these, and I found Mr Nicolas extremely obliging, and willing to do anything in his power to help us. It must be a great relief to him when a white man happens that way, and breaks the terrible sameness of his daily routine. But the amazing thing is how a single Briton, in a mud-walled house, maintains a moral and economic supremacy over the savages by whom he is surrounded. The position, however, as will be seen later on, is not without its dangers.

Sunday, Nov. 23rd. I started out early to get fresh meat for the camp. This, by the way, is not the least exciting business of a safari. For one thing, you never know whether you are going to get it or not. And you don't know what it

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is going to be until you have got it. Again, the fresh meat of the game areas varies a lot in quality. Some of it is distinctly uninteresting, and you leave it to the boys, who are for the most part capable of tackling anything. Digestion is a process that they seem never to have heard of. It is astonishing how much meat a couple of hundred healthy boys can get rid of. I remember reading somewhere that an Arctic explorer, I think it was Ross, was amazed to find that a couple of his Esquimaux guides could dispose of a quarter of a reindeer at a sitting. I can well believe it, and am certain that some of my boys could have done it. And yet, some of the African natives are extraordinarily frugal in the matter of diet. Take the Masai, for example : they are a fine, big, warlike race, yet they live chiefly on milk mixed with blood, with no meat except at intervals, no vegetables, no corn. But look at their superb physique ! That is rather a hard nut for our professors of hygiene and diet to crack.

I sent Hutton off, meanwhile, with a trap to catch a leopard. He set it all right, and towards evening we went off to investigate. The trap was gone, and we followed it up for about three miles, determined to get our leopard. When at last we came up with it we found, to our disgust, that our prize was a hyæna, which we promptly shot.

Coming home I got a kongoni, which we left as bait, thinking it might attract a lion. I also knocked over a Bright's gazelle. This was the first Brighti I had met with so far, and I was very pleased. Bright's gazelle is a variety of Grant's, and is commonly found in the Lado district. The horns are shorter than in the ordinary variety and there are no dark bands on the sides. The rump patch has a darker border.

There are, in all, five varieties of Grant's gazelle. The ordinary variety has the longest horns and is very slightly marked on the flank. The horns spread into the shape of a lyre. *Granti notata* has nearly straight horns and is strongly marked with a dark band on the flank. It is found in the Lowghi district. *Granti robertsi* has longish horns with an outward twist, so that the spread in this variety is greater in proportion to the length than in any of the other species,

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in which the tips of the horns turn inward. This is found toward the south near the German boundary. *Granti petersi* has horns nearly straight, and about 10 inches shorter than the common variety. The white stripe at the top of the tail becomes fawn-coloured in this variety. This is found round the Tana and at Voi and on the Laikipia plains.

Monday, Nov. 24th. We went out early to visit my kill of the night before, hoping that some lions might have winded it. However, we found nothing more interesting than a couple of jackals. But on the way back to camp we had a rarely exciting time, for I walked straight into a cow rhinoceros with her calf. When you see two of these beasts together, it is fairly certain that they will be cow and calf; but one by himself is most likely a bull. Three may be bull, cow and calf, but this is unusual. As luck would have it, I had sent my rifle back to camp, and was armed only with a shot-gun, which would have been about as useful against a rhinoceros as against a dreadnought. There was nothing for it but to run for all I was worth, so as to prevent the brute from winding me. So run I did, and thanked my lucky stars that the rhino's eyes are not equal to his nose. Fifty yards is, I am convinced, the extreme limit to which the beast can see. This time we were well within this distance and yet she did not see me.

I had intended moving down the river next morning, but Nubi, my headman, had captured a strong dose of fever, and I thought he had better not move for a day. It was rather fortunate, as it happened, that we did not make up our minds to start; for before we could have struck camp the rain came down in heavy showers, so that the tents would have been soaked before we could have got them packed. I gave Nubi a heavy dose of quinine, and we stayed to await events. In the evening I went out and shot a gerenuk; and on the next morning, the 26th, we made a start down the river. Nubi was still full of fever, so I had a hammock rigged for him and we carried him comfortably along. Nicolas came with us as far as Mount Chaba for company. In the evening I went out and got another Brighti and a Granti, and then on the way back went bumping into another rhino.



Grant's Gazelle—*Granti Notata*.



Near Archer's Post

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This was becoming monotonous, and the more so as I had got the two to which I was entitled under my licence. So I bolted again. It wasn't dignified, but there wasn't really anything else to do. Our camp here was at an elevation of 2800 feet. Next day we stayed in camp, the headman being still very weak. I managed, however, to get out and shoot another gerenuk.

Friday, Nov. 28th. We struck camp very early and moved off at 6.30 A.M. for the Wycollia swamp, Nubi still being unfit for anything. On the way we met three rhino, an old bull with a very large body but a small horn, a cow with a good horn, and a half-grown calf without a tail. There was immense excitement for a few moments, until we found out what they were going to do. A safari covers such a lot of ground that a charging rhinoceros is bound to hit it somewhere, however blind he may be. And in that case, down go the boxes and off go the boys to the nearest trees, and it takes an hour or so to get things straight again, even supposing there are no accidents. However, these trotted calmly away down one side of the safari and made no attempt to charge. Whether this was the result of short sight, or whether it was because the rhino is essentially a peaceful animal and does not attack until he is molested or frightened, I cannot attempt to settle. They went off and we were satisfied to let them go. There were numbers of rhinos here. I watched one big bull from the camp. He stood still in one place all the afternoon, and as he was still there in the evening I went over and photographed him. Even that didn't move him. There were the usual three black birds on his back, and I knew he would not move as long as they sat there. However, they soon saw me and flew off, and then up went his tail and he was away too. But I had got my photo. He was a fine big fellow, but his horns were not more than a foot in length.

Our camp here was 3700 feet above sea-level. In the morning we moved down three miles opposite to Mount Mamoula, and while we were having breakfast could see four lions on the other side of the swamp. I had my glasses on the table and watched them at intervals for a long time.

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They evidently saw us too and went to cover among the long grass. A herd of Granti was grazing there, and I suppose the lions were after them ; but they were evidently too far off for the lions to spring upon them. Later I went out with my gun and Ginger, my dog, who put up a water-buck, which I promptly shot. In the evening I went up the river to look for hippo. The going here is terrible, over black lava rock, the roughest of rough country.

Sunday, Nov. 30th. It rained heavily through the night and we did not get away until 7 A.M., the tents being wet and thus heavy and difficult to handle. We determined to cut down across the east of Wycollia Hill, and to strike the river again about three miles beyond Chanler's Falls. The heavy rain had made the cross-country going frightfully heavy. The plains, which are normally covered with thick red dust, were just one sheet of liquid mud, into which the mules sank from six to eighteen inches at every step. We were all very glad to find firmer ground nearer the river, although it was the lava rock which we had objected to. Chanler's Falls take their name from the American sportsman and traveller who first visited the region in 1892-1893, and was the first white man to explore the course of the Guaso Nyiro and determine the mystery of its outlet in the Lorian Swamp. The falls must present a very fine spectacle when the river is full. There are two channels. The southern one, which I was able to photograph, must at times be 150 yards across. I could not manage a photograph of the northern fall until I got across the river. The elevation here is 2300 feet and the temperature at 6 A.M. was 72° F.

I shot a crocodile from the top of the cliff and probably killed him outright, for he turned on his back and went floating away down stream. We pitched our tent upon the higher ground over the falls. There is a deep, still pool below the rapids which abounds in crocodiles and probably contains some hippos. We could hear them blowing at night, but didn't see them.

Monday, Dec. 1st. We moved about a dozen miles down stream to where the cliffs open out. Most of the way was through thick bush by the river. There was plenty of game

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about, including impala, oryx, water-buck and dik-dik ; but I didn't shoot anything, though a rhino tempted me very hard. Indeed, his attentions became so pressing that I thought I should have to do so in self-preservation. He thought better of it, however, and trotted off just as I had come to the conclusion that I had had enough of his nonsense. In the afternoon I went out from the camp and tramped a long way through the soft red dust, till I got to the black lava rock again. In the midst of this rocky country I came across a Granti lying down, and stalked him till I came up behind a little bush, where I sat for a while hoping that he would get up. He did not move, however, and as he would not rise to my whistle I had eventually to shoot him lying down. By this time the sun was going down fast ; and as I was a good way from home, I turned back, none too soon, for it was dusk when I got back to the camp.

Wednesday, Dec. 3rd. We moved the camp across the river to-day to the northern bank. The water at the ford was about two feet high. The ground on the northern bank is hard and dry, very different from the soft sand or mud of the southern side. I saw some gerenuk here, and after a long and difficult stalk I managed to get one with a very good head, and returned to the camp at noon, very hot and thirsty. The camp here was at an altitude of only 1800 feet, and consequently the temperature was fairly high at noon. In the morning, at 6 A.M., I found it to be 74° F.

The next day I went out after dik-dik, of which there were many in the vicinity. These are the grass antelopes, no bigger than a hare ; they lie out in the grass, and when disturbed are off in a series of bounds that makes them amazingly difficult to shoot. I tried for them with the No. 6 shot I was using—No. 4 was the largest I had in camp. After several attempts I managed to bag six, and got a couple more in the afternoon. It must be understood that these were killed for the larder, and that an ordinary rifle bullet would have spoiled them for eating. A light rifle with solid bullet might do the trick well enough. The flesh is white and of a delicious flavour.

These were of two varieties : the one larger, with a notice-

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ably long nose just like a tiny trunk extending over the lower lip ; and the other smaller and much lighter in colour. The big-nosed one is Guenther's dik-dik, or, as the Somali call it, *Salaro*. It is the biggest of the species, none of which, however, are of any great size ; for they are the smallest of the African antelopes and often weigh only from five to seven pounds, although they stand much higher than this weight would suggest. Kirk's dik-dik has a less pointed nose and is redder in the flanks than the former. There are, however, two other varieties, Hinde's and Cavendish's. None of the dik-diks have any knee-pads, a thick growth of hair doing duty instead. They get their name from the quaint, whistling noise they make when alarmed. Their Swahili name is *paa*, but they use this word for practically all the little buck.

Thursday, Dec. 4th. This was a red-letter day in our trip, for we started on our return journey to Nairobi and home. I shot two dik-dik for supper, and we camped on the high ground above Chanler's Falls. In the afternoon I took my rifle and went out on the north-east slopes of Namanga Hill. Here I espied a gerenuk, or rather his horns, his body being carefully and completely hidden by the bush. I had to aim at an imaginary spot and fire at a venture ; but the shot came off, although it was fired through the bush at a distance of fifty yards, and there were, of course, any number of twigs capable of deflecting the bullet. A little later I got two dik-dik, or rather what was left of them, for the bullet, though a small one, had cut their little bodies to pieces, which confirmed my first opinion that with dik-dik there is nothing for it but a shot-gun.

We managed to run across three rhinos to-day and had quite an exciting time. One of them emerged from nowhere and came charging down full pelt on our line. Of course he had winded us, which is no great wonder, seeing that the safari consisted of about 240 men. For the same reason, blind or not, he could hardly miss the line. The porters who saw him come thundering down with his tail up in the air and his wicked little eyes gleaming, immediately threw down their boxes and bolted. Those who didn't see him saw what the

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others were doing, and, thinking their last hour had come, followed their example. There was a very pretty scene of confusion, and all the trees in the vicinity, thorny or otherwise, became popular, not to say populous. Meanwhile I moved round to the other side of the hill, and sent a bullet after that rhino just to hurry him up, so that we might get back to business again.

The other two, as might have been expected, were the cow and her calf. It is always a case of Papa, Mama and Baby when there are three rhinos together. Mama seemed a bit crusty but made no attempt to charge, so I left her alone and she eventually moved slowly off. Then the safari, having collected itself, collected its belongings, formed up, and we were off once more.

The next day we moved on to a point near Namanga Hill. I shot some more dik-dik ; it was getting a bit monotonous as regards both sport and diet, but there was little else to be seen.

Next morning we started out early, and after a short stalk I managed to bag a very nice gerenuk. Then, on our way over a rocky hill, we spied a rhino across a narrow valley. We had shot our two, but the licence doesn't prevent one from snap-shotting as many as one pleases. So Duirs went after him to try and get a photograph, while I remained on the crest of the hill, watching through my glasses and signalling the direction in which he was to go. Buried as he was in the thick bush, it was, of course, quite impossible for him to see the animal. I did my best and so did he ; but the beast unfortunately turned off into some thick bush which it was impossible for anything without a rhino's hide to penetrate, and so Duirs had to give up without getting his photograph. The road over Namanga Hill was very difficult going, rocky and stony in the extreme. We camped finally on the river about three miles beyond the hill.

Sunday, Dec. 7th. We started at 5.50 for a long march into Archer's Post. There were two rhino just on the other side of the river, and I took photos of them. We got in to Archer's Post at 1.30. There I found Nicolas, very much upset over the disappearance of one of his men, who had

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charge of the store at Meru. We knew something of this ; for a party of police mounted on camels had been exploring the country round the river in the hope of getting some news of him, and had stayed with us in one of our camps. From what they could gather a party of Borans from Abyssinia had come to the store demanding provisions. As they had no money to pay for them, he of course refused, saying he must first have a letter from the headman. This they promised to get but did not, and later in the evening gathered round the store in considerable numbers, threatening to help themselves. They were warned that if they attempted to use force the agent would certainly not hesitate to use his rifle. They paid no attention whatever, but began tearing away the branches surrounding the camp. First writing a letter explaining the circumstances, the agent started to shoot, with what effect is not known, though many traces of blood were subsequently found. He kept them off until darkness fell, and then escaped through a small hole in the fence at the back of the camp. So far so good. But the Borans, noticing that the firing had ceased, rushed the camp, only to find that he was no longer there. But he had left his two dogs tethered in his camp, and the Borans liberated these and set them on their master's trail. They followed it up delightedly, and so betrayed him to the enemy, who came swiftly after. His body was found hacked almost to pieces some eight miles up the river.

Monday, Dec. 8th. We spent the whole of this day getting our heads and skins put into proper order, and in making arrangements for the return journey. In Nairobi there are many people who will see to the preserving and packing of the trophies for the home journey, but unless one is careful they may be ruined before they get to Nairobi. The chief danger, provided they have been properly dried, is that of attacks from beetles, and against this some kind of dip is essential. An arsenical dip is usually employed.

Tuesday, Dec. 9th. We left Archer's Post at seven in the morning, after saying good-bye to our friends there. I did not want to go too far, however, as I had set my mind on getting a photograph of a lion charging. And as I could only

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make certain of getting in touch with one at night-time, I had brought along a flashlight apparatus. As the Ngara Mara seemed a likely spot for lion, we determined to make our experiment there, so pitched camp at an elevation of 3200 feet. It was already getting cooler, the temperature being only 62° F. at 6 A.M. I shot two zebra for bait and left them to get nice and flavoured by the next night; and this, judging by the smell, they did. We had, of course, to see that they were protected from the jackals and hyænas during the night, and against the carrion birds by day.

Wednesday, Dec. 10th. We made a thorn boma for our sitting up. In spite of the thorns we had surrounded it with, we found that one of our zebra had been almost entirely eaten up by hyænas. But the other was intact, and its odour was sufficiently powerful to attract any lion within a mile or so. Duirs and I went to the boma at 4 P.M. and started to set up the flashlight camera, which took us until it was dark. Then we sent the porters back to camp, keeping only our three gun-bearers. Our dinner, which had been cooking while we were setting up the camera, was still in the pots, and we took these into the boma with us. It was a cheerful meal. We had to use our hands to feel what we were eating, for knives and forks were quite out of the question, squatted as we were on the ground in pitch dark. We finished our hand-to-mouth dinner without incident. A couple of hyænas came near and gave us a cheering howl or so, a herd of zebra was feeding quite close and kept neighing for some considerable time, and in the distance we could hear lion growling. There was nothing for it but to wait. It was a good sign that the hyænas kept off, and we hoped for the best. We waited until eleven o'clock, and then I saw a big lion zig-zagging up to the bait in the usual casual way. The moon was nearly full and I could see him quite clearly. A few paces forward and then sit down. Then a few more stealthy paces and crouch again. At last he suddenly made up his mind, sprang on to the zebra, and gave it a heavy blow with his paw. The moment he sprang I pulled the string of the camera. We were all blinded with the flash, and the lion roared and bolted.

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Shortly after midnight, however, he came back, approaching as cautiously as before, and I got a good shot at him with my .465. He went off with a roar ; but in a few seconds I could hear coughing groans from some 60 or 70 yards away, so I concluded that he was all right for the morning. This moonlight shooting is very tricky. I have found that one has a tendency to "overlook" an animal ; so that it is best to take him fairly low, particularly as it is not easy to get a line on him because of the difficulty in seeing the foresight.

After a little a jackal came up, and when he saw the lion he started and barked just as a dog might do, and kept it up for quite a considerable time. Other lions came around, quite close to the boma. We could hear them snuffing and grunting, but they did not come to eat. Either they were not hungry or the smell of the powder or some other unusual feature kept them off. Some may imagine that sitting up in a boma is not a particularly romantic or risky way of dealing with lions. Apart from the fact that it is the surest way of getting into touch with lions, there is quite danger and uncertainty enough about it to give it a zest. Further, there is the long, silent watch ; the strain of listening for their stealthy tread ; the distant growling through the hushed stillness of the night ; the savage snarling and roaring as they worry their prey only a few yards away. Especially when it is dark, and you hear all this close by you, and can only see a dark mass when the beast gets up against the skyline, and when for all you know some extra suspicious brute may at any moment take it into his head to charge through your peephole, you will get quite as much excitement as is good for you during a night's vigil in a boma.

In the morning we found the lion dead ; and a magnificent specimen he was, 9 feet 2 inches over all, with a very fine long black mane. While skinning the carcass we found several B.B. shot in him, and although he was a large lion he was very thin. The wounds did not look very old, and the rump of his tail had also been damaged, apparently by a bullet. As no other white hunter had been shooting in this neighbourhood for some three years, we took this to be the beast that had badly mauled a partner of Mr Nicolas about five weeks



One Night's Kill.



Lionesses and Boma.

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before. It appears that he went out after lion in the daytime, accompanied by a Somali gun-bearer. He saw the beast, and fired, but did not succeed in hitting him in a vital spot. The lion turned on him, threw him down, and bit him badly. The Somali pluckily rushed in, and fired his gun, which was loaded with B.B. shot, into the beast at close quarters, whereupon the lion turned tail and went off.

After skinning the animal we returned to the camp, and on the way back we saw a small dead zebra pulled up into the fork of a tree. We concluded that this was the work of a leopard, which often drags its kill up into a tree in this way, and determined to set a trap for him under the tree, which we did.

Friday, Dec. 12th. We were ready to march quite early, but had to wait for Hutton, who had gone out to visit the trap. He got back about 6.30 A.M. with a very prettily marked leopard ; it was, however, rather on the small side, being only 7 feet long.

There are plenty of leopards in this country, but one seldom has a chance to shoot one. The beast is amazingly cunning ; he will not, as a rule, come to a kill as a lion does ; and leopards are so skilful in making use of cover that they are rarely seen. You may pass within a few yards of one concealed in grass or beneath a tree, where he lies extended along a bough, and be totally unaware of his presence. Even supposing you do see one, any shot you may get is likely to be the sharpest of snaps with very little likelihood of dropping the beast. And as to the following of a wounded leopard into the cover which it invariably seeks, well, I am prepared to leave that to other sportsmen, with more courage than discretion. For the beast, in addition to its wariness and cunning, and its extraordinary capacity for concealment, is courageous in the extreme when driven to bay, and will fight furiously against any odds. He is a wonderful climber, and can on occasion manage to get heavy weights up into a tree, as in the case of the young zebra we found in the fork, at a height of ten feet from the ground. Although one does not often see him, his spoor is fairly abundant ; and you may now and again come across his kill, which is recognisable

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from the fact that after dealing with the abdominal viscera, he starts on the end of the breast-bone and the soft ends of the ribs, while a lion, after eating the viscera, almost invariably starts upon the hind quarters.

We got under way at seven o'clock, and camped on the Isiola (Campi Sanduku, altitude 3700 feet, temperature 58° F. at 6 A.M.). Nicolas sent a boy on after us with three telegrams which had been forwarded by post from Nyeri. This morning I took a lot of photographs of game but did no shooting. We propose to press on as fast as we can, as we are all anxious to get back to civilisation again, and hope to reach Nyeri this day week.

Saturday, Dec. 13th. We marched at 6.30 A.M. to Swamp Camp (Campi Tinga Tinga, altitude 5700 feet, temperature at 6 A.M. 56° F.). The porters did not get in till 2 P.M. and were rather fagged. Fifteen miles is a long day's march over country like this, particularly as it involved a rise of 2000 feet. We feel the change in climate, too, the air being much fresher and keener. One advantage is that one has no tendency to perspire. I took some photos of giraffe coming up, and shot a Brighti and some of the local guinea-fowl. These were very good eating and are fairly numerous. They make a tremendous noise at night with their "clank, clank," when they are settling down just before going to roost, with much noisy jostling and a great flapping of wings. There are several kinds: one, the vulturine guinea-fowl, is really a fine bird with a long tail like a hen pheasant, thick neck hackles and bright blue feathers on the breast and shoulders. The head and neck are bare and of a kind of lead colour, giving a distinct resemblance to the vulture.

Among other game birds which we shot were francolins, of which there are numerous varieties, all of the partridge and grouse type, wood pigeons and quails. There are plenty of sand grouse in the bush country, but they are very small and hardly worth shooting. The bush bustard, too, is very good.

From this point we had a fine view of Mount Kenia standing up bright and clear with plenty of snow right above us. The next day, Sunday the 14th, we started for Makindi, but

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determined to go up the mountain, this track being two miles nearer Nairobi. We camped near the top of the ridge in a glade of the cedar forest (7200 feet ; temperature 54° F.) and found it very cold after the heat of the plains.

I went out after a Jacksoni, but I got only a cow, from which I derived very little satisfaction. Even for eating purposes the hartebeest is the least attractive of all the antelopes, being tough and coarse. A cut from the saddle is edible, and that is all I should care to say in its favour. Of all the food that falls to one's gun I fancy that the dik-dik has the most delicate flavour. The oryx is capital eating and so is the impala. Indeed, all the gazelles are well flavoured. The eland is as good as beef, and very good beef at that ; the meat is a trifle on the fat side, but even that is a fault in the right direction. The water-buck is coarse, stringy and rank. The boys, however, do not object to the flesh. They are also very fond of zebra, I fancy mainly because of the fat, of which there is always a layer underneath the skin. The meat of Grévy's zebra tastes rather like veal.

Monday, Dec. 15th. We started off at 6.30 A.M. and crossed the crown of the ridge. I took a reading of the aneroid at the highest point, 7700 feet. It was distinctly cold, and there was a sharp frost. I went out again after Jacksoni, and after some time spied a good buck. Unfortunately he spied me too. He was apparently the watchman of the herd, for the hartebeest is the most alert of all the wild things. When the herd is grazing, sentries are always set on some point, sometimes an anthill, from which they can command the country round ; and the sentry is usually an old buck with eyes like a hawk. Anyhow, off he went. The gait is ridiculously awkward, but he manages to cover the ground at a rare rate, much faster than his ungainly appearance would suggest as possible. However, I chased him for a great while, and finally dropped him with a long shot. We camped on the Leeswara, three miles nearer Nairobi than our old camp. (Campi Beridi, altitude 6700 feet, temperature at 6 A.M. 54° F.)

Tuesday, Dec. 16th. We started out at six o'clock, it being

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still very cold, and made for our old camp on the Rongai river, where we had put up on the way out. Here we met Mr David Forbes, who has a farm in the neighbourhood. We also saw another safari going out; "Baron Francette" was marked on the boxes. It was going in great style, headed by a porter carrying a flag, red, white and green—Italian, I fancy, but I could not get a clear view of it. I have no doubt that it would make a vast impression on the Samburu and the Borans if the safari got so far. Duirs went up to call on Mr Price, who also has a farm in this locality, but unfortunately found that he was away from home.

Wednesday, Dec. 17th. There was a slight shower during the night, and I woke at 5 A.M. feeling very damp and cold. The thermometer registered 48° F. We got off at 6.30 and marched to the north of Songari hill, where we made our last camp, hoping to be in Nyeri early the following day. We struck camp at 6.30 the next morning, but I would not wait for the safari, and riding on ahead got to Nyeri at 11 A.M. I went at once to the post office to wire to Nairobi for a motor to be sent up for me, but did not get a reply to my wire until the next day, and then it was to say that no cars would be available until Saturday night. So I had all the boxes repacked, and started the safari off to Nairobi at noon. Then there was nothing to do but to sit down and wait for the car, which I accordingly did. Three came up on Saturday, but none of them was for me. However, I made arrangements to return in one of them should mine not arrive.

Sunday, Dec. 21st. Started off at 6.30 A.M. in a Ford car. Mr Trigg, the driver, had filled all the car which we did not occupy with lion-skins, and after lunching at the Blue Posts we reached Nairobi at 3 P.M., after a most tiring drive. We had one great fright on the road, as the big lion-skin, which had been done up in salt and sewed into a bag about two feet square, was jolted out on to the road without our noticing it. When we found that it had gone we turned back, and after a run of four and a half miles fortunately discovered an excited gang of natives at the roadside busily engaged in unfastening the stitches to see what prize they had got. They said, of course, that they were going to take it to the police station.

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I gave them a trifle and they were quite satisfied, and we proceeded.

Duirs arranged to meet the safari on Christmas morning and give all the porters five rupees apiece.

We spent our Christmas at the Norfolk Hotel at Nairobi. I was glad to get back to civilisation again after three months in the wild ; but I made up my mind to start on safari again, after a week or two's rest, going down between Voi and Tsavo after the lesser kudu and the *Oryx Callotis*.

iii. VOI AND TSAVO

My trip to that portion of the famous Serengetti plains which lies to the south of the railway between Voi and Tsavo and the German boundary was a short one, sandwiched in between the two longer expeditions to the Guaso Nyiro and the Laikipia plains. This region, particularly the slopes to the south-east of Kilima Njaro, is the home of the famous fringe-eared oryx (*Oryx Callotis*), and I particularly wanted to add this trophy to my collection. As a matter of fact I ought not to have gone, as I was still feeling the after effects of the attack of dysentery which terminated the safari to the Guaso Nyiro. But there was yet a fortnight before the start for the Laikipia plains, and the temptation proved too strong. So on Tuesday, January 20th, Duirs, who was to be my companion on this trip also, made a start by catching, by the merest of flukes, the down mixed train to Tsavo. He left Nairobi at 11.30 A.M. and reached Tsavo just twelve hours later. The safari was in waiting, and as soon as day broke he moved camp a mile or so farther down the river, and settled down to await my coming on the next day. I also took the down "mixed," got to Tsavo and went on to the camp. We began our trip by sitting in front of the tent eating fruit until 2 A.M.

On the 22nd we moved down to the junction of the Tsavo and Athi rivers. The bush was very thick here, and there appeared to be plenty of spoor, especially of the lesser kudu, so that we were justified in anticipating good sport. But our anticipation was certainly not borne out by results. This

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day we made no attempt to shoot anything, but contented ourselves with looking round. The next day we arranged with the stationmaster to send the safari to Maungu while we went after kudu or any other game that might be handy, fresh meat being very scarce in the camp. We came across fresh elephant, rhino and buffalo spoor, and followed some of the more promising tracks several miles down the river, without, however, seeing horn or hoof. We concluded that the beasts had been making for Malindi, a favourite refuge for the big game of this district, and one that is for some reason or other rarely troubled by the hunter. A little later, however, we happened quite accidentally across a herd of buffaloes. The bush was so dense that we could scarcely see them even when quite close. But the wind was hopeless, and it was useless even attempting a shot at them. I got back to the camp very tired and done up. After riding many miles and then walking for a very long distance in a cramped position as we had done, the muscles of one's legs become cramped and feel as if they were tied into knots.

The following day, Saturday, we had another long search after kudu, but with no better luck than before. The ground here was very rough, and we came across one weird place where the river had forced its way through the granite rocks, forming a wild gorge. There had evidently been a big waterfall here before the river had cut its way through. The next day we went to the station with the intention of following our safari to Maungu. The train came in absolutely packed, with apparently not a vacant place in it. Yet somehow we managed to stow ourselves and our belongings on board, and after a most uncomfortable journey reached Maungu at half-past two in the morning. After a brief night's rest I went out at dawn and missed a fine buck. I was greatly annoyed. He gave me a capital chance, a clear shot through some bushes. I can only imagine that the shot must have struck a twig and so have been deflected. To add to my exasperation, I got no further chance that day. On the next day, Tuesday 27th, I again had a very long tramp without result. Evidently the reports of those sportsmen who represent the Serengetti plains as swarming with game are a trifle on the

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exaggerated side. However, to make amends, I shot a very good kudu buck when on my way back to the camp at night. Wednesday was a repetition of Tuesday. I went a long way north of the railway line and saw only one kudu buck during the whole day, and he did not condescend to give me a shot.

Thursday brought no better luck. I was out at dawn. A solitary kudu bull was feeding close by behind my tent. After looking him over I concluded that he was rather on the small side, and so did not shoot, and as there was nothing else in sight, came back to the camp and determined to move farther up the hill to a spot about four miles off. The heat here was terrific. At noon to-day it was 122° in the shade and 149° F. in the sun. I seemed to feel it, too, more than ordinary ; at any rate I didn't feel inclined to attempt much shooting for the next two days. On the Friday, indeed, I went out and, seeing a kudu, followed him up ; but when I got near enough to see him properly I found he was too young and so did not fire. I wasn't feeling particularly fit, and the next day decided to move a little nearer the station. This we did, and I rested in camp for the day.

Sunday, Feb. 1st. I felt rather better and went out as usual. We saw no kudu, but at about 1.30 ran straight into a herd of buffalo. The bush was much too thick to make them out at all distinctly, but I could just dimly define the outlines of three. One, I could see, was a cow. The second, before I could make quite certain about him, walked off into the bush and disappeared from sight, and the third I shot. He turned out to be rather a nice bull, although he was a bit on the small side. I shot him with the .465, and it is a testimony to the stopping power of this weapon that he only went about 25 yards after the bullet struck him. The cow, however, had winded us and was running round and round me in a circle, and I was rather afraid that she would give some trouble. But we all lay perfectly still in the grass, and finding that there was nothing to be seen she gave it up and trotted away through the scrub. There was an open path quite close to her which she could have taken had she chosen ; but she didn't, a fact which seems to me to prove that the

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buffalo's hide is too tough for even the thorns of the African bush. We got back to camp, tired after a long and somewhat exciting day, and settled that we would go up to Voi on Tuesday night.

On Monday nothing happened. We saw several kudu, but did not shoot any, and on Tuesday we caught the up mixed train as we had arranged, and reached Voi in time for dinner. There we met Mr Hirtzel, who very kindly offered to drive us out to his camp in his car. On Wednesday he did so. The camp was about thirty miles out along the Taveta road, near to a hill called Mactow, which is a favourite camping place, because one can usually find water among the rocks. We had some trouble at first in getting the car across the Voi river, but as we had anticipated this, and had taken the precaution to send eight boys in advance to wait for us at the ford, we managed to shove the car over. The route here is through some very interesting scenery, bush and woodland, with beautiful mountain ranges in the distance. In the afternoon Mr Hirtzel, Duirs and I went off in the car, chasing giraffe through the bush. It was quite a novel experience, though it was a marvel to me how the car held together. The plains were very rough and uneven, and old water holes were plentiful. As we were for the most part doing about twenty miles an hour, the trip was not without its discomforts. I got my first glimpse of an oryx, and fired and wounded him pretty badly ; but the car must have frightened him, for he bolted at a surprising pace and soon disappeared among the bushes. As it was getting late, and Mr Hirtzel had to get back to Voi that night, we were unable to follow him up ; and so we left him, much against my wish, as, apart from my desire to get an oryx there is nothing I detest more than leaving a badly wounded animal to its fate. So we returned to camp, and about 4.30 Hirtzel started off for Voi.

In the morning I shot a lesser kudu. Hirtzel turned up at noon, but at 3.30 set off again for Taveta, about twenty miles away, promising to return and pick us up about seven o'clock at a point on the transport road which runs from Voi through Taveta to Moschi in German East Africa. Taveta lies almost on the frontier, at the foot of the slopes of Kilima

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Njaro. Just at sundown I managed to bring down my first fringe-eared oryx. As it was getting late and we were due to meet Hirtzel, we had to leave the skin, but I sent my gun-bearer to cut off the head. We got to the road at the spot appointed a quarter of an hour late, but could see no sign of any car; so after waiting a while we concluded that something had happened, and proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as possible by building a fire and making a scratch meal off the tongue of the oryx, which was all the food we had with us. We were ravenously hungry and thoroughly enjoyed it, the only fault being that there wasn't enough. Then we dozed and watched alternately, until about 11.30 the lights of the motor hove in sight across the distant plain. Hirtzel had met the fate that I had been anticipating all the previous afternoon: he had run the car into a hole and had had great trouble in getting out again. We quickly got on board, and without further mishap arrived at his camp at one in the morning, very tired and more than ready to do justice to the belated dinner that was awaiting us.

On Friday we set off again in the car; and this time, driving carefully, we got right into the middle of a herd of giraffe. A little later we encountered a herd of eland, and went straight through them. It was astonishing to see what little notice they took of us. We were within twenty yards of the nearest and yet they did not seem in the least frightened by the car. Hirtzel took some capital photographs of both herds. During the afternoon I shot a second oryx; and then, having got what I wanted, we motored back to Voi, reaching it about 5 P.M.; had a hot bath and dinner, both very welcome; and then took train for Nairobi, which we reached on Saturday, February 7th.

The fringe-eared oryx, which is rarely, if ever, found outside the Kilima Njaro district, differs from the *Beisa* in that its ears end in a thick tuft of black hairs. As in the *Beisa*, the black patch on the face is completely separated from the black stripes which run through each eye. The upper part of the face is of a rich fawn colour.

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IV. THE LAIKIPIA PLAINS

The story of our trip across the Laikipia plains is based upon two records, my husband's and my own, and the host of memories revived by reading them. It is not an attempt to make the most of our experiences, or to thrill the reader with stories of hairbreadth escapes or perils by flood and field, but a plain and often, I fear, uneventful record of facts as they happened and the feelings to which they gave rise at the time. Neither of us had any idea, when writing up the rough diaries of our safari, that our notes would ever see the light in this fashion. Had I thought so, mine, at any rate, might have been less casual and more exact. But my sole desire at the time was to preserve some kind of record of a journey which, however commonplace it might have been for some people, was for me an experience as extraordinary as delightful.

We had originally planned a safari to the Serengetti plains as my introduction to the life of the wilds. Sir Henry and Lady Belfield had kindly consented that their daughter Monica should accompany us. I could not have had a more delightful companion. Needless to say, we were both greatly excited. Unfortunately, after all our arrangements were made, the Governor was informed that practically everyone who had recently been to the district had suffered from a particularly nasty form of fever, and refused to allow his daughter to go if we still determined to carry out our original plan.

Meanwhile my husband had returned from his three months on the Guaso Nyiro with a bad attack of dysentery, and was very ill indeed for some days; so ill, in fact, that our boys deserted us, for what reason I could not at the time imagine. I have since learned that they have a superstitious dread of being with a white man at his death, and promptly leave anyone whom they consider likely to die. Fortunately I was able to do all that was necessary, and through the skill of Dr Gilks of Nairobi he pulled round and recovered so speedily that he was able to start at the end of January for Voi with Mr Duirs on a fortnight's safari after the fringe-

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eared oryx. On February the 7th he returned to Nairobi, and determined, rather than abandon our trip, to transfer the scene of our operations to the Laikipia plains. Everything was ready for a start on the 11th.

Wednesday, Feb. 11th, 1914. This is a red-letter day, since on this date I started on my first safari. The party consisted of Monie Belfield, Duirs, my husband and myself. We had a very busy day packing up at the Norfolk, and finally Mr Dudgeon brought round his car and drove Robert and myself to the station, where we found Monie waiting. We had a special train to Gil-Gil, three compartments of which were filled with the porters and askaris, cooks and tent boys of the safari. The mules were in a horse-box, and Robert and Duirs went into one compartment and Monie and I into another. Yussif prepared our beds with their khaki pillows and four Jaeger blankets apiece, in readiness for the cold of the great climb up the escarpment. At Kikuyu we dined in our compartment and then retired.

We reached Gil-Gil very early in the morning, before dawn, but Robert arranged with the stationmaster to run our carriage into a siding, so that we slept on undisturbed until 6.30, when Yussif brought our usual morning cup of tea. At eight we dressed and went out. Duirs was busy serving out posho to the men. They have three days' allowance at a time, and they carry it in a little sack which they stuff down the backs of their jerseys, giving them a comically hunch-backed appearance.

They had put up a tent for us, our breakfast-table being laid under the fly. Monie and I went off to watch it being cooked on a quaint little fireplace made of big stones. We had porridge made from mealies, just like the men's posho, but, I expect, rather more carefully prepared, then bacon and chops with fried onion and tea.

We were to wait here for the wagons to carry our spare boxes, as we were taking only 60 men as porters. Finally, as they did not turn up, we made up our minds to start, leaving all the boxes which the men could not carry to be picked up when the wagons should arrive. These wagons, by the way, are very heavy and solidly built. Nothing else

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could stand the terrific daily jolting over the pathless plains. Each was drawn by sixteen pair of oxen. These were powerful beasts, yet they found great difficulty in moving the wagons over some of the rough and stony ground we met.

It was very interesting to watch the boys loading up. They were a fine lot and evidently well trained, for they did it most methodically. I was specially taken with the way in which they twisted their red safari blankets into a kind of rope, which was then coiled upon the head turban-wise to form a pad for the load. Two men were necessary for this business, each taking one end and twisting the blanket very tightly. It seemed incredible that it should go into so small a compass as to look like an ordinary turban, but it did. As each in turn completed his pad, his fellow helped him up with his load, and finally the safari fell into line and started on the march.

After all had filed off, Monie and I chose our mules and rode off, soon overtaking our porters. The way at first was easy, as there was a well-beaten track. Soon, however, this became narrower and fainter and the way grew rougher, until at last we reached a small river running between banks of solid rock. Here the mules struck and, refusing to move, stood all in a bunch on the bank. Finally Duirs forced his across, and the others followed like lambs.

The view here was very beautiful, with Lake Naivasha in the distance, the nearer plains beautifully green, and beyond the next ridge the dim blue line of the Aberdare Range. As there was good water, a most important consideration in camping, we decided to pitch here for our first night under canvas. It was three o'clock now, and before long the porters arrived, singing, shouting and happy, and looking not at all fatigued by their burdens of 60 lb. apiece—the official load—together with, in most cases, a considerable quantity of personal effects. I saw for the first time the process of pitching camp. It is delightful to watch: each man has his appointed task—fetching wood or water, building fireplaces, pitching tents and what not, and all is done with excellent precision and amazing expedition. In half-an-hour the fires were burning cheerfully and we sat down to tea on chairs at

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a table placed under the fly of the tent. Then we reclined in long chairs until Duirs brought out a small rifle, and Monie and I in turn shot at a paper target, practising for the great days that we hoped were to come.

In the distance we could see ostriches, kongoni and warthog, and we sat and watched them. By this time all the tents were up and everything was laid out ; great fires were burning cheerfully, and there was plenty of hot water. We had hot baths, and after a rest dined in our top-coats, for it was bitterly cold, in the open, under the flap of Duirs' tent. We had capital soup, mutton, curry, asparagus and coffee ; and then, after thoroughly warming ourselves at the great camp fire, retired to rest. By nine o'clock I was ready for bed, having thoroughly enjoyed my first day's safari. I peeped out once more to see an exquisite full moon suffusing the landscape with golden light, and casting beautiful velvety shadows wherever there was a rock or a bush. The boys were standing round the fires and piling up logs on them in readiness for the night, and one could see the flicker of the fire-light glowing on their shining skins, while the distant hills looked mysteriously lovely against the glorious moonlit sky.

Friday, Feb. 13th. At six o'clock I awoke feeling very cold. The camp was already astir, so I called to Yussif to bring me tea and a hot-water bottle. Then, warmed and refreshed, I got up and dressed in riding kit—field boots and knickers, coat and a khaki topce. At seven we had breakfast at a little table set in the open—porridge with tinned milk, bacon and coffee. Meanwhile the camp was being packed up. The boys worked very swiftly and smoothly ; and the tents came down, the beds and furniture were folded up and all the various items disappeared each into its appropriate place as if by magic. Then at 7.30 we trekked, our aim being to reach the head waters of the Morandet in the day's march.

The plain, which looks level at a distance, turned out on close acquaintance to be waved into great undulations like the swell of some vast sea, so that we were continually climbing up some gentle slope or descending into a corresponding shallow depression. The grass is thin on the ridges but denser and higher in the hollows. Here and there are brushwood

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thickets, and every now and again we crossed some stony ravine, evidently a water-course in the rainy season.

There is game everywhere, chiefly zebra and kongoni. With the naked eye, we could pick them out as tiny dots against the landscape; with the glass we could see great herds, "thousands feeding as one"; and then our imagination, stirred by the sight, could picture the great plains rolling on for hundreds of miles, and wonder at the quantity of game still to be found in this sportsman's paradise.

At 10 o'clock Duirs shot a kongoni. This was our first kill, and we went down to inspect it and saw the natives start to cut it up—a rather gruesome operation until use has made it a commonplace of the day's work. The sun was now horribly hot, a great contrast from the cold of the morning. One of the bearers caught sight of a leopard stealthily creeping among the long grass and bushes at some distance off. We at once dismounted, and Monica and I lay down, while Robert and Duirs began to stalk the beast. We were nearly roasted by the heat. The ground was hot and the sun beat down like a furnace. We could feel ourselves shrivelling up, and were heartily glad when in half-an-hour or so we heard three shots, the signal to mount once more and ride on. They had hit the leopard, but unfortunately it managed to get away; not an uncommon experience with the most elusive beast of the African wilds.

We were glad when, after a little while, we got out of the hot plain into a delightful little hollow with clumps of trees and bushes. Here we came on a couple of warthogs. They stood about fifty yards away, gazing on us, when Duirs fired and wounded one, followed it up and killed it. This is without a doubt the ugliest beast in East Africa, and I should imagine in the whole world. His name and his repulsive appearance are derived from two pairs of warty protuberances on the face between the eyes and the tusks. Warthogs are usually found in pairs, feeding by day and lying up in holes at night. They go into these holes backwards, so as to be ready for defence if necessary. It is rather amusing to see the warthogs rooting in the ground, each on his knees, with his hind legs sticking out straight behind.

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When disturbed they make off in a quaint lumbering gallop, with their tails sticking up straight in the air. The gun-bearers quickly cut off the head, and left the remains for the vultures and jackals that had already collected and were waiting in a noisy, squabbling circle until we should depart.

By this time we were rather tired, and finding shelter, dismounted. The syces took our mules, and we lay under a big shady tree, and in a few minutes were sound asleep. Meanwhile the safari was coming up, and when I was awakened I found the tents up and a lunch-tea ready, with bread and butter, sardines, cheese and fruit and tea. Nowhere have I ever appreciated the refreshing qualities of tea more than in the African wilds. Then Monie and I rested in our tents while the men went out to look for meat. Duirs returned with two Thomson's gazelle of a new variety, each having an extra cream-coloured line above the black band which the "Tommy" bears on its sides. Robert had shot a zebra, much to the delight of the men, who are very fond of its flesh, which is almost invariably fat. They like fat, and there is little on most of the game meat shot here. In the evening huge fires were lit, partly for protection and partly for warmth. It was not quite so cold here, although we were still over 8000 feet above the sea; nevertheless we were glad to dine in our overcoats, and after chatting a while round the fire retired for the night.

Saturday, Feb. 14th. We made no march to-day, but stayed in camp (Campi Nyana). The men went out early, but Monie and I rested in the shade in our long chairs, lazily watching the boys, the game, the birds and butterflies, and enjoying our rest. Robert returned about 10.30 with a serval cat. He had stalked two leopards, but failed to get within shooting distance. Duirs had gone back on our tracks to try to get news of the belated wagons. He fortunately succeeded in locating them, and got back about six o'clock, also with a serval cat. This is quite a big animal, a good specimen measuring as much as 4 feet 9 inches in length, of which about 16 inches is represented by the tail; but it is not particularly handsome, being leggy in build and poor in colour.

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Meanwhile Robert had gone out with the idea of replenishing our larder and came back with two steinbuck and a zebra. He had also shot a jackal which was annoyingly attentive. It was very cold in the evening, and after dinner we sat close round the fire. We had kongoni's marrow as a special dish, and I found it excellent.

Sunday, Feb. 15th. It was colder than ever at 6 A.M. and I was very thankful when Yussif came in with my tea and a hot-water bottle. We did not breakfast until 9.30, when we had "Tommy's" brains made into cakes. After the men had gone off, Monie and I strolled round the camp, and became greatly excited over some moving objects we could see in the far distance, which we thought might possibly be lions. To our huge disappointment, they turned out on a nearer view to be a couple of Somalis out on trek. But our walk was immensely interesting. There was plenty of animal life, including kongoni, zebra, and ostriches; and we amused ourselves by watching them and then lay down basking in the sun before returning to camp to lunch. Duirs came back shortly after, having shot three Chanler's reed-buck; and then Robert returned very tired, with a bag consisting of five klipspringers and a kongoni for the boys. Duirs also killed a snake, one of the very few we came across in our wanderings. After dinner we sat round the fire a while, but in spite of the great blaze we were shivering with cold and were glad to retire to the warmth of the blankets. A camp fire is more picturesque than effective, one's face being roasted while the cold still holds one's back in a grip of ice.

Monday, Feb. 16th. We were to move to-day to Lake El Bolossat, so were awake early. Fortunately I did not feel the cold so much as on the preceding days, and suppose that I was becoming acclimatised. While we were waiting for breakfast some vultures arrived, attracted perhaps by the scent of the food, and settled in a tree about fifty yards away. Duirs gave me his small rifle. I picked out a bird sitting alone on a tree-top and fired. He dropped dead, shot through the head. Of course I was immensely proud and began to dream of shooting something bigger and more



In Camp



Passing through a Gorge.

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imposing than a vulture. I tried a second bird but missed him altogether. Monie also tried, with similar lack of success, and then we gave it up. We had finished breakfast by seven o'clock and sat watching the ever-fascinating process of striking camp. When the safari had moved off in a long straggling line, we mounted our mules and went off across the plain. It was astonishing to see how tame, or rather how fearless, many of the wild creatures were. They would often let us come up quite close before they would scamper off to a little distance, and then stop and wait for us again. While Robert was riding down a jackal, Monie and I rode right in among a herd of zebra. We were quite close to them, but they never moved until our syce came up, when they galloped off. The syce is supposed to run alongside the mule in case he is wanted or anything goes wrong ; but they usually drop behind and trot and chat together.

In front of us all day was the grey line of the Aberdare Range. About noon a bluish vapour seemed to rise in front of us, and out of it gradually appeared beautiful lakes and islands adorned with palm groves. It was the mirage of which one had heard so much. As we drew near the delightful picture faded, leaving only the bare black plain, covered by burned off grass, the ashes of a great fire that had devastated the country for miles. No one seems to know how these fires start ; but the parched grass ignites every year, and a huge fire spreads for many miles across the plains, often burning down great stretches of jungle and forest. A few weeks later exquisitely tender green grass shoots up everywhere, Nature's provision for feeding the stock.

Between one and two o'clock we came in sight of Lake El Bolossat. Anywhere but in Africa it would be a great inland sea. It lies at the foot of the northern end of the Aberdare Range. Between the lake and the burned-out plain we found a welcome oasis, consisting of a tiny river, a lovely little forest of cedar and mimosa, and a delightful patch of green sward for our camping-ground. Here we sat down to wait for the safari, and in ten minutes our boys had a meal ready and we rested until the porters came up. Then Monie and I started to climb the hill, about 400 feet high. Monie, being

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young and active, reached the top ; I was content to go a very short distance up, while Robert and Duirs went down to the reeds and rank thistles towards the lake in the usual quest for game.

They were very successful, Robert getting two bohor reed-buck and two bush-buck, and Duirs one of each. This bohor reed-buck is a bigger animal than Chanler's reed-buck which we got the previous day, and is distinct in colour, being of a reddish brown, whereas the other is rather a greyish fawn. The horns are bigger, being about ten inches, as against the six or seven inches of the Chanler variety. It is usually found in pairs, in long grass or reeds near the water, and lies up during the heat of the day. It is not so alert as some of the deer, and one can usually get one shot at it ; but when it has taken the alarm it generally bounds away to such a distance that it is not easy to get a second. The lake was found to be swarming with hippo. We could hear them "blowing" at night. We are still at a height of 8000 feet, and the air is beautifully clear and exhilarating. We dine in our top-coats in front of Duirs' tent, and then sit as near the great fire as possible, to get thoroughly warm before retiring for the night. The mules are tethered close to us, each with its heap of cut hay before it ; the porters sit chattering and singing in front of their little white tents, each with his pot of posho and his fire. On the distant hill a grass fire is burning, winding over ridges and into hollows like a long red snake.

Tuesday, Feb. 17th. This was an exceptionally cold morning, and at breakfast we crouched nearly on top of the fire. It is really wonderful how well our Swahili cook manages with the primitive means at his disposal. We left here some spare loaves to be picked up by the wagons, and two men to guard them. Our route lay along the foot of a hill, with the forest on the one hand and the boundless plain on the other.

After leaving Lake El Bolossat we passed many smaller lakes. The whole district here is marshy, and the going must be very difficult at some seasons of the year. The lake and the adjacent swamps are full of hippopotami. They

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float on the water with their great heads and backs above the surface basking in the sunshine, and sometimes with just their noses showing. Every minute or so one or another makes a great snorting noise, or opens its huge red cavern of a mouth in a mighty yawn.

The colouring here was glorious. Vivid reds and blues, glowing purples and browns, the black of the plains and the misty green of the forest, made a dreamland. Ginger, one of our two dogs, chased a water-buck out of the forest, and it came leaping past us, a beautiful thick-set creature, dark brown in colour with a long thick coat. We saw many small herds of kongoni and zebra, but the feature of the day was the number and variety of the birds. There were innumerable herons, storks and cranes of various kinds, and a great flock of pelicans marched solemnly away before our approach, looking most divertingly sedate. The herons were of several kinds, the purple heron and the black-headed heron being most frequently met with. I did not see anywhere the common heron, such as we have in England. One kind, the buff-backed heron, can often be seen perched on the backs of big game, feeding on the ticks and other parasites which infest them. The storks include three very remarkable varieties. The hammer-headed stork is a curious-looking bird, dull brown in colour, not very long in the leg or neck, but with a tremendous wedge-shaped beak, which, with a great crest at the back of the head, gives the appearance to which the bird owes its name. One can often see this great untidy bird in the trees by the water-side. The saddle-billed stork is the biggest of his kind; he has long legs and neck, but his distinguishing feature is the saddle-shaped bill—heavy, sharp, tilted upward at the point, and evidently murderously effective. This bill is red in colour and has a broad black band round the middle. The third variety is the beautiful marabout. This lovely bird is one of the scavengers of Africa, competing with the vultures in the search for carrion. It also rivals the vulture in its flight, its great wings enabling it to poise for hours in the air without apparent effort. The marabout will more than hold its own with any vulture. It is interesting to watch the vultures

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tearing a carcass when a marabout appears on the scene. Big birds as they are, they are by no means anxious to approach that terribly sharp beak, and the ungainly flappings to get out of its way are very amusing. There are hosts of smaller birds too, waders and swimmers in the lake and in the swamps, and great numbers of little birds, often beautifully coloured, in the trees and bush.

The ride to-day was very unpleasant, taking us over miles and miles of freshly burned grass. The dust rose in clouds at each step, making eyes and nose smart and tingle, and covering us from head to foot. Then, to crown all, we saw the line of fire right in our path. It meant a long ride to go round it, so Duirs gave us a lead and galloped his mule straight at it, and ours followed. Fortunately the flames were not high, but the smoke clouds were very unpleasant, and we were heartily glad to get into the cool, clear air beyond. Between one and two o'clock we dismounted for our midday meal and lay in the shade of the bushes until the bearers arrived. By the time they reached us, however, the whole plain around us was on fire and we were in the centre of a narrowing circle of flame—a most disquieting situation. Duirs made little of it, but set the boys to beat it out with branches of trees, and so prevented it from reaching us. Then, on the farther side of the quenched patch, they lit another fire to spread outwards to meet the incoming one, so that we soon had a broad burnt ring around the camp. It was my first experience of seeing fire fight fire, and apart from the discomfort of the smoky atmosphere I found it most interesting. One remarkable feature of these grass fires is the host of small birds which hover around. These are the insect-eating tribes, such as starlings, bee-eaters, rollers and many others, who come to prey on the insects which are driven by the flames from their homes among the roots of the grass. These tiny raiders dart hither and thither in pursuit of their prey, apparently heedless of the heat and smoke, and careless too of that other host of lesser birds of prey—kites, kestrels, shrikes and the like, which take a heavy toll among themselves. The smoke hung about the whole evening, and we

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had to sit, eat and talk in a murky atmosphere. The plain near the camp was still smouldering, and great walls of smoke cloud shut out the farther view. We were fortunate to have got off so lightly, for had a strong wind sprung up, we should in all probability have been burned out before we were able to protect ourselves. We did no shooting to-day. Indeed, Robert had a chill and stayed in bed.

On the march we came up with a poor donkey which had evidently strayed from some caravan. Possibly it had fallen sick and so had been left behind, or it may have been chased by a lion, and bolted in its fright. He was in very poor condition, and was apparently very pleased to attach himself to the safari. Somewhat to my surprise the mules were graciously pleased to admit him on sufferance. We called him *Jeremy Taylor*, in testimony to his astonishing eloquence.

Cookie has made a delightful kitchen under the trees, and I have just strolled round to look at it. He told me we were to have soup which I saw boiling, chops, curry and rice, and that although the boys have a long way to go for water, our usual evening baths will be forthcoming. Camp life, if it has its discomforts, has also its compensations. I am at the moment of writing sitting in a long chair in front of my tent, watching the sunset through the smoke clouds. The boys are busily passing to and fro with their loads of wood for the camp fires and of water carried in large bags. Through the stillness comes the bell-like note of a bird which has followed us all day, and is now chanting somewhere in the trees to the back of the camp. The fulness and richness of this bird's note is really wonderful. It sounds for all the world like some deep-toned cathedral bell, tolling through the dim aisles of the forest. Yet the bird is, I believe, quite small—one of the fruit crows, I am told, and a near relation to the South American arapunga, which has a similar note. But several of the African birds have these bell-like tones. There is another, popularly known as the "chime bird," which has two notes, "ding-dong," deep, mellow and full.

It was a wonderfully peaceful scene, and the fascination of it kept me spellbound for a while. But a discordant note

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was struck when, just after I had bathed and dressed, the boys started shouting excitedly, and Monie came rushing in to say that the grass fire had spread to the bush at the back of our camp and was bearing down on us. We followed the boys through the forest as rapidly as we could, but when we arrived we found that they had beaten it out, all except one great old fir-tree, which was still in flames. It was a grand sight as it stood there, a great pillar of fire blazing in the midst of the darkness. Then we returned to the camp and dined, while the wonderful semicircle of fire stretched across the plain in front of us for about ten miles. It was like gazing from the deck of a ship at an enormous bay, the shores of which were glowing with ruddy flame. Fortunately the wind changed and we got clear air to breathe, the smoke blowing the other way ; but when we retired at 9.30 the great ring of fire was still blazing.

Wednesday, Feb. 18th. This morning we were up at 6.15, to find everything hidden in mist. By seven, however, it had lifted. The fires were out, but still smouldering. After about three hours' depressing ride over the scorched and blackened grass we came to the end of the plains and reached some lovely wooded hills. There were two herds of zebra grazing quite close, and we saw also six elands.

The ground here was marshy, with many small lakes, and a little river winding in and out among the papyrus ; we forded the river, the mules taking us very carefully over, and then dismounted. Close by we could hear the sound of falling water, and a few yards on we came to the edge of a great rocky cliff from which we could gaze down into a dense wooded valley far below. Over this cliff the river, a slender stream of silver, dropped a sheer 200 feet, breaking into an exquisite mass of dazzling white spray. The whole scene—the white ribbon of spray and the lovely setting of tropical foliage—simply beggars description. It was more lovely than anything I had ever dreamed. We longed to climb to the bottom so that we might gaze upward at the wonder, but the banks were far too steep, although they were covered with trees and undergrowth and enormous lily-leaved ferns. We pitched our camp close to this delightful spot,

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and rested through the hot afternoon, soothed by the steady undertone of the falling water. In the evening I went for a stroll. A jackal came quite close, and stopped to look me over before hurrying off. Then I passed a flock of six ostriches, which raised their heads, gazed inquiringly, and then strode haughtily away. Evidently these creatures of the wild have an extraordinary contempt for the white intruder on their solitude. Duirs went out and shot two zebra for the men's supper. The wagons have not yet turned up and we have no posho left. There is considerable grumbling, the porters being, for a wonder, tired of meat. At least so they say, but I fancy it may be only a case of grumbling for grumbling's sake. However, we sent out thirteen men to try to find the wagons and hasten back with some posho.

Thursday, Feb. 19th. This was another misty morning. Monie and I did not breakfast until nine, and then went for a short walk in the forest. There were many lovely birds; one, particularly, about the size of a magpie with red wings and a crested head. I had another walk in the evening with Duirs, but saw no game; and then, while I sat and watched the falls, he went and shot two zebra and a kongoni for the porters. There is as yet no word of the wagons.

Friday, Feb. 20th. Duirs and Robert went out after buffalo. They found spoor, but it was four days old and they did not trouble to follow it up. Robert shot a leopard but lost him in the reeds by the river; then, returning, found a newly born kongoni. Monie and I tried to scramble down the cliffs so as to get below the falls, but without success; we then intended to console ourselves with a stroll through the forest, but the syces, who always follow us with our mules, objected strongly to the forest, as there were far too many traces of wild beasts, so that we had to give that up too. In the afternoon we sat and read, and Monie took some photos of the falls. In the evening we rode out on to the plains at the back, watching the fires fizzle out as they came to the edge of the marsh or stream. On our way back we saw a jackal and chased him for some distance. The men are still complaining, and those

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left behind at the old camp have come in, looking very hungry.

Saturday, Feb. 21st. This was a day of rejoicing. The thirteen porters sent out to meet the wagons returned shortly after 10 A.M. with a dozen sacks of the Indian corn meal used for making posho. Nubi, our headman, started at once to serve it out; and the camp got busy, each man with his little pot. In consequence, when Monie and I rode out with Robert to trace the leopard he had wounded the day before, we could not muster enough bearers to ensure success. However, it is something to see the boys contented once more. They are nothing but great children. At lunch we were nearly smoked out again, as the fire had spread to the long yellow grass across the river, and the wind was blowing the smoke in our direction. Nubi and the boys, who had by this time had their fill of the beloved posho, rushed to the attack with huge green branches. Monie and I followed to see the fun; but Duirs assured us that the fire could not possibly cross the river, so we returned to camp. In the evening Duirs shot a jackal; and Robert, wandering off alone with his gun, hit two leopards, but could not get either. Of all animals the leopard is most crafty in taking cover. He is rarely seen at all and still more rarely seen clearly enough for a fair shot. At dinner we had a double share of kongoni marrow bones, which are excellent eating, and then sat and watched the fires all round. Across the river an old cedar was blazing, and the whole scene was enchanting in the starlight.

Sunday, Feb. 22nd. As our boys had returned safely there was no longer any reason for remaining here, so we started off at about eight o'clock for the lower ground stretching from the foot of the falls. We came through lovely stretches of country, grass and forest, just like an English park. Here we passed a great herd of Somali cattle with their owners. Duirs shot for us a very beautiful bird, which unfortunately dropped into the undergrowth and was only found after a great deal of trouble. As we came out of the forest we could see Mount Kenia, half hidden in wreaths of cloud, the Aberdare mountains behind us and

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the great Laikipia plains around. The new camp is nearly a thousand feet lower than the last one, and the difference in temperature is very noticeable. We dined without our top-coats, and Monie and I sat over the camp fire until eleven o'clock, long after the others had gone to rest. The new camp is charmingly situated among trees and shrubs near good water. We had scarcely settled down before Duirs spied a huge warthog staring across at us out of the shrubs, but the beast had disappeared before he could get his rifle. There are many traces of game to be seen here, and of buffalo and rhino in particular, so that something exciting may occur at any moment. Just before alighting we saw a large troop of baboons, and a few moments later a great swarm of bees flew over my head. The donkey who attached himself to our safari still continues to accompany us. To-day he has had to pay the penalty of returning to civilisation by being made to carry his share of posho. The poor beast looks as though it took him all his time to hang together, but he seems contented enough with his present company.

After tea Monie and I strolled down to the stream to look around. There were seven little green parrots on a cedar-tree; they took flight and came swiftly past us, so close that I could not resist throwing my stick at them. Of course I missed them, and worse still, lost my stick, which stuck up a tree. It was rather nervous work, walking along rhino and buffalo tracks, so we retraced our steps. We were fated, however, to get a shock, for suddenly I saw something red and black move in the long grass. I clutched Monie's arm, but it turned out after all to be nothing more than one of our boys in a red fez, who had lain down in the grass while his companion was drawing water from the stream.

Monday, Feb. 23rd. Duirs went out to look for buffalo, and found fresh spoor, which he followed for hours without success. He brought back lumps of mud full of buffalo hairs, picked up where the beasts had been rubbing themselves against the trees. He also saw two large rhino covered with red mud.

Robert went out but only shot one dourie; this is another name for the touraco or "plantain eater," as he is familiarly

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known. Monie sketched, and I watched the boys making a stick and thatched shelter for us to dine in. Afterwards I made them wash our table linen ; but as the wagons had not come up we had no soap, so I gave them a cake of dog soap and showed them how to boil and bleach the things. They were very interested, or pretended to be so, for like children they are excellent actors and will pretend anything they think will please. After tea Monie and I went across the stream. We stood a moment to admire the view, and then turned to retrace our steps. There in our path, about 100 yards away, was a great kongoni staring at us. He was certainly not there a moment or so before, and we had heard nothing move. He seemed to have materialised out of the air. However, he soon turned and galloped off, and we felt thankful that it had not been worse. It would certainly have been awkward if, say, a rhino had taken a fancy to appear in the same mysterious fashion. After dinner I heard a curious sound, a sort of long wail which at first I thought was made by one of the boys in joke, especially as it was followed by a burst of laughter from the others. But it turned out to be a hyæna, the first I had heard. The howl was repeated just before I went to bed. It appears that the natives always laugh when a hyæna howls near the camp, just as they begin to make noises and talk in their sleep when a lion roars in the night. Both are evidently the result of some instinct acquired during the early history of the race.

Tuesday, Feb. 24th. Duirs started off at 4 A.M. to try to find the buffalo. He found a lone bull spoor, and followed it up for hours. The beast had lain down two or three times, and the last time he must have gone to sleep, for Duirs got within twelve feet of him before seeing him lying behind a thick bush in the scrub. The beast gave a snort, sprang to his feet and crashed off into the forest. Duirs ran round the bush and just got one glimpse of him in the open, but had no time to fire. He also saw two rhino right out in the open. He walked up wind to within 200 yards of them without their paying the slightest attention, and then marched right past them, still keeping the same distance of about 200 yards. Still the beasts took no

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notice. But when he had got fully a quarter of a mile past them he purposely took a position from which his scent would be carried by the breeze to the animals. He had been there only a few seconds before they both pricked up their ears, set up their tails, and dashed off into the forest—an ample testimony to their keenness of scent. He might easily have had a shot at either, but had set his mind on the buffalo bull and did not want to disturb him. Later on he shot a kongoni for the larder but could not find him; so Monie and I, who had gone out for a canter, did our best to assist. Some Somalis came into camp to-day with two lanky camels and begged for food; they had come right across the desert from the north.

Wednesday, Feb. 25th. Duirs was out early looking after the wagons and stores. After breakfast Monie and I went with him, hoping to get some meat for the camp. We started a couple of steinbuck, but could not get near enough to them to try a shot. We saw some lovely blue and black and yellow and black butterflies. Robert did not go out to-day save for a stroll round the camp, during which he shot a jackal and a great groined hornbill—a large bird, black, with white-tipped wings and red hackles, like a turkey. I think he is getting to feel that he has had enough shooting. He has been doing it continuously now, except for the break caused by his illness, from September 22—close on five months. After tea I strolled down to the stream and crawled underneath the bushes. I brought back a number of ferns and orchids. There are many varieties of both around here. I was very pleased to see my parrots again, and watched them until the sun set.

Thursday, Feb. 26th. Robert made up his mind to go out with Duirs after the old buffalo, and started out at 4 A.M. I give the story in his own words: “It was a very cold, damp morning, and we had to ride about four miles. Then we left our mules on the side of a hill and forced our way through thick forest for about a mile, until we got pretty close to the place where Duirs had lost the beast two days before. We found fresh spoor and began to follow it up, and kept on doing so until we were sick and tired of it. Spooring

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buffalo is a very tedious and tricky business. The brute is one of the keenest scented of all the big-game animals, being only surpassed, if at all, by the elephant. Among the bush, too, it manages to hide with surprising success ; and as you have only your eyes to pit against the beast's eyes and nose, it is necessary to proceed so cautiously that it often takes the best part of a day to cover a few miles. Our quarry had clearly been travelling through the scrub during the night. We found four places where he had lain down, but do what we would, we could not come across him. The sun got directly overhead, and we ate our lunch and rested until 3 P.M., then started on the spoor again. Here the ground was baked hard and dry, and the trackers had to go on all-fours, so it may easily be understood that we did not get on any faster than in the morning. However, towards the close of the afternoon we tracked him across an open glade and into a patch of forest only a few acres in extent. We thought we had got him at last, and sent the trackers in on his trail while Duirs and I went round to the other side of the wood to choose the best place for a shot when he should come out, as we expected he would do. But we were again doomed to disappointment. He winded the trackers, and instead of dashing out on our side where we were ready to receive him, he crashed out to the right and back again along the self-same path we had tracked him by in the morning. When he came out into the open he saw our mules, which were standing where we had left them. Then, as the syees told us afterwards, he threw back his horns and swerved off to the left, heading for another valley at a sharp trot, while we turned homeward weary and disappointed."

While the men were out after the elusive buffalo, Monie and I had a quiet day in camp, wrote letters, read, and watched one of the boys playing a weird, one-stringed instrument rather like a prehistoric fiddle. Another had a rattle, a short stick with two round seed pods fixed on top, the seeds inside rattling loudly when the thing was shaken. Many of the boys were making crook-handled sticks, others sandals of hide, while others again were doing native embroidery work.

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After tea we went off for a ride, saw and chased two jackals, and came across a herd of zebra and two kongoni. Shortly afterward we met Robert and Duirs returning, and told them of our herd of zebras. Duirs immediately stalked them, and wounded one. Monie and I followed up, and must have ridden hard for nearly an hour before we found the zebra in the forest, with Ginger hanging on to him, and killed him. The boys who had run beside our mules cut his throat, as, being Mohammedans, they were forbidden to eat any meat that had not been previously bled or "halelled," as they call it. They chopped off his tail to make a switch, and then carved him, not by any means artistically, into pieces which they carried home for the camp supper. Coming back we saw a hyæna, the first I had yet seen, although I had heard them howling at night. I thought at first he was a pig, and then a jackal, and by the time I had determined what he really was, and tried to get a careful view of him, he had disappeared among the long grass. Duirs, however, had seen him distinctly. Here Ginger, probably excited by his performance in following up the zebra, started off after another. Whistling and shouting proved of no avail, and as it was getting late we started off for camp, never dreaming but that he would follow as usual. It was dark before we got home, but the mules trotted along quite safely over anthills and hollows, and never stumbled among the huge pig-holes that are to be found everywhere in this country.

After dinner we discovered that poor old Ginger had not returned. As we sat round the fire we could hear barking in the distance. We thought it might be the dog, but it turned out to be zebra. Later there was very loud and continuous barking behind our tents, but Duirs called out to us that it was only jackals. All these noises in the dark, combined with the disappearance of the dog, made me feel rather "creepy." There was an exquisite new moon this evening, and it seemed to have attracted all sorts of beasts to our camp.

Friday, Feb. 27th. Robert and Duirs went off once more to look for buffalo. We were told that a herd had been seen recently in the neighbourhood. One never knows

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exactly what amount of faith to put in any story that one hears from a native. He happens to learn from a passer-by that someone had said he saw buffalo spoor about a fortnight ago, and he will come hot-foot with a story of a whole herd feeding half-a-mile away. His imagination is equal to any emergency. This unfortunately proved one of the usual false reports; the spoor was old and there was nothing else to be seen. The boys were out looking for traces of poor old Ginger most of the day, but could find nothing to throw any light upon his fate. We were all greatly upset by his loss. He was a nice dog and a great help in bringing down the wounded game. Duirs was particularly fond of him. Many a good dog, however, has disappeared in the same way, the prey of a leopard or panther.

I had to-day my first taste of zebra, a steak with fried onions, which Monie and I ate and found excellent. It reminded me of a good mutton chop. No wonder the boys are fond of zebra meat. Yet I have heard people say that it is coarse and tough. The boys are busy cooking their portions before the fire. Each has a stick with pieces of meat threaded on it stuck in the ground close to the blaze. They cook and smoke it until it looks quite hard and black, and certainly seems anything but appetising or digestible. However, there can be no doubt that it appeals to their taste, for they cook all their meat in the same way.

After tea Monie and I went off on our mules past the spot where poor Ginger left us, but we saw no trace of any game until we came abreast of our wagons, which were on the opposite side of the stream. Then we put up a jackal and immediately gave chase. Shortly afterward another came in sight and tried to sneak away, but we turned and galloped madly after him. It was most exhilarating and delightful; but as the sun was setting, and sunset here means almost immediate darkness, we gave up the chase and returned to the camp, passing on the way a number of Somalis with a herd of cattle, cows and calves. They were engaged in making a nice shelter for a cow and her newly born calf. This day our larder was enriched by one kongoni.

Saturday, Feb. 28th. We were up at six this morning, as

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we intended trekking farther down the river Uasin Narok. We had great difficulty, however, in finding a suitable spot, for we had now to consider not only the indispensable water and wood, but also grass to feed the bullocks and mules. This was no easy task in a country that had been burnt up for miles around. Finally we had to turn back to the one green spot we had noticed in our march, and by-and-by the Somalis with their cattle came and camped opposite. They were very busy cutting down branches of trees and thorns, with which they made a stout hedge, and inside this they placed their tent. Later, when all the cows had been milked and the calves fed, the whole herd was driven inside this enclosure, and fires were lighted round to keep off the wild beasts. They sent us some fresh milk, which I greatly enjoyed after having been restricted to the tinned variety for so long. In return, we gave them some of our camp supplies.

We are now at an altitude of 6500 feet, beside the river, which is lovely here, flowing between banks covered with thick woods and bush and splendid ferns, to say nothing of many kind of orchids. Monie and I scrambled through the thick forest on to the banks, where we saw huge foot-prints, which we took to be those of elephants and buffaloes. We got quite a collection of orchids and I dug up many fern roots to take back, if possible, to Nairobi. I do not think I ever saw such wealth of ferns; their graceful feathery fronds absolutely covered the banks in places as well as the tiny island in the river.

Sunday, March 1st. We had a very short safari to-day, camping at ten in the morning about one mile from Rumuruti. The place was at one time the headquarters of the Masai in this district, and the few houses which still exist were the homes of the Government officials. Of these only remain Mr Tuft of the police, and a veterinary surgeon whose function it is to inoculate all the cattle sent down from the Boran tribe. Duirs wanted to buy some rice and coffee, and Monie and I rode in with him to see the place. A more desolate-looking spot is inconceivable. Three red-roofed bungalows, that looked as if they might have belonged to

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Europeans—one of them had the date 1905 inscribed over the door, a store kept, as usual, by an Indian, a few native huts, a bleak-looking desert plain with a big Somali enclosure of cattle, a few camels and donkeys, and two or three white tents—and you have the whole of Rumuruti.

The river here comes out from between its banks of beautiful forest trees, and expands into a desolate swamp, with clumps of long green reeds and rank swamp grasses. Around one corner of this I found a little road. Some nice shrubs and flowers had been planted, and there is one short avenue of wattle-trees. Duirs called on the police official, and we saw the veterinary surgeon. Monie and I naturally inspected Rumuruti's one shop. Its stock consisted, apparently, of tinned things, and a few beads, blankets, native cloths and the inevitable "Merikani." We bought a tin of chocolate creams and then rode back to camp for lunch. In the evening Robert took his shot-gun and Monie and I strolled out with him. He shot two pigeons which were appreciated later on, and we found the most gorgeously inviting fruit I have ever seen, growing in bunches out of the trunk of a forest tree. It is shaped something like a fig, but is a vivid red in colour. Unfortunately, like so many attractive-looking things in Africa, it is poisonous.

On our return journey Monie went looking round for animal relics, such as bones and horns, and came unexpectedly across a human skull. There was a glorious red sunset, and near us, moving slowly along the skyline, was a caravan of camels, each with a large wooden bell round its neck. They were led by some old Somali men, and made an exquisite picture silhouetted against that wonderful red sky.

There were several little Somali camps between us and Rumuruti; and what with the lowing of the cattle, the grunting of the camels, the strange, harsh cry of a prowling leopard, and the barking of jackals, I was kept awake for many hours. In spite of my sleeplessness the softening effect of distance and the dull tinkling of the camel bells gave a strange fascination to the medley of sound.

Monday, March 2nd. I was out of my tent shortly after six, admiring a wonderful sunrise. The sun came up by the



Zebra near Rumuruti.



Omi Wagons near Rumuruti.



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side of Mount Kenia many miles away, tinting the snow-cap with a rosy pink. We have a long, unpleasant march to-day to get past the swamp. After all the loads were ready one of the porters, his face smeared with white clay, rushed madly round and round the camp, striking with a short thick stick bundles, boxes, bushes, stones and everything in his path. As he passed us Monie's topee was on the ground and received its share of his attentions. The whole thing lasted only two or three minutes, and was very diverting. It often happens, usually after settling down into camp. Probably it is founded upon some vague idea of exorcising evil spirits, but in view of the zest that is always put into the performance it is hard to believe that there is not an element of fun in it too. It certainly amused me every time I saw it. It is quite a serious rite, however, the principal actor being apparently quite mad at the time.

After passing Rumuruti, we got at once into a burnt and barren country, with a low ridge of hills on the left and a dreary swamp on the right. We saw many Grant's gazelles, impala and zebra. Robert went after a jackal, but it went into a hole; the boys then tried to smoke it out, but we grew tired waiting for it to appear. Duirs hit another but could not find it, and then, seeing a water-buck standing on the other side of the swamp, fired and hit him sorely. He determined to follow, and did so, and after two hours of stalking and wading among the reeds, half the time up to his waist in water, he got him and came back happy with a fine head. In his last efforts to get away the buck went round and round in a circle. Lions and buffaloes do the same thing, but in their case the hunter who got within that circle would stand a very poor chance. Meanwhile Robert caught sight of a lion among the scrub, jumped off his mule, and went with his gun-bearer to track the beast down—rather a dangerous experiment in such country. He found the tracks and got some of the porters to throw stones at the spot where the beast was last seen in the hope of making him break cover. The only result was that, to his disappointment, the lion disappeared up a dry water-course and then over the ridge about 400 yards away. At one o'clock we

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stopped, after a hot and dreary ride. We had reached the bank of a river, but there was no greensward and scarcely any foliage. Two or three gaunt trees threw the scantiest of shade, so Monie and I lay between a couple of huge boulders that overhung the sand a little, and enabled us, by squeezing up close, to escape being roasted alive in that scorching mid-day sun. Duirs did not arrive until three o'clock. Then the tents were set up and we were glad to tumble into our beds and rest. After dinner we sat outside the tents. It was impossible for anyone with a sense of beauty to gaze on the wonder of the moonlit scene without emotion. It was overpoweringly lovely. The moon was in its final quarter, set in a dark, cloud-flecked sky. There were thousands and thousands of tiny curved black clouds, each faintly lit up at one edge, looking like tiny ripples on the sea. Among them the white stars shone with a clear brilliance unknown in the humid atmosphere of home. On the near horizon was a black silhouette of stunted trees, while in the foreground was the ruddy glow of the camp fire, dimly outlining the ebony limbs of the boys who squatted motionless, their white-eared head-dresses standing out in the faint light with the quaintest effect. Everywhere else the world was black ; a dense blackness seemed to enclose us like a wall. Two scenes, this and that of the gaunt camels filing past across the red sky, are African pictures which I shall carry with me in memory to the end of my life.

Tuesday, March 3rd. We set out early and forded the river. Just on the other bank we found fresh lion spoor, each pad being perfectly distinct. As in all members of the cat tribe, there is one big pad mark behind and four smaller ones in front. One can only tell by the size whether it is the spoor of a lion or of a leopard or a serval cat. The common cat would leave exactly similar traces. With any of the dog tribes the spoor would show claw marks in front, their claws not being retractile. From what we saw we concluded that lions had been drinking within a few yards of our last night's camp. Wishing, however, to get within better game country, we moved on across another stretch of burnt-out desert.

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In the distance we could see herds of zebra, Granti and oryx. Later the character of the country changed, and we saw many dik-dik, tiny deer not bigger than a hare, though with longer legs. About noon we reached a huge salt pan, part of the dried bed of a river where there were great pools of saltish water dotted about, and huge clumps of long, rank grass. We had to frighten off two large herds of zebra which had appropriated the most convenient camping place. One daring fellow remained drinking until we were quite close. The soil is sand, the grass grows in dried-up tufts and patches, and the only trees are stunted mimosa thorn. All around is the great black plain, broken only by a few clumps of dwarf bushes and patches of long grass, and far away on the horizon is the white peak of Mount Kenia shining above its clouds. It is a weird, desolate place, perfectly eerie in the twilight and at night ; but it is simply alive with game. In the evening, walking quite close to the camp, I nearly stepped on a cheetah, which sprang up from under my feet and turned on me, snarling with open jaws, just as a cat turns on a dog, and then was off, leaping swiftly and gracefully over the grass, almost before I had realised what had occurred. The cheetah is one of the spotted cats, but the spots occur singly, not in groups, as in the leopard. The legs are very long, giving it a surprising speed.

Robert returned from his walk with a francolin, a lesser bustard, a Granti and two new kinds of jackal. The latter are smaller than the usual variety, and are black-nosed and black-legged. Duirs came back later with half-a-dozen guinea-fowl which he had shot with his rifle from their perches on the trees, as well as an impala and a Granti, so that our larder is well furnished for a day or two. The francolins are the nearest African equivalent to our partridges, and there are many different species of them. The guinea-fowl were of the helmeted variety, which roost in the thorn bush in flocks of fifty or more. They make a dreadful cackling just before settling down for the night. The thorns here are terrible ; just around the camp it is difficult even to move for them. The wagons have formed a laager down by the dried salt bed, as we propose to remain here some days.

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Wednesday, March 4th. Robert went off early and was nearly all day tracking an enormous bull eland. Monie and I went out after breakfast with our cameras. She spent two hours in trying to stalk a zebra, but although we saw plenty, she found it impossible to get close. At midday Duirs, who had also started off in the morning, returned with an oryx. In the afternoon he took us for a seven-mile ride after a rhinoceros whose spoor he had crossed in the morning, but we were not fortunate enough to find him. However, we passed a great deal of game of various kinds—great herds of zebra with one or two foals, herds of Granti, several steinbuck, an oryx and an ostrich. We also saw an eland cow with a few days' old calf which allowed us to get up quite close, a consideration which we ungratefully repaid by chasing them.

It was a very tiring ride over rough ground, with many stones, cracks and holes, and with the grass all burnt off. We were glad to get back to camp and leave the rhino's trail for to-morrow. When we got there Robert had not come in; and as the darkness came on, Duirs fired several rocket signals, red and green lights from a special pistol, to give him our direction. One of these, falling on a clump of dried grass near, set it ablaze, and we had to call up all hands to beat out the fire. The boys came out yelling, whistling and shouting in a great state of excitement. They seem to love anything of this sort. Just as it was over Robert appeared, very tired, having had no great success.

Thursday, March 5th. Late last night I heard hyænas howling close to the camp, and in the morning Robert woke me, saying that lions were roaring. The noise was quite loud and distinct, though the beasts were probably a mile or so away. It was rather a curious kind of grunt than a prolonged roar. At 7 o'clock Monie, Duirs and I resumed our quest for rhino. The gun-bearers and some porters had been sent off at daybreak to try to find fresh spoor. After half-an-hour's ride we came up with them, but they had discovered nothing. However, we rode on in hope of seeing something, and were rewarded by catching sight of an oryx with a good head, grazing with a herd of Granti. He

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bounded off, but Duirs sent two shots after him, and then we all mounted and rode as fast as we could upon his trail. Finally we saw him a long way off, going a little way and then stopping. Duirs dismounted and began to stalk him. He must have gone two miles before he was able to fire. The beast dropped, but it was far away, and we were afraid he was lost. However, we found him, and the boys soon had him skinned and cut up ready to carry home. It was quite early, 10.30, but very hot, so we had a little food, sitting under a mimosa thorn. As this was leafless, we had to imagine we were sitting in the shade, and to try to feel cooler for it. Then we rode quietly back, passing on the way herds of Granti, oryx and always zebra. In the afternoon we had a thunderstorm, accompanied by heavy rain. After it had passed, Monie and I walked round the dried-up lake bed, and saw the spring in the midst of the reeds whence we drew our water. The men determined to try for the lions we had heard roaring, and went out and shot two zebra to serve as bait.

Friday, March 6th. About 3 A.M. I heard a boy rush out of his tent and round the camp crying, and then a number of voices talking in whispers and laughing, so that I supposed that one of the porters had had nightmare. I peeped out, but could see nothing except the huge log fire and the askari on guard marching round and round. In a short time I was again awakened by Robert, who had come to tell me that lions were roaring, he thought about four miles away. In the morning we were told the cause of the commotion in camp. In the night a jackal had entered the tent of one of the boys and stolen all his meat, besides giving him a fright, for in the darkness he could not, of course, tell what manner of beast it was. Robert and Duirs went off to visit the baits laid the previous night, but found no trace of lions, and so determined to lay another bait in a different place, at the top of the creek.

Monie and I went for a short walk with our cameras, and managed to photo some Somalis, with cattle and camels, who were passing the salt lake. We were greatly interested in watching the weaver birds hopping in and out of their nests.

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They are about the size of a sparrow, and their nests are little ball-like structures woven of grass and hanging from the twigs of the trees. The nests have two openings at the bottom, and they hang on the mimosa thorn in such numbers as almost to cover it. There is a great variety of these weaver birds in Africa, I believe about 250 species in all. Most of them choose the branches of trees near rivers or lakes, or even build on the reeds themselves. The nests vary a good deal in their style of architecture. Some have but a single opening ; some are round, others dome-shaped ; some are built round a single reed, others have two or three passing through them. The birds are also very various in their colouring. Those that we saw at this time were not strikingly pretty, but some of the weavers have very fine feathers indeed. The golden weaver, which I saw in Mombasa, and which nests in low trees everywhere, is of a deep yellow with an orange head ; while another kind, the bishop bird, is arrayed in orange-red with black points and a golden brown mantle. A third is of a bright canary colour. But the social weaver, which builds its nests in colonies numbering hundreds at a time and filling whole trees, is quite a plain little bird.

We heard here another of those absurd bird voices one comes across in Africa. I have already mentioned the bell bird. This one had a bleat like a sheep. I was sorry we could not find him, for I was not a little curious to discover what kind of body went with such a preposterously un-bird-like voice. There was another which I often heard at night in Mombasa, whose note exactly resembled the sound of water gurgling out of a bottle when turned upside down ; it is locally and appropriately known as the water-bottle bird, and is really the congal, or bush cuckoo. Then there is the " go'way " bird, or plantain eater, one of the touracos or douries. This is one of the feathered nuisances, detested by sportsmen because of its habit of warning the game by setting up a terrible commotion on the approach of any intruder. It is a big bird with a great head tuft, almost covering a short, blunt pigeon-like beak. Another of the touracos has a clear ringing voice that at times sounds almost human, and there is another note which one might



Weaver Birds' Nests, Laikipia Plains.



Somalis and Camels on Laikipia Plains.

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easily mistake for the mewling of a cat. I am told that the latter is the "go'way" birds alternative selection. There is the turtle dove, who chants "chuck-her-up, chuck-her-up" in the mornings; the laughing dove, which can give an excellent imitation of a human laugh, and many others. If the songsters of Africa are accused of being deficient in musical quality, they at least cannot be charged with deficiency in interest or variety. But the former charge is not true either. The morning concert in the bush is really wonderful. If the soloists do not come up to the level of the lark, linnet, blackbird, thrush or nightingale, the chorus produces an effect which is delightful enough to linger in the memory as one of the charms of the African wilds.

In the afternoon Monie went out with Robert to shoot birds, and I went with Duirs to look for some meat for the boys, and incidentally to see that they were guarding the zebras laid out for lion bait. As a rule they may be trusted to remain by themselves during the daytime, but are apt to slip home just before nightfall, in which case the birds and jackals rarely leave enough on the carcass to attract any lion with a reasonable appetite. However, the zebra we wounded took us in the opposite direction, so we did not inspect the guard after all, and in the end did not get back into camp until seven, having had a long canter after guinea-fowl. These run at a great rate through the long grass, often for miles. But we lost the birds, and as the boys had not arrived in camp we concluded they must have remained at their post. The weather is very unsettled; at lunch we had a hail storm, and during dinner a heavy storm of rain; yet this was in Africa, almost directly under the Equator.

Saturday, March 7th. This morning I shot a bird with a small rifle at about 18 yards, and then Monie took the rifle and shot a pigeon. Robert meanwhile went out and shot francolin and guinea-fowl for the larder. Then I went over to see the boma being built about four miles from the camp. Another zebra had to be shot for bait, as the hyænas had very nearly finished the previous one; Duirs had gone out early and disturbed ten of them at it. There were no signs of lions, but we heard them roaring. Robert made

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up his mind to sit up for them in the boma. If it is not wet, Monie and I propose to go also, in spite of the fact that Duirs has tried his hardest to dissuade us, pointing out the discomfort of lying perfectly still for twelve hours in this small round hut flimsily built of mimosa thorn. He also says that the smell from the decaying zebra is appalling ; that if the lions come prowling and sniffing round the boma at a distance of only a few inches, the experience is rather a terrifying one ; and that, moreover, we must not stir nor whisper one word. We have thought it over and decided that we can live through it all, and so have made up our minds to go. Also I should be sorry to remain in camp while the men were out in the boma all night. I would much rather be there too.

We left camp about five o'clock, arriving at the boma at six. Duirs and Robert went inside to put up a canvas shelter in case it should rain, and I was leisurely taking off my field boots before putting on mosquito boots for the night, when suddenly Monie whispered : " Quick, we are to get inside at once ! " Field boots are not the easiest things to get off at any time, and the fact that one is in a particular hurry does not always accelerate the process. So I tugged, and one of the gun-bearers tugged, to the urgent accompaniment of excited exhortations to make haste and come in at once, but all in vain. Finally, as the appeals were becoming frantic, there was one mighty effort and I was free, with the gun-bearer on his back, his legs in the air and my boot in his hand. We were inside in an instant, and I had just time to turn round and see four or five large lumpy hyænas pass close to the bait. From that time there was great excitement in the boma. As silently as possible in the dark, we spread our blankets on some cut grass which was spread on the ground, and, pulling on our big coats, lay down behind the men, who had taken up their position opposite the two loopholes left in the side of the boma facing the kill.

They also had blankets and lay down to try to sleep, the gun boys keeping watch meanwhile. Monie and I were half behind a canvas sheet which hung from the top canvas to keep the moonlight from shining on us and to keep out the



Boma and Zebra for Bait, Laikipia Plains.



A Pair of Lionesses.

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rain, so that we could not see the movements of the men. But as I was next the "door," which consisted of a large thorn bush pulled into the entrance by the last comer, I could see out, and had a clear view of moon and stars and the clouds drifting across the sky. This was a distinct advantage, for after a while the silence became almost painful. We had been warned to keep still, even absolutely motionless if we could; and, if we had to clear our throats, to cover our heads with the blankets before doing so. As I had a slight cold in my head, this was necessary more than once. Fortunately, as I thought, I had remembered to bring some eucalyptus and menthol lozenges in my pocket. But getting at them without making a noise was a work of art. Even putting out a finger to kill a mosquito seemed to sound in the intense silence. I grew hotter and hotter, but it was impossible to attempt to slip off the blankets. That certainly could not be done without disturbance. So I had to leave them alone and grin and bear it. The silence became more and more painful, and then all of a sudden it was broken by grumblings and muffled roars. They sounded quite close, and I wondered if the lions were prowling round outside, but had no means of ascertaining if this were the case. Nothing passed before my little outlook. Then clouds obscured the half moon; the blackness outside grew blacker, and silence fell again. I could hear the ceaseless buzzing of the insects, and the mosquitoes came and worried us. All at once we heard loud roaring. It really was lion this time; there could be no mistake about it. But it was some distance away. That died away, and the growling near at hand began once more. This we now knew came from the hyænas round our bait. I listened for sounds of eating and the crunching of bones, but nothing could be heard save the growling. When that ceased the silence began again, and this time seemed interminable. We lay listening and watching, every sense strung up to the utmost pitch. But nothing happened save a snore from one of the boys, who was promptly admonished by a dig in the ribs from Duirs. After what seemed an age, there was more roaring. It sounded closer, and I felt sure the lion must be

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creeping up this time. But again nothing happened, and the roaring died away in the distance. Robert said afterwards that there were four, and that they were evidently going away happy, having had a kill of their own somewhere. Monie was fast asleep. I was far too strung up to sleep myself ; I was intent on listening for any sound of the lion's approach, and afraid that if I did doze off I should cough involuntarily.

It was a long, long, weary night, with nothing but disappointment at the end. Even the hyænas had not touched the bait, which lay there disembowelled and partly devoured from the night before, and smelt strongly enough to attract all the lions in the country.

The lions we heard had found a kill of their own ; for when we crawled out of the boma at daybreak and stretched the stiffness out of our limbs, Robert went across the ridge of ground behind us and saw a jackal trotting off with a large piece of raw meat in his mouth—a fairly certain sign that a lion had killed near at hand. The boys arrived from camp shortly after sunrise with kettle and water, and lit a fire and made a cup of tea. Then we mounted our mules, which had also been brought over, and rode back to camp, for a good breakfast and much-needed rest.

Sunday, March 8th. We had a very quiet day. Robert went off for another night in the boma. We had an idea that the odour of eau-de-Cologne, which we used for keeping the mosquitoes away, might have been responsible for keeping the lions away also. The night was a terrible one. It rained incessantly, and Robert was soaked through long before daylight came. As soon as possible he came back to camp, having had the most miserable night in his whole experience, and never a sign of a lion.

Tuesday, March 10th. After breakfast we broke camp and started on our return journey. Not long afterwards I saw two Tommies in the distance, and Duirs asked if I would like a shot. We dismounted and stalked one of them to within about 200 yards, when I took his Ross rifle and, kneeling down, fired. I thought I had hit him and followed up, trying another shot when I thought him well

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within my range. This time, however, I was very short and very disappointed. Duirs, however, got him. A little later I tried again, at about the same distance, and had the satisfaction of securing my first trophy, which had a very nice head indeed. Early in the afternoon we arrived at the River Narok and camped in a spot opposite one of our former camping grounds. Monie went in the evening with Duirs to get some zebra for bait, as the men had determined to sit up once more for lions. I took the little rifle and went after pigeon, unsuccessfully. Robert went after geese, and got them. Throughout the night I heard lions roaring, far away but quite distinct; but the two zebra which Duirs had shot about two miles from camp had not been touched.

This has been a most wonderful day. Even after all that I have seen in Africa, and particularly since I have been on safari, I never imagined it would be possible to see such quantities of wild game collected in one place. Herds of antelope of many different varieties were feeding within a few yards of our path and as far as the eye could see. I was out this morning before breakfast, and went down to the river with the small rifle. After that Monie took it and tried for some birds. Robert went after geese, and I went off with Duirs to visit the spot selected for the night's boma. We got there before the boys who were to build it, and all we saw was the two who had been told off to guard the kill; each was sitting melancholy beside his zebra, with a tree full of expectant vultures close by. They had received strict instructions not to touch the zebras, but on looking at them we found that both the tails were gone. It seems that no boy can resist the temptation of a tail. Duirs took them away and began to fasten them to his saddle. What impulse prompted "Oleander," his mule, to resent this, I cannot say, but resent it he did, in no uncertain fashion, and there was quite a little comedy, the actors being Duirs trying to mount and Oleander equally determined he should not. The tussle lasted for some time, and then intellect won. Duirs unfastened the halter rope and made a running noose in it, which he cast on the ground.

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Oleander put his foot in it, and was surprised to find himself a powerless captive with one hind leg in the air, a position as helpless as undignified. Even then, being a mule, he refused to settle down for quite a long time ; but eventually he gave in. Duirs mounted and we started.

Before us was a low flat-topped hill, which we mounted. When we reached the summit the prospect absolutely took my breath away. The flat top was a delightful tender green, the grass having sprouted through the burnt ground with the last few days' rain. Around were deer innumerable. Vast herds of Tommies, Granti, and whole battalions of zebra stretched away right to the horizon ; and on the skyline, clear outlined against the blue, were three large oryx.

I felt as if I were in one of the huge markets in the desert of Algeria, save that these beasts were tame, and there were no chattering Arabs to sell and buy. We rode within about 70 yards of the nearest, but they were not in the least alarmed. They seemed to know instinctively that we were not out to shoot. They ran past us in long columns, the young ones frisking and frolicking like little lambs, in and out among the zebra.

On the farther side three jackals came slinking up through the grass, evidently on business intent : and then, looking upwards, we saw vultures hovering, clearly indicating the presence of a kill. Riding up we found it was the carcass of a hyæna, so far almost untouched, though the birds had managed to get in a few preliminary attempts. A little way on we came to more jackal, and then to the remains of a Tommy, consisting of skull, backbone and leg-bones, all picked clean but quite fresh. Duirs surmised that this was a lion's kill and that the dead hyæna was one which had indiscreetly interfered and had received a fatal pat from the mighty paw.

We had by this time come some seven or eight miles from the camp. Down below us was a delightfully wooded spot, where great feathery acacias were growing, seemingly by a river. To this we bent our way, winding in and about the scrub. But there was unfortunately nothing of the river but its bed, which was dry except for some occasional pools and

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rhino baths of slimy muddy water. This our mules and poor Judy the dog, whose tongue had been hanging out for a long time, were glad to drink. Here we saw lion spoor and plenty of spoor of rhino. But though this was unquestionably a favourite resort if not the home of the pachyderm, we saw nothing of him, though we tracked him most diligently, taking, of course, the precaution of walking up wind lest he should nose us before we saw him.

Many of the mimosas here were in flower, and butterflies in hundreds fluttered about the blossoms like bees. The stillness was so intense that as we stopped our mules to watch them we could distinctly hear the fluttering of their wings. It sounds incredible, but the silence of nature in these African wilds is also incredible. It is quite indescribable ; you actually feel it.

We came shortly across an old Masai encampment, just a ring of old mud hovels and heaps of ashes where the fires had been. After following the river bed for a mile or so we turned for home by a different route. We had some good canters over the hard ground, but for the most part had to go cautiously because of the cracks and holes in the soil and the abundance of huge stones. We reached home about three o'clock, after one of the most enjoyable experiences I can remember. At five o'clock Robert and Duirs started for the boma to spend another night after lions, while Monie and I, with Ramasan the gun-bearer, went out to look for duck. I fired two or three times at geese flying overhead, but without success. Then Ramasan caught sight through the reeds of some duck swimming in the water, and signed to me to follow him. I crouched low and went after him, trying to imitate his actions as well as I could. Finally he lay down and began to crawl through the long grass. Again I imitated him. Then, after I had gone some distance, he handed me the gun. I slowly sat up, and at the same moment the duck rose. Ramasan, in his anxiety that I should not miss, seized the barrel of the gun and swung it round after the birds. When he at last let go, I fired. As might have been expected, I missed ; Ramasan's unexpected interference had completely confused my aim. Zeal is an

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excellent quality, but an excess of it is apt to be embarrassing. However, as luck would have it, three more rose. I fired, on my own this time, and got my bird, and we proudly returned to camp with the prize. Mr Smith has come up from the wagon camp to be with us while the others are away. I heard a distant lion roar last night. I hope I may hear him again to-night, and that he will roar in the vicinity of the boma.

Wednesday, March 11th. The men returned from the boma shortly after daybreak. I cannot do better than give the story of the night in Robert's own brief words: "Duiris and I returned to our boma at dusk. We saw absolutely nothing, and were not even visited by a jackal the whole night. Perhaps the moon was too bright; it was very brilliant. We returned to camp with our tails down, not saying a word."

Monie and I were up at seven and went out with Ramasan and the gun, and Monie got two Egyptian geese with one shot. After breakfast the tents were taken down and we trekked to a good lion place near the swamp. Here the men, who did not appear particularly tired after their wearisome night of watching, put out a bait at once, having found a spot near an old boma where someone else had evidently been trying his luck.

We had passed a survey camp coming up, about two miles to our right, and it seems that the surveyor was owner of the boma. We were reminded of the fact later in the day, when a porter came in with a note from the surveyor asking, somewhat curtly, that we would remove our zebra from the neighbourhood of his boma. As there was a distance of about 400 yards between them we thought the request unreasonable, and ignored it. Some time later we got another letter to the effect that if we did not remove the bait he would do it for us. This was clearly intentionally insolent. However, we took no notice.

We rode out to visit the bait which the men had killed, and while we were close to it half-a-dozen zebras came over the little hill and trotted up to within fifty yards of us. Robert was able to take a snapshot of them. They remained

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quite a long time, and then my stupid syce came running up to us and spoiled the picture, for they were off at once. The new camp is surrounded by mimosa-trees, which lie between the swamp and a great wood. There is plenty of buffalo spoor, some of it quite fresh, so that if we are still unfortunate with the lions we may yet get some sport with the buffalo. Monie and I took our usual evening walk, with the small rifle, trying to bring down some small birds. On our return we had a busy time slaughtering mosquitoes in our tents ; we must have killed dozens. After supper we sit over the great log fire. There is a glorious moon, and we are charmed by the singing of innumerable birds. It is 10.30, yet they are still trilling their songs, while the chirping of the crickets and grasshoppers goes on all the time. I do not remember the birds doing this before. It is difficult to believe that it is night.

I have often listened with pleasure to these voices of the wilderness. At home one loves to hear the song of the birds and the hum of the bees, but in Africa the pleasure is increased a thousandfold. It is surprising, too, how quickly one learns to recognise the voices, and, to some extent, what they mean. As we are off the direct route here, and there is no track available for the wagons, the bullock carts have gone up the other side of the swamp and are to wait for us at Rumuruti.

Friday, March 12th. Robert and Duirs went out early to visit their bait and look for buffalo. They found the kill had been eaten up "hair and feet." The surveyor who had objected to its presence had shot a zebra and placed it right in front of his old boma, where it is to be presumed he sat up over it all night. In the morning his zebra was untouched. We shot another zebra and set the boys to build a boma near by. While they were doing this Monie and I went out as usual with the small rifle, intending, if possible, to get some small birds. We could not, however, get sufficiently close to them. While I was sitting under a tree waiting for a chance at a bluebird, a small herd of zebra came right up to me. Later I had a glimpse of something brown moving through the grass in front of a tree, and, following up,

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I saw that it was a Tommy. I walked slowly round him, and then came upon a great herd of Tommies, Granti and zebra, all grazing peacefully together. The zebras made off as we appeared on the scene, but the beautiful little gazelles remained, seeming quite fearless. We watched the delightful spectacle for a long time, and made up our minds to return another time with our cameras, and by sitting up a tree to get some photographs. We climbed the tree, but as soon as we did so the animals all moved away, with the exception of a doe with a kid, which remained in the grass behind us. When we were leaving we saw her quite close. She moved deliberately after the herd, and did not seem at all alarmed.

The grass on this little knoll was very fresh and green, having sprouted up through the ashes of the former crop. We were only about half-a-mile from camp, although we had been out some hours. But Nubi had become anxious about us, and sent one of the gun-bearers to meet and tell us that it was dangerous to go far from the camp, as lions, rhinos or buffaloes might be about. During the afternoon we rested; and then, to our great delight, Robert suggested that we should join the men in the boma that night, as there seemed to be a distinct chance of getting a shot at a lion. Accordingly, having made all our preparations for the night, we rode off together about six o'clock.

This boma was so cleverly hidden among the mimosa thorn bushes that it was exceedingly difficult to make it out. Early in the night a very large hyæna put in an appearance and began to devour our bait. We all crept quietly out of our blankets toward the port-holes. The night was very clear, and we could see the huge brute with his forepaws on the hind quarters of the zebra, tearing at his flesh. The internal parts were the first to be devoured. The sight was a gruesome one, the beast presenting a terrifying spectacle in the moonlight, which seems to magnify everything. A second hyæna came up, and after a bout of snarling at the other, started on the uppermost hind leg. I was kneeling on all-fours straining my neck to see out of the peep-hole, and as no others came, I crept back to my blankets. Monie, however, remained, and saw the hyænas leave and some



Dead Hyæna.



Baboon.



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jackal come up. For a while there was quiet. Then the hyænas returned and a third one joined them. Later on I saw a jackal. All the time the hyænas were eating they would stop at intervals, and stare full face into the boma and then look carefully all round. They were always on the alert, and at the least sound of an approaching lion would disappear at once. Twice during the night we heard lions roaring. One, in the early morning, was only about a hundred yards away. When he roared hyænas were fighting just behind the boma, making noises like wild cats, only much louder. This night, unlike the former, was full of noises. Instead of the weird and awe-inspiring silence, we had constant munching and crunching and tearing, with a savage accompaniment of growling and snarling. A great part of the time either a hyæna or a jackal must have been lying within two or three feet of me, much to my discomfort. Birds chirruped, cicadas chirped, frogs croaked, mosquitoes hummed ; and over this chirping, croaking and buzzing rose the voices of the great beasts, the hyænas rising from a deep growl to a shrill, shricky laugh, the jackals snarling and yelping, and the lions roaring. One bird in particular had a note like a rusty alarm clock—a cluck, cluck, cluck, followed by a high whirring note that lasted about a minute. The alarm went off about every half hour. I have called it a bird, but have been since assured that it was a kind of beetle. In any case the quantity as well as the quality of the sound was extraordinary. I have mentioned the cicada ; but it must not be imagined that his gentle chirp at home has anything in common with the extraordinary volume of sound produced by his East African relative. And so with all the others.

So the night went on. The great round moon crept slowly over the boma and sunk low in the west ; the pale light of the false dawn suffused the sky in the east, and then, after a brief interval of darkness, the eastern sky was flooded with yellow light, which gradually changed to rose, and the day dawned. The night had passed and we had again seen no lions, though we had kept most careful watch all the time ; one of the gun-bearers sat crouched up under his blanket,

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his eyes fixed on the peep-hole, touching Robert if hyænas came or went, or if he heard any sounds that might indicate the approach of a lion. And all the time Robert sat with the barrel of his rifle through the port-hole, watching while the others slept. For the greater part of the time I was either sitting or kneeling. I could not lie down without wanting to clear my throat or cough, which might have spoilt everything. The night had been long and the morning broke raw and cold. We were horribly disappointed; yet I was glad to have seen the picture of those night prowlers silhouetted against the moonlit sky. As we came out of the boma, we saw two of the beautiful marabout storks gazing at us from a tree close by, and all around the bigger trees were covered with vultures and other carrion birds, waiting until we had gone, to attack what the hyænas had left of the bait. We tried to snapshot them, but the moment the camera was pointed in their direction they were off to another tree.

Friday, March 13th. Being naturally very tired after the night's vigil, I made up my mind for a quiet day. So after breakfast I sat out in a long chair and read. Monie went out and shot a black-and-white long-tailed bird for my collection. Robert went out stalking a fine water-buck and Duirs shot a Granti with a lovely head. Then, when evening came on, he went off to the boma with one gun-bearer. Robert remained with us, not thinking it right that Monie and I should be without a white man to take charge of the camp.

As luck would have it, Duirs had a thrilling night. At nine o'clock the hyænas, which had soon commenced operations, had eaten most of what was left of the zebra and dragged the carcass about ten yards from its original position. Duirs, who had taken off his boots, so as to make as little noise as possible, put them on again, and was going out to drive the beasts away and save enough of the carcass to serve as a bait, when suddenly they bolted. He suspected that this might mean that there was a lion in the vicinity, so remained quite still, and suddenly two lions appeared. One, a fine young maneless lion, leapt on to the carcass, and into this he promptly put a bullet from the .450, catching

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the beast in the side of the chest. The lion bolted for a few yards, striking the air with his paws and roaring, and then fell dead. Duirs waited for about an hour. The hyænas did not reappear, and it seemed likely that there were more lions about. Sure enough one shortly appeared, cautiously prowling in a circle round the carcass. Then, apparently making up his mind, he rushed in, seized what was left of the meat, and started to run off with it. After going a couple of yards, he stopped, turned round and looked straight into the boma. At that moment Duirs fired, and the lion roared, ran a few yards in the direction of the other, and then stopped. The hyænas returned after a while; and to prevent the two lions being eaten by them, Duirs had to shout and throw stones from the boma to frighten them away; and they finally slunk off to a distance, and remained there howling. At about one o'clock this howling ceased, and he guessed there must be another lion about. Sure enough, a third, a fine black-maned specimen, came out from among the trees. This one was very cautious, surveying the position for a long time; finally, however, he made up his mind, walked up to the bait and sat down. Duirs then fired, taking him in the ribs and raking him forward. Away he went with the usual roar, and when the sound of his jumping ceased he could be heard moaning badly. The sounds did not cease until 4 A.M., so that he took a long while to die. Then the hyænas came back, and several had to be shot to keep them from tearing the dead lions. At 5 o'clock Duirs left the boma and stood guard over his bag, firing whenever he heard hyænas or jackals in the vicinity of his lions. The precautions were effective, for when daylight came they were found to be intact. The first was 25 yards from the boma when shot, and he travelled 120 yards after he was hit. The second was hit at 28 yards' distance and ran 47 yards, while the third had dragged the bait to a distance of 37 yards when he was hit, and was found 237 yards away. It is a marvel how he lived so long as he did, for the bullet was found in his skin on the opposite side to that on which it had entered, and had pierced both lungs and slightly

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touched the heart. Each of the others had also been shot through the lungs. One can well understand how hunters get mauled after wounding beasts that can live through all that. A soft-nosed bullet makes a hole of nearly two inches in diameter, so that the vitality of these animals is almost beyond comprehension. The last of the lions was a beauty, well over nine feet in length and with a lovely mane. His mouth was perfect, his height to pad 3 feet 8 inches, and his girth 4 feet 5 inches.

At six o'clock the news was brought to the camp, and we all went over to the boma to congratulate Duirs and take some photographs of the trophies. They looked magnificent creatures as they lay there, a spotted hyæna which had also been shot appearing like a mouse beside them. We spent some time over the photographs and in seeing the animals skinned. Duirs was most careful in extracting his bullets, and also in getting the "floating bones," which are found one on either side of the shoulder, and are greatly prized as trophies. The natives have an idea that they bring good luck to their possessor. The boys were particularly careful to secure all the fat they could get, having immense faith in its curative properties ; and Ramasan cut out the heart of the biggest one, and gave a bit from the tip of it to Robert. I asked him if he was expected to eat it ; but no, it was to be rubbed all over the body to prevent one from being eaten by lions. The skins were all taken off, the skinning of the heads, which is a very delicate operation, being left until we returned to camp. Then we went back to breakfast.

We got back at nine o'clock ; and then the porters in the camp, armed with their heavy-headed short sticks, and fantastically bedecked with grasses and feathers, went shouting forth to meet their comrades who were returning with the heads and skins of the lions. When they met there was a terrible commotion, and I had the pleasure of seeing the famous lion dance of which I had heard so much. I went up to photograph them, but soon found myself the centre of an excited mob dancing round me and throwing handfuls of grass over me and so on. I beat a hasty retreat ; but

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Duirs was caught up without any warning and carried shoulder high at the head of the procession as the hero of the occasion. Then Robert came in for his turn, the natives all the while singing a wild chorus, which I can only suspect had reference to the day's proceedings, and keeping up a sort of vigorous trotting dance, leaping, stamping, and flourishing their sticks so energetically that the perspiration literally poured from their bodies and they became quite exhausted. We all retired to our tents for the sake of peace. A little African jubilation goes a long way.

As we were finishing breakfast two Europeans came up in shooting kit and the usual safari beards. Men do not, as a rule, shave on safari, and the beards they grow in the first three or four weeks are not becoming. They were anxious to learn what kind of sport we had found, as they had been day after day through country that was all burnt out and had scarcely seen any game. They had, however, killed one rhino. They had coffee with us, and before returning to their wagons, watched the skinning of the heads. This is a very delicate business and requires an exceptionally good and careful man; otherwise the hairless skin of the lips, which is very thin and delicate, would be left on the head, the ears would be badly skinned, and the head would be spoiled as a trophy. We were busy with the skins all day, and Robert sent into Rumuruti for salt for them, but could only get rough salt, which is of little use. He had made up his mind to pass yet another night in the boma, and in the afternoon went out with Duirs and shot another zebra for bait. It was pouring with rain but he was determined to go, and left about 6 o'clock. Duirs remained in camp as our protector. He carried out his task by retiring to bed immediately after dinner, a very natural proceeding, seeing that he had had no sleep for two nights in succession. However, his presence possibly had the desired effect, for we had no disturbance whatever. The rain fortunately ceased about 7 o'clock, but of course everything in and about the boma was soaked. The moon rose about nine, but there were very heavy dark clouds, so that the night was not too bright. The hyænas were calling, too,

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so that we hoped they would attract any lions in the neighbourhood in the direction of the bait.

Sunday, March 15th. We waited anxiously for Robert's arrival. He put in an appearance with a Tommy which he had shot on the way home. It was his total bag. He had had a wretched time. The night was dark and rain fell most of the time. Had a lion put in an appearance he declares he could not have hit him, as he could not see two yards before him. Early in the night ten or a dozen hyænas came and dragged the zebra and the three-foot pole to which it was tied to a distance of about 150 yards. Then the hyænas bolted, and he heard two lions tearing the remains of the carcass, and growling. It was, of course, too far off for him to see anything at all. When they went off he went out and brought back what was left—three legs with practically no meat, and the head, and put them in front of the boma. But it was useless. There were no more visitors.

After breakfast we struck camp and trekked to Rumuruti, which we reached about noon. Robert and Duirs went round by the lake, hoping to see some water-buck, while Monie and I, with syces and gun-bearer, kept to the straight line. We met at the river near Rumuruti and forded it, rousing great numbers of duck and water fowl. At Rumuruti we heard that three days before a lion had sprung upon a Somali, who was sitting over the fire in front of the boma in which he had enclosed his goats, and mauled him very badly. We passed the little tent where the poor fellow was lying. There was a large group of inquisitive neighbours outside. It was fortunate for him that an English doctor on safari happened to be in the place to dress his wounds. This is the third case attributed to this lion, the second man, also a Somali, having been killed. We pitched our camp a little outside Rumuruti in a place almost surrounded by Somali cattle bomas full of cattle and camels. We only stayed the one night, however, as the mosquitoes were troublesome, and we feared lest some of the Somali cattle might have been bitten in crossing the fly country, and that our own cattle might suffer. Robert's first thought was for his skins, and he went to buy all the salt

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there was in the place, but could only manage to muster six bottles. We found here a bundle of most welcome letters, the first we had received since we left.

Monday, March 16th. We started off at 7 A.M. and followed the old track of the river and into the woods. These were swarming with butterflies. There were lovely large ones with swallow tails and the most brilliant hues—green and black, blue and black, yellow and black, brown with yellow spots, and yellow and white. Before entering the forest we crossed a wide stretch of green plain. Here we saw a couple of steinbuck, charming little creatures about twice the size of a large hare. They went off in different directions, but after going a little way lay down. This, it appears, is their habit in the open. We walked towards one, but it was evidently watching us all the time, for before we had gone any distance it was up and off, only to lie down again when it felt it had put a safe distance between it and us. The glimpses we had of the river were very beautiful, and quite different from when we had passed before. Then all was scorched and burnt, but now all the plain is of a tender green, and the low hills beyond are dotted with trees of all shades of verdure. After emerging from the wood we crossed the open stretch where poor old Ginger was lost and camped by the ravine on the opposite side to our old camping ground. We have a beautiful view of Mount Kenia to the left, and of the Aberdare Range in front, with the low, wooded hills dotted in the near foreground, while to the right lie the wooded heights where the buffalo was chased.

Nubi, our headman, came to Duirs yesterday and told him that the man who kept the Indian store had laid claim to Jeremy Taylor, the poor, strayed, half-starved donkey we had found some weeks back. We didn't learn how he had come to be lost, but we were all very sorry that poor Jeremy's holidays were over. We had grown quite fond of the poor emaciated beast that never tried to leave us, but followed the porters on the march, roamed freely round the camp when we halted, stole the mules' supper, and rolled himself gaily in the ashes of the fire. Poor old Jeremy! I am sure that when he is carrying heavy loads of provisions

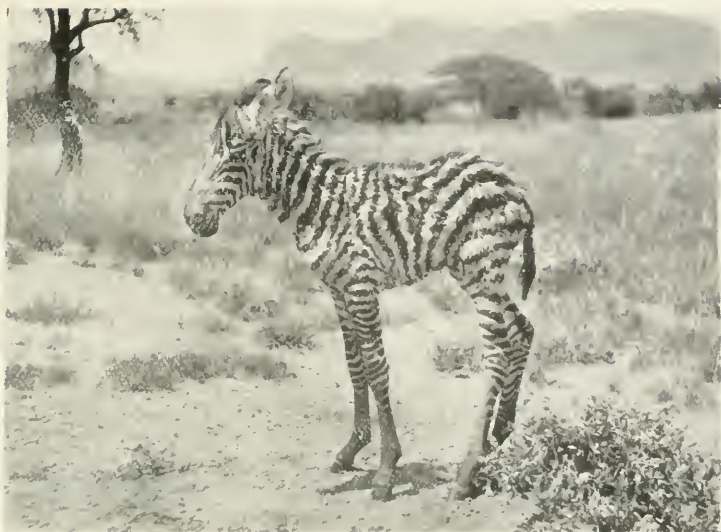
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from Gil-Gil to his master's stores he will often look back upon his safari with us. May his burden be lightened by the memory !

Tuesday, March 17th. Duirs went off very early, at 4 A.M., to try for the big buffalo bull that rumour declared was in the neighbourhood. Robert went alone into the forest in another direction to see what he could find. He saw plenty of game and fresh buffalo spoor. Monie and I began the morning by making butterfly nets from my mosquito veils, and mounting them on sticks and hoops of cane which Ramasan had made for us. Then we went off into the forest in search of some of the gorgeous butterflies we had seen yesterday. We caught quite a number—large ones, green and black, white and black, and yellow and brown, mostly with swallow tails and beautifully spotted with colour. I managed to bring quite a collection of these back with me, though we found it very difficult to pack them securely without damaging their beautiful wings. We had had no experience of this sort of thing, and had made no preparations to deal with specimens. Duirs had a fatiguing and fruitless day, having walked a great distance and found nothing fresh. He came back in the evening looking very tired.

Wednesday, March 18th. The men went out at 4 A.M. after buffalo, and found the spoor of a large herd to the east of the camp and followed it up into the forest. They returned to breakfast, having seen nothing of any bull, but went off again, taking a small tent and some food, intending to follow up the trail of the herd and, if possible, to catch them in their feeding time just at dawn. In countries like this the buffalo keeps very much to cover during the day, coming out after sundown and returning just about dawn. A shot in the open is generally obtainable only in the twilight. In the daytime the hunter must follow his game into the thicket, and this is an extremely chancy and dangerous business.

Monie and I had another day after the butterflies, but we were not so successful as in our former attempt, as the day was cloudy and the insects came out only occasionally, and



Foal of Common Zebra.



Wild Ostrich Nest.

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when they did so kept mostly to the tops of the trees. We saw a large grey monkey with a white face cross our track, and shortly after, another one. On the whole, this was a very uneventful day, and we got back to camp at tea-time very tired and hungry.

Thursday, March 19th. Duirs and Robert returned from their hunt after buffalo. They had found their grazing ground of the previous day and had camped near it. The syces who brought their mules back to our camp came in with a wonderful story that they had run into a herd of buffaloes on their way back. Nubi promptly sent off a couple of gun-bearers to try to find the men and let them know where the buffaloes were. They at once returned on their tracks to the spot where the herd was reported to be. As we had half expected, they not only could not find it, but did not even come across a trace of it. They walked for miles through the forest where the undergrowth was so dense that it was impossible to see more than a couple of yards ahead, and it was essential to keep every nerve and sense alert against a sudden attack from a buffalo. This was another instance of the unreliability of the native. His mind is like that of a child. Given the tiniest foundation of fact, he will proceed to erect such a superstructure of imagination that by the time the process is complete he has come to have perfect faith in the reality of the vision he has conjured up. Robert, returning disgusted, put it more tersely when he remarked that "These niggers think nothing of telling any quantity of black lies." However, we found that a body of Wandorobo, the wild men of the country, and mighty hunters, were in the neighbourhood, and they may have frightened off the buffalo. Monie and I went with a couple of native boys to visit the old camp. As we saw many beautiful butterflies about we sent back for our nets, but after rushing vigorously about until nearly one o'clock, only succeeded in capturing a few good specimens. Still, my collection was growing. In the afternoon we potted about the camp, lazily watching the birds, and particularly my favourite green parrots. It was just the day for lazing, glorious sunshine and, for a wonder, no rain.

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Friday, March 20th. We struck camp early in the morning and left Siron (the Masai name for the place where we camped) between seven and eight. Our way lay through belts of forest. The first ascent was very steep, and as we cleared it ahead of the safari, we stopped till the caravan came up, so that we might watch the wagons coming over the rough, steep track. Often it seemed that the heavy vehicles must stick altogether; but the straining bullocks, urged on by the shouting of the drivers and the cracking of their long whips, which make a report just like a rifle shot, always managed to pull them through even the most difficult places. Sometimes one of the bullocks would stop, free its neck from the yoke, and block all the others for a few moments until it was got going again.

Looking back from the top of the ridge the view is wonderful. The Aberdares and Mount Kenia half buried in masses of fleecy white cloud, the boundless Laikipia plains and the forests around, make a picture I shall never forget. The next forest is the most beautiful I have ever seen. The foreground is covered with bracken, ferns of all kinds and shades, huge thistles, gay flowers, and behind all these the great, gaunt cedars, their trunks hoary with silvery green moss and grey lichen, and looking as though they were hundreds of years old. Within the forest the track, broad at the entrance, narrows, and the burning rays of the sun no longer penetrate as they do through the sparse foliage of the outer fringe. Here the gnarled and twisted trunks stand thick and close, and the undergrowth of flowers and shrubs grows from six to twelve feet in height. Wherever the sun breaks through in great shafts of light, butterflies of gorgeous hues flit to and fro, glowing like jewels against the gloom. Brightly hued birds fly overhead chirruping and chattering to each other, or dart from bough to bough of the great green canopy overhead. On either side giant creepers hang from the branches, binding tree to tree. Every now and again there is a path beaten through the jungle like a tunnel, the trail of a rhino. The air is heavy with a close, earthy smell, like that of a hothouse.

The forest ended as it began, with a fringing border of

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ferns, thistles and gay flowering plants, opening out on to a great green park of undulating pasture interspersed with coppices and single trees ; it was an ideal spot for an old English castle, having a wide green vista in front and huge forest trees behind and around.

We moved slowly on towards the river, and finally camped once more, and alas, for the last time, above Thomson's Falls. Naturally the first thing that Monie and I did, when we had got rid of the dust of the journey and had refreshed ourselves with tea, was to go and visit the Falls. We remained out until after 7 o'clock.

We found plenty of buffalo spoor all around, and once more hopes ran high. They fell again, however, when we learned that two hunters had left this morning, after having spent five hopeful but fruitless days after those same beasts. A herd of buffalo is singularly erratic in its movements. It has no fixed habits, so that although one may track it down overnight, it is by no means easy, in a country with much cover and plenty of drinking places, to foretell where it is likely to be the next morning. The beasts wander about all night, and may turn up miles away from the spot you have carefully selected as their likeliest stopping place. The porters were all day preparing for a long trek to-morrow. In the afternoon the wagons were sent off on the way to Gil-Gil.

Saturday, March 21st. We started very early, as the day was to be a long one. We took a new route down the west side of Lake El Bolossat, and had a magnificent view of Mount Kenia and the Aberdares. The whole valley seemed full of zebra, and there were numerous herds of kongoni. They were very difficult to approach, but Duirs and I, by stalking carefully and creeping up behind an anthill, managed to get within about 50 yards of one small herd which was grazing on the top of a little grassy hillock. One buck had a good head, and we got him with one shot, the bullet making a tiny hole at the base of his throat. He leapt a few yards and then rolled over on his back, dead. I took a photo of him and had his head cut off to preserve as a trophy. The boys took as much meat as they could carry,

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and left the rest to the vultures. As usual, we had scarcely turned our back on the carcass before it was surrounded by an expectant ring of these repulsive fowl waiting until we should retreat to a safe distance before pouncing upon the remains ; and yet, before the kongoni fell, there was no sign of them, not even a speck in the sky. They must have amazing powers of sight to detect a kill from a height at which they themselves are invisible. This gathering of the birds is one of the most interesting of the phenomena of the wilds, and one which I have many times watched with never-failing interest. First a speck in the blue, which seems to fall with ever-increasing velocity ; then other specks appearing with incredible speed from every point of the compass, until the air above the kill is darkened with the spread of wings. They drop to earth and stand around in a circle, or perch in the boughs of neighbouring trees if there be any close enough. They are of all sorts and sizes. The vultures are dignified and sedate, quietly but keenly expectant of the moment of your departure, but the small fry, such as kites, kestrels and the like, form a shrieking, tumultuous mass, around which the marabouts pace solemnly as though on guard. Above there are others and yet others constantly converging to the spot. You move off and there is a rush and a tumult of sound—the flapping of wings, chattering of harsh voices, clashing of beaks. You look back, and there is a black, struggling heap. A minute or two, and the flapping and rushing of wings begins afresh. The birds of prey are once more mounting to their airy look-out.

We twice forded the winding little river, crossing stretches of undulating plain, and occasionally passing patches of wood. Our next camping place had been fixed at a point some way beyond the junction of the two roads. While fixing the exact spot Robert took photos of zebra, which came within fifty yards of us without taking fright or showing signs of anything except curiosity. Duirs saw a warthog peering at us through the trees, dismounted in a moment and was after it. We heard shot after shot, and followed up to find that he had got a couple of nicely tusked specimens. We photographed them, after patiently waiting for the sun to

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come out, and then went back to camp with their heads. We were all very tired after our long day's march, and thoroughly enjoyed dinner and the rest afterwards in front of our tents. We could not help admiring the picturesque figure that Ramasan made in his yellow knitted helmet, sitting at his little tent door before the fire, while the other two gun-boys lay at full stretch, watching the pieces of meat which they had hung from a little pole stuck into the ground over the blaze. The effect was perfect. The dark skin gleamed in the firelight, and the whole picture stood out in glowing relief against a dark background of trees, the branches of which seemed to take on new, quaint, distorted shapes with each flicker of the flames. Behind the trees hyænas were calling to each other like cats; probably they had winded the headless carcasses of the warthogs.

Sunday, March 22nd. We started at 7.30. Lake El Bolossat was hidden in a white covering of mist which did not lift for some hours, although the air was very clear. The Aberdares, in particular, looked perfect in the morning light. As we rose out of the valley we had an extensive view of the surrounding country. Little rocky and woody hillocks dotted the plains, and herds of zebra and kongoni were everywhere to be seen. While admiring the view we saw a pair of ostriches with a brood of about 16 chickens. When the old cock bird, who was evidently on guard, saw us, he called them round him and they all ran off and disappeared. There were some jackals sneaking through the grass a little way off, and a herd of kongoni stood on the crest of the hill, looking most picturesque against the background of the distant hills. In the opposite valley we stood for a while and watched five warthogs running backwards and forwards in a quaint, peculiar way. They looked quite small as compared with the kongoni they were near. Not far from them was a water-buck, but it was too far away for me to distinguish clearly his points of difference from other antelopes. He seemed to be in a great hurry, and we watched him run for a long way before he finally disappeared among the trees. Towards noon we came to the old camping ground where we had stayed on our second day on safari. Strangely enough, none

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of us remembered the spot until Duirs pointed out its various features, and so recalled it to our memories. We lunched here under a tree, and two Somalis passed with a loaded camel during the meal. It is curious how little events like these become important when we have scarcely seen anyone outside our own party for nearly six weeks. Then the safari arrived, shouting and singing, and after they also had rested and refreshed we moved on again past the well-remembered spot where Monie and I had lain baking on the ground while the men had tried to stalk a leopard. Later on we passed the place where Duirs shot the kongoni which was our first kill. Then we went on, up hill and down dale, crossing rough, rocky ravines, fording little streams, climbing hillocks and traversing wooded vales, until we brought up for the day in a delightful wooded valley and sat down to wait for the coming of the tents. In about an hour they appeared and were speedily pitched. The boys got wood and water, and we bathed, dined, and sat outside our tents to take farewell of camp life.

Monday, March 23rd. We struck camp for the last time. As the boys packed up their load all those who possessed horns capable of being used as trumpets blew into them, and the others shouted, and to this accompaniment we started off. The boys were in great spirits at the prospect of returning to their homes and families. We passed our first camping ground and then came in sight of Mount Longonot, which stands at the head of Lake Naivasha. It was a lovely distant view, and the Aberdares, now far behind, were very beautiful. The track was very rocky, but we never had to dismount, so surefooted were our mules. So on we went, scrambling up and down the hill-sides and among the rocks and boulders, crossing two tiny rivers which ran through rocky ravines, and finally came to the beaten track once more. Then, after a stretch of dreary, uninviting plain, we reached Gil-Gil at noon. Here we remained in our saddles. There was no shade ; we had some time to wait ; and it seemed cooler riding than walking. So we went on to the little Indian shop where blankets and beads and tinned things were sold, and then watched some Kikuyus who were waiting

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for the coming of the train. We were glad to see the safari arrive. Our tents were pitched, and after lunch we rested until 4.30, when our carriage was attached to the up train. We bade farewell to the safari and took our boys two hours up the line to Nakuru, where we dined and then returned to our carriage. Our beds had been made up in the train and we slept there until about 5 A.M., when we were awakened by being attached to the down train. We had a long day's ride, passing many herds of antelopes, and in the morning a number of boars. We reached Nairobi about 5 P.M. on March 24, having spent a most delightful and memorable six weeks.

Here ends our African visit, for we went on board the *Prinzessin* at Kilindini on Saturday, April 4. Of the intervening days there is little to say, though there was much to be done in the way of packing up our treasures and trophies and in bidding farewell to all the friends whose kindness and hospitality had done so much to make our stay pleasant and successful. Our first care, of course, was to call at Government House to pay our respects to Sir Henry and Lady Belfield and to restore their daughter to them. Then we went back to our old quarters at the Norfolk Hotel, and Robert signalled our return to the comforts of civilisation by going to bed and having his dinner there. The next few days were very busy. All the things we had stored up on the safari had to be unpacked, cleaned and dried where necessary, and then repacked for the voyage. There were many letters awaiting us, and many friends to see. We found Captain Winthrop-Smith suffering from the effects of fever and looking very ill, though he picked up somewhat before we said good-bye. Robert gave him some lion claws. Then we took the Uganda Railway for the last time and went back to Mombasa, whither our belongings had preceded us. We went on board together with an eight-months-old buffalo, a couple of monkeys and a cage of birds which we were taking home with us. Then, on Sunday morning, we steamed out of Kilindini Harbour and bade farewell to the lovely coast, to the wild barbaric life of savage Africa, to

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Mombasa with its memories and its weird combination of East and West, to Nairobi with its quaint admixture of modern civilisation with the habits and customs of immemorial times, to the great plains and the wild, free life with which they teem, and all the wonder and mystery which go to make up the charm of Africa.



Native Huts at Jinja.



Native Children at Rumuruti.

PART III.—SPECIAL SUBJECTS

CHAPTER VI

SOME RACES AND CUSTOMS

THE visitor to East Africa cannot help being struck by the extraordinary diversity of the native races. Climatic differences may have something to do with this, for in a journey to the interior one meets with almost every variety of climate, from the moist heat of the coast to the dry heat of the plains round the Guaso Nyiro, and the bracing air of the Laikipia uplands to the extreme cold of the Kenia slopes.

Racial descent is another, and I think a greater, factor. All the African tribes trace their origin to four great race stocks: the Bantu, the Hamitic, the Semitic and the Nilotic. Not that it is possible to trace any tribe back to one alone. They have blended and intermingled to such an extent that some tribes—*e.g.* the Nandi—present the characteristics of all the various stocks, together with a few others not mentioned.

I have no intention of entering upon an ethnological discussion. I couldn't, for one thing, and I don't want to, for another. Readers who are interested can find all they want in books written purely from this standpoint. There is a whole library of them. But without dealing with the native races at all from a scientific standpoint, the traveller in British East Africa cannot help finding much to interest him in the customs and habits of the various tribes, and in their physical, mental and moral characteristics—points which must be taken into consideration, too, by all concerned in the development of this portion of the Empire.

In considering the native races of Africa one has to distinguish the native tribes pure and simple from the mixed peoples of the Coast—the Swahilis and Somalis. These are

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blends of the Arabs with the Coast tribes proper, and this Arab blend brings the Oriental temperament into the question. In addition to these, the coloured races include pure Arabs and various immigrants from India, most of whom the settlers would gladly see depart for their native land.

Among the native races the most interesting, without a doubt, are the Masai, with their allied races, the Turkana and the Suk, whose headquarters were in the Naivasha district, and the Kikuyu, who dwell in the region between Nairobi and Mount Kenia, and the Kavirondo, who dwell in the Kisumu province and around the shores of Victoria Nyanza.

It is asserted that these African tribes are the debris of an ancient civilisation, which stretched from Arabia, through parts of Egypt and Abyssinia to the centre of Africa, and that there is plenty of documentary and other evidence to prove it. As to that, I am not competent to offer an opinion. But a study of their manners and customs leads one inevitably to the conclusion that at one time some, at least, of the African tribes were far more highly organised and civilised than they are to-day. Whether we shall in time succeed in grafting our Western civilisation on to these decaying remnants of the past is another question, on which I prefer to say nothing. But the fact is that the African native races are on the down grade, and that unless they assimilate Western manners and customs their fate is certain. There has been one melancholy example in North America. I hope that the tragedy will not be repeated in East Africa.

In the notes which follow I have recorded various points which struck me as being of interest in the manners and customs of certain native tribes. Much is from personal observation, some from hearsay. As regards the latter, I was fortunate in having as my sole companion for some months, a man whose knowledge of East Africa, its natives, its game, and its agricultural and pastoral possibilities, is second to none. To his knowledge, the fruit of many years of actual and intimate experience, I am greatly indebted, in this and in the succeeding chapters on the prospects of the colony.

SOME RACES AND CUSTOMS

The Masai is the most interesting of the East African natives. He is a herdsman and a warrior. Incidentally, he is the greatest problem of the British Government. The men are strong, vigorous, well-knit, a trifle above the average in height, lean and "fit"-looking. They tread as though they were the lords of creation. And they *have* lorded it among the African tribes for many years. They have little of the pure negro about them. They lack the thick lips and snub, spreading nose of that type. Many of them, indeed, have quite good features and eyes. A Masai warrior in his full panoply of war attire is an impressive person. When a race has held undisputed sway over the plains where it dwells, has moved its cattle where it pleased, has raided its neighbours at its own sweet will, and has for untold years levied black-mail on all around and on everybody who passed through its dominions, it is apt to acquire an exaggerated notion of its own importance. The Masai have done so. When, in addition, its people are strong, virile, pugnacious by instinct and habit, intelligent and resourceful, swayed only by their appetites and entirely disinclined either to work or to trade, the problem of bringing them into peaceful relationship with modern civilisation is a serious one. What the Masai may become under a strong British administration remains to be seen. The outlook, to my mind, is by no means a promising one. Up to the present nothing serious has occurred, although the existing position has not been reached without trouble. A serious crisis arose when farmers first began to settle in the Rift valley on lands which the Masai claimed as their own. Fortunately, largely through the intelligence of the Masai chief, Lenana, the trouble was settled without bloodshed, the tribe agreeing to leave Lake Naivasha and the Rift valley for a reserve on the Laikipia plain, which was to be theirs and theirs only for ever. Now, however, white farmers have recognised the advantages of the Laikipia plains and are settling there. It is not clear what the future may bring forth. The Masai may yet give serious trouble.

Like the Spartans of ancient Greece, the Masai are organised upon a purely military basis. Their business is war, and

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war only. The males, who alone count in the constitution of the tribe, are divided into three classes: Boys (Ol-lyoni), Warriors (Ol-muran), and Elders (Ol-moruo). The boy becomes a warrior after the ceremony of his circumcision, which occurs at any time from thirteen to seventeen, according to his physical development. This ceremony is periodical, and is spread over three or four years, the youths who are insufficiently developed the first year being put back to the second or the third, or even the fourth. An interval of four years elapses before another circumcision. Each period of circumcision has a name of its own, and the men of the tribe are divided into groups, according to their period. At each new circumcision the warriors of a preceding group are relegated to the class of the Elders. Hence "service with the colours" fills the years of adolescence and early manhood. The ceremony is a public one, carried out with elaborate ritual, celebrated with dancing and generally commemorated by a raid in which the novice is "blooded." The girls have to undergo a similar ceremony before they are permitted to marry.

A warrior may own neither property nor wife. He lives with a number of others in a common house, with the unmarried girls of the tribe. These do no work, their sole care being to make themselves agreeable to the warriors. It is a curious fact that although promiscuity is thus encouraged it is considered a disgrace for a *ndito* (unmarried girl) to bear a child. Should it happen, the child is destroyed. Not many years since the mother also would have been put to death.

The military discipline is very severe. The strictest temperance is insisted upon. Intoxicants and tobacco are absolutely forbidden, and the only food permitted is beef, milk and blood. Each company of warriors has its captain (*leguynan*), and in case of war a commander-in-chief is elected from among these captains.

The chief weapon is the great stabbing spear, with a blade more than two feet in length. Originally the blade was broad, like a willow leaf. Now it is long and narrow. In addition, a short sword in a hide scabbard and a knobkerrie are carried. Great shields of ox or buffalo hide are used for

SOME RACES AND CUSTOMS

protection, and these are covered with designs in red, white and black, indicating the owner's status or clan. At the close of his fighting career the warrior takes over any property he may have won as an Ol-muran, buys property and wives as his means permit, and settles down as an elder.

The clothing of the men is primitive, a piece of hide or skin sufficing for all purposes. Sometimes a cap made from a goat's stomach is worn to protect the hair, which is braided with leather thongs into a number of queues and plastered with clay and grease. A warrior in full panoply wears a head-dress of lion's mane or ostrich feathers, with the idea of striking awe into the enemy. On the warpath, too, they excite themselves to frenzy by chewing the bark of the acacia. As they are savages, the ether used by the German troops for the same purpose is, of course, out of the question.

As ear ornaments they wear lumps of wood or stone. The lobe of the ear is perforated and the hole is gradually stretched by inserting balls of clay until it will take quite a large stone. One such, which I have seen, weighs nearly three pounds. A Masai elder who has sons of fighting age may, like the women, wear large, flat coils of iron wire pendent from his ear-lobes.

The women's dress is little more elaborate than the men's. A skirt of skin or hide is fastened round the waist, opening "directoire" fashion down the side, so that every movement exposes the legs up to the thigh. Possibly this may be designed with the idea of displaying the leg ornaments, which are the pride of Masai women. A square of the same material is thrown over the shoulders.

The women shave their heads, which gives them a rather repulsive appearance. Their ornaments take the form, almost exclusively, of great coils of brass or iron wire. A young girl will have her legs and arms almost completely covered by these coils, and a married woman will, in addition, have a great ruff of the same material coiled into a flat spiral, standing out round her neck, and a pair of flat, coiled discs hanging from her ears. The discomfort of wearing such a load of metal must be extreme. *Mais il faut souffrir pour être belle* ; and one has heard of civilised women undergoing

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inconvenience to the same end. But the Masai woman does all the work of the tribe. How she manages to do it, under the circumstances, is a mystery. Chains and bead rings are threaded through the top of the ear, and an unmarried girl will display, in place of the iron "ruff," a multitude of iron and bead chains, perhaps from a dozen to twenty rows.

A Masai kraal consists of a number of long, narrow huts, about five feet high, placed end to end in a circle. The interior of each hut is divided into several compartments connected by holes through the partition walls. It is, of course, pitch dark inside. The houses have a framework of rough lattice, which is plastered with mud mixed with cow-dung. The roof is domed and covered with grass. Sometimes, in wet weather, hides are spread over this. There is but one opening, the door. A fire is built in a fireplace made from three big stones. This is simply for warmth. There are no cooking pots as among other tribes, for the Masai eats no grain or vegetables, and roasts all his meat. As there is no provision for ventilation or for the escape of smoke, the atmosphere of a Masai hut, crowded with its unwashed residents and their garments, is better imagined than experienced.

The circular form of the kraal is to enable it to be used as a cattle zariba. The beasts are driven into the centre, and any part of the circle unoccupied by huts is filled in with an impenetrable hedge of thorns.

Naturally the whole enclosure becomes one great dung-heap, and the strong, penetrating odour of the mass, festering under a tropical sun, and the swarming of the myriads of flies it attracts, are an abiding feature of a Masai encampment, and the one most likely to impress itself on the mind of a casual visitor. As one might anticipate under such conditions, ophthalmia, prevalent in most parts of tropical Africa, is rampant. It is a sight as common as it is repulsive to see children with sore, inflamed and running eyes, covered with flies of which neither they nor their parents appear to take the slightest notice.

The moral conditions are on a par with the physical. The Masai are polyandrous as well as polygamous. An elder

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makes no scruple of lending one or more of his wives to a friend or casual stranger, and the women have as few scruples as the men. It may be gathered that a Masai kraal is not welcomed in the vicinity of any settlement where a community is trying to develop along civilised lines. It attracts to it all the undesirable elements, and becomes a centre of riot and demoralisation.

I have already referred to the food of the Masai. Milk is the staple diet. It is, indeed, almost the sole food of the boys, women and children. The tribe has acquired a somewhat evil notoriety as blood-drinkers. It sounds horrible, of course, but I have a recollection of the practice being recommended only a few years ago in England, as a cure for consumption. The patient went to a slaughter-house and drank the fresh, hot liquid. That is what the Masai does, save that the beast is not killed. An arrow with a small heart-shaped head is shot into one of the arteries of the neck. The blood, as it gushes out, is caught and drunk, and the wound is plastered up again with a lump of clay and cow dung.

As a rule the blood is not mixed with milk as among the Kikuyu. The milk is nearly always curdled, as usual in Africa. The calabashes in which it is kept are scoured with wood ashes, a branch of a tree, called by the natives *loiyyiyo*, being charred for the purpose. This helps to curdle the milk, and gives it a smoky flavour. Sour milk is also added for the same purpose.

The warriors eat meat, taking the bullock away into the scrub and killing and consuming it there. But any one of the herd that dies from disease or is accidentally killed may be eaten by the whole tribe. Their objection to the sale of their cattle extends to the sale of milk. It is extremely difficult to purchase milk from a Masai kraal, and still more so to get it pure. The Masai are very fond of honey wine, but this they obtain from the Kikuyu, who are great at the preparation of fermented liquors. From them also they obtain the snuff which they use liberally.

The Masai greeting has its repulsive side to a European. Spitting is a token of respect. A Masai spits before any important event, or at the advent of a friend or superior.

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Before advancing to shake hands with you he will expectorate freely into his palm. He is as great an expert in the art of expectoration as the tobacco-chewing American, of whom one reads but never sees. The gap left by the two front teeth removed from his lower jaw is of great assistance to him in this function. The real idea underlying their removal is said to be to enable him to be fed in case of tetanus. I have some doubt as to this, but he certainly finds the aperture useful. Another quaint method of showing respect is for a child to butt his head into his elders' stomachs.

As might be anticipated, the women do all the work. The herding of the cattle, however, is left to the boys, who have wonderful control over the beasts. It is delightful to watch a naked urchin handling a great herd of cattle with the utmost skill and perfect coolness. The women carry all loads on the back, with a chest strap—not a head strap such as the Kikuyu women use.

The Masai dead are not buried, except in the case of a chief, who is placed in a shallow hole and a cairn built over it, to which each passer-by contributes a stone. The chiefs alone, among the Masai, are held to have a future existence—in the form of a snake. The undistinguished dead are placed outside the camp, each upon his right side, with his face turned to the west—and the hyænas do the rest. The reason for this posture I was unable to learn. Presumably it has some forgotten religious significance.

As to the future of the Masai I can offer no opinion. He is the least likely of the East African peoples to come into line with Western civilisation. He will not work, neither will he trade. His cattle are his treasure, and he hoards them as a miser hoards gold. He is a nomad by instinct and long habit. It will be almost impossible to restrict him to one limited area, save by force. Docility is not his strong point. On the other hand, fighting is. If the youth of the nation could be trained to any form of labour, as herdsmen, syces, cattle dealers, or even as native police, the Masai might be brought into touch with the new conditions growing up around them. If not, their fate can only be that which has befallen the Red Man of North America. But remembering

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the bloodshed of the Indian wars, and the fact that the Masai is the fighting man of Central Africa, that prospect is not an attractive one for any Government to face.

With the Masai we may consider the Suk, Turkana and Nandi tribes, which are of similar (Nilotic-Hamitic) origin. But these, instead of being distinct tribes, are conglomerations of various elements. Hence, although they show their original descent in the main, one can trace among them the characteristics of many races.

The history of Central Africa is a record of the strong attacking the weak. The result is generally the extermination of the latter. The survivors flee to various fastnesses, where they are joined by similar remnants of other tribes. In course of time a new tribe is formed out of these odds and ends. As it grows in strength, it has its little day, becomes aggressive, attacks its weaker neighbours, seizes their cattle, perhaps their women, and so on. Thus, in quite recent times, the Suk attacked the Samburu and dispersed them utterly, only to be themselves raided by the Masai and forced eastward to join the Turkana. So such minor tribes as the Suk, Turkana and Nandi exhibit an amazing diversity of type, custom and language.

The Suk and Turkana are often referred to as the "giants of Equatorial Africa." This is an exaggeration. They are of noticeable stature, but they can only be termed giants in comparison with the pygmies. The first point that strikes one in connection with them is their curious head-dress, a sort of gigantic chignon. This is formed by pulling the hair out to its fullest length, interweaving it with other hair from the heads of the owner's ancestors, and plastering the whole with grease and mud. When a father dies his sons divide his collection and add it to their own, so that the mass is continually growing. The completed coiffure is enclosed in a sort of oval bag. The size is a sort of certificate of long descent. I saw specimens which hung below the wearers' waists. Future generations, I should imagine, would find them inconvenient. As it is, the bottom edge is sometimes folded underneath, the fold being used as a pocket. On gala occasions the edges are ornamented with feathers stuck into

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quill sockets, and the whole is finished off with a strip of rhinoceros horn bent into the form of a hook. It is a curious fact that in Africa it is only the men who adopt these fantastic methods of hairdressing. The women generally go shaven. Civilisation evidently counts for something. This curious head-dress (*siolip*) is said to be derived originally from the Karemojo. I do not think it is necessary, however, to go further back than the Turkana. The tiny stool which the Suk carry is also derived from the Turkana. The sight of six feet of savagery carrying about a stool six inches in height certainly seems ridiculous until it dawns on one that the stool is not to sit upon, but is a neck rest to prevent the destruction of the elaborate coiffure when its owner lies down.

The Suk also have two teeth extracted from the lower jaw, but, in addition, the dimple of the lower lip is pierced for the insertion of a ring, a nail, a leaf or a pendant of glass or polished stone. They wear simple ear-rings of brass or iron wire, but the lobes of the ears are not distended in the ridiculous fashion affected by the Masai and Kikuyu.

The clothing of both sexes was, until recently, entirely of skins, but the ubiquitous "merikani" has found its way into favour. Women wear a kind of apron; men are naked save for the *kalacha*, a kind of V-shaped cape, hanging to the knees behind, but scarcely covering the chest in front. All wear necklets of iron wire and some affect anklets of bells. Sandals of hide are worn by both sexes.

The Suk are partly pastoral, partly agricultural. The latter live in huts made of a few sticks plastered with mud and cow-dung and with a roofing of grass. The pastoral section, being nomads, take less trouble still, their simple shelters contrasting strongly with the elaborate huts of the Masai. Only married men build shelters at all, the bachelors sleeping in the open and the unmarried girls in a common hut. A married man builds a separate hut for each wife.

Unlike the Masai, the Suk are grain eaters, their great dish being a kind of porridge made from millet. A curious rule forbids taking both meat and milk on the same day. A person who has the temerity to chew raw millet must abstain



Suk Chiefs, with Elaborate Head-dress.



Natives at Nakuru Show.

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from milk for a week. Blood is drawn from living cattle as among the Masai. White ants are a great delicacy. The women feed apart from the men, as the result of a curious superstition that a man touching anything which has been in contact with a woman at her periods will lose his virility. For the same reason, no man will ever touch a woman's clothes. A quaint habit common to the Suk, Turkana, Nandi, Masai and many of the Nile tribes is that of standing on one leg with the upraised foot resting on the inside of the thigh.

The Suk have many cattle, and are accustomed to twist their horns into curious shapes, a favourite fancy being to have one horn pointing forward and the other backward.

The tribe is very fond of dancing, and has many curious dances. The chief of these is a war dance. The warriors group into a ring. An old chief in the centre strikes up a kind of chant, and the ring punctuates every phrase by bowing low and chanting in chorus. At the conclusion they join hands and rush round in a circle, stamping their feet in rhythm. Then they break out of the circle and each imitates the movements and cry of some animal. This imitation is carried to a fine art. They gradually work up into a state of wild excitement; warriors brandish their spears and shout their war cry, women outside the circle urge them on with wild shrieks, and the sound of a wooden trumpet with a deep thrilling note adds to the tumult and aids in working up the desired frenzy. Generally the whole thing ends in a nameless orgy.

The habit of "spitting for luck" is very extensively practised at the birth of a child, its naming, its circumcision and any event of importance. Probably it is a relic of some religious ceremony.

The Turkana have greater claims to be termed a race of giants than the Suk. They are certainly tall, and appear still taller by comparison with the Bantu tribes, which are distinctly short. While, however, an exceptionally tall man is met with now and again, the average is somewhat, though perhaps not much, below six feet. Possibly the towering head-dresses are responsible for their reputation. Six feet of negro surmounted by three to six inches of elaborate

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millinery certainly gives an impression of height. The Turkana are fierce and warlike. They are nomads and have great herds of cattle, sheep and goats. They also breed great numbers of donkeys, and are famous for them everywhere. These donkeys are said to defend themselves against lions by forming a circle, heads inward, and kicking vigorously. I regret to say I never saw them.

The Nandi are a pastoral and agricultural people, living to the north of the Nandi escarpment. They also are exceedingly warlike, being allied more or less closely to the Masai, Suk and Turkana. In spite of their common blood, the Nandi are the hereditary enemies of the Masai, and have not always come off second best when the two have met, particularly when there has been cover available whence the Nandi could deliver their poisoned arrows with effect, and Masai battle formations were ineffective. But more than any of the others, the Nandi are a mixed stock; and it is possible to find in their physical characteristics traces of not only the Nilotie-Hamitic peoples, but also of the Bantus, and even the Pygmies. In general appearance they resemble the Masai; but there are wide differences between individuals, some being finely developed and intelligent, while others approximate closely to the lowest type of humanity.

The Nandi is by custom nomadic and pastoral. But a certain section, of late years, have taken to agriculture, pursuing it fitfully and with more or less success. In the beginning, the Nandi were probably great hunters, living much after the fashion of the Wandorobo. They share many habits of the Masai, such as blood-drinking, the circumcision of boys and girls, the military organisation of the state and the shaving of the head by the married women. They also share their predatory tastes and their disinclination for work. They do not, however, live in villages, but in scattered family groups, each man having his own hut or collection of huts built in the usual way from wattle, clay and cow-dung. These are about four feet high and topped with a conical grass roof. Each hut has two rooms, one for the family and the other for the sheep and goats. A ceiling about four feet from the ground provides a receptacle for

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drying and storing grain, tobacco, etc. There is usually also a special recess or compartment for storing milk. It is quite dark, there is no ventilation, and it is, of course, quite impossible to stand upright.

The warriors sleep some ten in a hut, where the unmarried girls may visit them, living with them freely for a week or so at a time. They have also small huts in the woods, where they retire at intervals to kill and eat oxen. Like the Masai, the Nandi hoard their cattle and refuse to trade them. Unlike the Masai, their food is largely vegetable, consisting of grain—chiefly millet and eleusine, with fruit, vegetables and milk. But they also eat meat under various curious restrictions. Game is greatly appreciated, a taste probably acquired in the tribe's hunting days. Rats, locusts and ants are esteemed delicacies. But no Nandi must taste the flesh of water-buck, rhino, elephant, zebra or duiker under penalty of being unclean for four months and being debarred from milk for that period. Honey is an important adjunct to the diet, and is collected from the hives of the wild bees, either in trees or in the honey barrels which the Nandi provide for them. They are great drinkers, and produce wine from honey and from the sap of the date-palm, and malt their grain to make beer. Both sexes use tobacco freely.

As to dress, the small children go naked, boys wear a goat-skin, girls an apron (*osiek*) made of hide cut into strips and decorated with beads and cowries, and the women two pieces of dressed leather. Both sexes are now adopting "merikani." The ornaments are iron chains and bead necklaces, and great coils of wire for arms and legs. The lobes of the ears are distended by huge wooden plugs. A married woman's ear-rings are great coils of wire. The warriors wear a goat-skin cloak decorated with beads, and adorn themselves with bracelets, armlets and necklaces of iron or bead chains. In war time head-dresses of ostrich feathers, lions' manes, or ox-hides with the horns attached, are worn to produce a ferocious effect. Their hair is plaited into short tails, which hang over their foreheads, and behind it is mixed with wool and woven into a thick pigtail. The boys twist theirs into round knobs with a seed as nucleus. The

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women shave their heads once a month. The hair is plucked from every other part of the body. There is the usual superstitious and disgusting use of spitting. As to morals, the Nandi women are notorious even in Africa.

Unlike the Masai, the Nandi have a distinct tendency towards the useful arts. Their smith-work is very good and their pottery by no means to be despised. There is also a tendency towards interest in agriculture; and this, with their fondness for cattle, sheep and goats, may, in course of time, make them an industrious people and a source of native labour.

The Kavirondo are remarkable in that the majority wear absolutely no clothing. They have the reputation of being the most moral of the native races. This is not necessarily saying very much, and I am bound to say that I have seen nothing to justify it. My own opinion is that sexual morality is a thing that does not exist in Africa. The native is simply non-moral, and sees no harm whatever in such indulgence. Among the Kavirondo both sexes drink to excess, smoke continually—even the women being rarely without a pipe in their mouths—and are not particularly cleanly in their habits and surroundings. A reason which is sometimes given for the refusal to wear clothes is a superstition that a woman who wears a wrap around the loins will be childless. A matron, however, may wear a short, fringed apron, and a wife dons a sort of tassel, like a tail, which she wears behind. Immense importance attaches to this tail. No man, not even the husband, may touch it. If he does so, it is an offence only to be purged by the sacrifice of a goat. If a woman leaves home without her tail and enters a neighbour's hut, that is unclean until a sacrifice has been offered.

One curious custom in vogue is that of scarification. The women make vertical cuts upon the forehead to propitiate Fate, and with the same intention scratch elaborate patterns on the abdomen. Into the cuts they rub the juice of some plant which has the effect of making the skin swell up into a thick permanent scar. When a husband starts off for a fight, he usually cuts a few marks of this kind on his wife's body "for luck." The men display lines of tiny scars pro-

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duced by thrusting a needle under the skin and snipping off the raised portion. This is done when an enemy is slain in battle, the first record being made on the right arm, the second on the shoulder, the third on the chest, and so on. When the husband is covered the register is continued on his wife.

As a set-off against the nakedness of the body, the men adopt an amazingly elaborate head-dress. Circlets made of tusks of hippopotami, ostrich feathers, birds' tails, horns, skins and basket work are all utilised in the construction of a fantastic edifice which may be three or four feet in height. They also make great beehive-shaped hats of wicker daubed with clay and trimmed with feathers, fur and horns.

The Kavirondo are highly industrious ; the men cultivate the ground, herd cattle, are great fishermen and expert workers. As a result, the Kavirondo man is of finer physique than the Kikuyu and a better fellow altogether. The women are very expert at basket work. An example is furnished by the quail cages that form a feature of every Kavirondo village. These cages, each containing a single quail, are hung at intervals from a long pole set slanting in the ground at the entrance to the village. There may be a score on each pole, which looks like the stem of a huge foxglove with its pendent buds. The birds in the cages act as decoys to the wild quails, which when they approach are caught in snares hidden all round the foot of the poles.

There is a curious Kavirondo custom connected with quails. When a child is born, the parents, together with the local medicine man, fix on a name for it. Then a live quail is hung to the door post by a hook passing through a flap of its flesh. If the bird is dead the next morning, a new name must be chosen. If it is alive, the name stands and the quail is roasted alive and eaten.

The fish traps consist of two stone walls set at an angle. Fish coming down the river enter the broad end and crowd towards the narrow one. Here are set great conical fish baskets in which the fish are taken. In the lake the Kavirondo use nets of plaited reeds and papyrus stems. These are weighted at the bottom and have floats at the top, so

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that the nets when in position hang in the water like walls. The ends of each net are brought together, enclosing any fish there may be, and the whole net is dragged ashore.

The Kavirondo bury their dead in their own huts, which are thenceforth unused. A chief is buried with his head just above the floor-level. The head is covered with an earthenware jar, and some of the dead man's wives watch in the hut until the ants have cleaned the flesh from the bones of the skull. Then the skeleton is dug up and buried outside.

The villages are surrounded by walls of mud or stone, a relic of the Nandi raids. These at one time kept the population down, but under the peace of British rule, the Kavirondo is increasing with great rapidity; and as he has been described as the best labourer in Africa, is peaceful, industrious and easily disciplined, the tribe may play an important part in the future.

The Wa-Kikuyu is one of the most important of East African peoples, not because of any moral or physical superiority, but because of their number and adaptability, as well as because, being an agricultural people, they are likely to be able to assist in the field work essential to the development of the country. Their home stretches north of Nairobi to Nyeri, a district bounded on the west by the Aberdare Range and on the east by Kenia.

In point of physique they fall considerably below the Kavirondo or the Masai, the men averaging perhaps 5 feet 4 inches. The women are better developed than the men, probably because all the manual labour falls to their lot. A woman will carry on her back, with the assistance of her head strap, a load of 100 lb. with ease; and she has been known to carry twice this amount. The men will grumble if asked to carry more than 60 lb., which is the regulation safari burden. In appearance this people is not unpleasing. The women often have good faces and beautiful eyes. They would be prettier, but for the shaven forehead they affect in order to facilitate the carrying of the load. Their figures, however, suffer greatly from continual bending forward under heavy burdens, and their gait tends to become a shambling trot instead of the free, graceful carriage which



A Kavirondo Mother.



Kikuyu Natives.

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is natural to savage peoples. Neither of these defects, however, affects their matrimonial value. In this market the Kikuyu standard is: "How much can she carry?" One of the sights of Nairobi which always strikes a European unpleasantly is the long files of Kikuyu women, bent almost double under their burdens, who march daily into the town with supplies of firewood and agricultural produce. They seem just beasts of burden.

The better-class men do no work. They are warriors, and ape the Masai in dress, arms, habits and food. Thus, they drink blood, but they mix it with milk. They use great ear-plugs, stretching the lobes to breaking point. They have adopted circumcision. They knock out the two front teeth of the lower jaw, and they stand in the characteristic one-legged position of the Nilotic tribes. The Kikuyu is by no means as warlike as his appearance would imply. Indeed, his courage is often in inverse ratio to his equipment. Only the fact that they originally dwelt among dense forests has saved the tribe from annihilation at the hands of the Masai.

Under the *Pax Britannica* he has come out of his forest fastnesses, cleared his land and taken to agriculture. He is a capital farmer and cultivates his maize, millet, beans, yams, bananas and tobacco with skill and success. He will, undoubtedly, be a useful factor in the development of the country, the more so as the tribe, already the largest of the East African races, is increasing with great rapidity.

As to clothing, the young warrior is a replica of the Masai Ol-muran. The men who work in the fields are stark naked, save for a bunch of grass tucked into a belt of string or beads. Women wear a kind of petticoat, open down the side, and a square of material used shawl-wise, presumably for protection, for it is certainly not for concealment. Both sexes load the ears with weighty ornaments, outdoing the Masai in this respect. In addition to the huge lobe ornament, rings of beads and short sticks are stuck through the top part of the ear. Married women wear bangles of beads or wire hanging from the ears, twenty or more to each. Old women wear numbers of wire rings in the same way. These, once

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inserted, are never removed during life. A marriageable girl wears a band of beads across the forehead and often a kind of head-dress of beads and shells. Both sexes smear the body with a mixture of grease and red clay, so that at a distance they appear not unlike statues of bronze. They are great snuff takers, the snuff-box being generally a goat's horn, or a gourd, or possibly an empty cartridge case.

They are by no means temperate, and make their wine from honey and crushed sugar-cane. The Kikuyu honey barrels, or artificial hives for wild bees, are to be seen among the trees near every village.

The Wa-Kikuyu are great dancers, and will start on Ngoma at the slightest provocation. A visitor to a Kikuyu kraal is almost sure to see a dance got up for his special benefit, probably with an eye to largess. Some of the dances are quaint and interesting, having evidently some forgotten religious or ceremonial significance. Others, like most African dances, have few distinguishing features apart from their suggestiveness, and the licentious orgies into which they usually degenerate.

As a rule white men in Africa do not look on the Wa-Kikuyu with too favourable an eye. They are said to be cruel and cunning, lazy, thievish and inveterate liars, and only sober when no drink is obtainable. As for morals, the Kikuyu has none. But he is amenable to authority, and under a firm hand the worst of his traits may be repressed if not eradicated. His merits—to wit, his docility, intelligence, cheerfulness and his undoubted bent for agriculture—make him a person to be taken into careful consideration by all interested in the future of the Protectorate.

With the Kikuyu, in Ukamba, are the Wakamba. They are a fiercer and more warlike race, and their habit of filing their teeth adds to the ferocity of their appearance and has given rise to the rumour that they are cannibals. They certainly are not so now, whatever they may have been in the past. Like most of the other tribes, they are exceedingly superstitious. Witchcraft is an article of faith with them, and a secret society for the "smelling out" of witches existed until quite recently. The Wakamba were usually at war

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with one or all of their neighbours. Now, however, they are settling down as peaceful farmers and cattle breeders, and as they number from 200,000 to 300,000, are fairly intelligent and easily disciplined, they are likely to be brought into line without great trouble. They are by no means attractive either in appearance or in morals.

Wandorobo is the Swahili name for the people who call themselves Ogiek. Their Masai name is Torobo (*i.e.* they are the Wa-Torobo). They claim to be of the same stock as the Masai, but to have taken to hunting instead of herding. It is much more likely that they were driven into the forest by some Masai raid. They are now as near an approach to primitive man as Africa can supply. They are of low intelligence and mean physique, but they are great hunters, and fearless. Their usual weapon is the bow and poisoned arrow, but they are skilful in making traps. Small game is noosed, larger game is caught in pits just big enough for the animal to fall into. These pits get narrower toward the bottom, so that the captive sticks half-way, and as its feet are off the bottom, cannot spring upward. It is killed by spearing. Big animals are caught in larger pits with a poisoned stake in the centre, on which the capture is impaled. Special pits are dug for elephant. These are six to eight feet long, three feet wide and about ten feet deep. The idea is to get the elephant's forelegs into the narrow trench, when he will be helpless. There are so many of these about that they constitute a real danger. If they are open they are obvious enough, but if covered they are hidden so artfully that only a Wandorobo can detect them. But the Wandorobo do not fear to attack the elephant openly with their spears. These have a heavy head, with a poisoned dart inserted into a socket. This is driven into the animal and remains sticking in the flesh. Another dart is then inserted in the socket and the attack renewed.

The Wandorobo do not as a rule live in villages, but wander through the forests in small parties, living in holes, caves, trees or shelters made of skins and leaves. One evidence of a former higher civilisation is the fact that they make their own arrow and spear heads, smelting the iron

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themselves and working it with hammer, tongs, anvil and bellows, all of quaint and primitive type. Much of the smith work for the Masai tribes is done by the Wandorobo. Their fire is obtained by means of the fire-stick and drill, with which an expert native will get a blaze in about half-a-minute. The poison used in the arrows is obtained by boiling chips of wood and bark of a certain tree (*Akokanthera sdrinperi*), and evaporating the decoction to leave a pitch-like residue. It is very powerful and rapid in its action, and a scratch from a poisoned arrow is generally fatal.

They live entirely on the game they kill, drinking the blood and eating the raw meat. The end of a lump of meat is put into the mouth and cut off close to the lips with a hunting knife. In drinking, alone among the African peoples, they go on all-fours and lap up the water. Other tribes either make a cup of the two hands or, scooping up the water in the right, throw it into the opened mouth. The porters on safari adopt the latter method. The Wandorobo are a quaint, wild race, with narrow, retreating foreheads, projecting jaws and chin, and wide flat noses. There is so much of the animal about the Wandorobo that one can hardly treat him as a human being. His eyes are big, brown and wistful, just like a dog's. He is a wonderful tracker, with an amazing bump of locality. He will follow a twisting, winding trail through the forest for hours, and then strike an absolute bee-line for camp. He must have an additional sense.

There remain the Coast tribes—namely, the Swahili and the Somali. The former I have dealt with incidentally throughout the book. He is a cross between the Arab and one of the African Coast peoples. In appearance he may favour either type. The Swahili is cheerful, willing, fairly honest as far as his immediate employer is concerned, intelligent and *clean*; consequently his odour is not so pronounced as that of the up-country native. He is lazy enough as a rule, but will work well when the fit takes him. I am bound to say that in an emergency it usually does take him, and then he can be relied on to do excellent work.

On the other hand, he gets drunk as often as he finds

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occasion. He brews his own "tembo," but has no obvious objection to European drinks. His morals are those of Africa. He is not a great agriculturist, although some of the Coast shambas are well cultivated. But he makes a capital servant and a keen trader. He is a good porter on safari, willing and jolly, and capable of considerable exertion on his master's behalf during the day and for his own pleasure on Ngoma at night. He is no coward, but can hardly be classed as a first-class fighting man. One point deserves special notice. His language has become the common speech of East Africa, and will no doubt continue to be used there.

The Somali is the trader of the native tribes, and his keenness in bargaining has made him no general favourite. He trades with the natives for cattle and is by no means scrupulous as to his methods, or generous with his prices. He buys for a song, and sells at a profit which would turn Shylock green with envy. He is probably descended in a direct line from Jacob. But in the course of his business he endures uncomplainingly unheard-of fatigue, and faces any dangers. When he comes into contact with civilisation it is usually as a gun-bearer, syce or headman, or in some occupation of a superior type.

In appearance the Somali is one of the finest and most intelligent-looking of the African races. He is perfectly aware of it and has the highest opinion of himself. He invariably looks down on all the other races, and this habit, as he is naturally quarrelsome, often leads to trouble on safari. As a gun-bearer he has his points. He is cool, resourceful and reliable. On the other hand he is little good as a hunter or tracker, and his rapacity is phenomenal. No "daughter of the horseleech" could ever equal the Somali in crying: "Give! Give!"

There is a Somali village just outside Nairobi which has its club, on the European model, where the *élite* are waited upon by servants of the inferior tribes. His opinion of the white man need not be guessed. He does not attempt to conceal it, and will tell it you quite frankly and naturally. It is not flattering.

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Among the coloured inhabitants of East Africa one must not forget the Indians, who are likely to present the Government with as ticklish a problem as any of the native races. The plain fact is that both settlers and officials look upon the Indian in the light of an unmitigated nuisance, and would willingly dispense with his presence altogether. Of course, this view will not commend itself to those people at home who hold the popular view of the mild Hindu. To them, he is an amiable and obliging person, almost painfully polite but perfectly harmless. He is not particularly reliable in emergency, being apt to show himself rather helpless, not to say cowardly, and he is given to quaint turns of expression and redundancies of speech that are quite amusing. But on the whole he is fairly industrious, not too flagrantly dishonest and certainly well-meaning, and so deserving of consideration. Further, he is a fellow-subject of the Empire. And as he has now been educated on the European model, there is no reason why he should not be given a vote, proceed to govern himself and be esteemed a full-blown British citizen and the equal of anybody. That there exist Indians of this type is possible. If so, they will probably become a nuisance in their own place and time. But politics and the vote, and "equal rights for all British subjects" are not the trouble in East Africa. The Indian there is for the most part drawn from the off-scourings of the population, and the objection to him is not because he is an Indian, but because he is a very bad type of Indian. The Uganda Railway is responsible for his presence. Some twenty or thirty thousand coolies were brought over to assist in its construction. They found the land one where they could live with ease; they stayed, sent for their friends and relatives, and started to make money. To that, of course, there is no possible objection. White men who go to British East Africa go to make money also. As long as the Indian restricts himself to legitimate trading he fulfils a useful purpose. The Indian store is the only shop in outlying stations, so distant from civilisation and with so few possibilities of trade that no white man would settle there or could make a living if he did. So far, so good. And there are other Indians, such

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as merchants, traders, officials and others, who are highly estimable persons and to whose conduct no possible exception can be taken.

But having made these reservations, one is compelled to say that, taken on the whole, the Indian population of East Africa is distinctly objectionable, as regards habits, personality and methods of business. His one aim is to make money as rapidly as possible, by whatever methods he can and at whatever cost to himself or to other people. And when an Indian starts at that business, Shylock is a mild saint in comparison. Ask any man who knows his India for his opinion of the village bunnia. The white man who goes to East Africa makes his money by developing the resources of the country, and so creating wealth, and benefits not only himself but the whole community. The Indian's idea is to drain it of whatever wealth already exists. The white man's gain remains in the country and is utilised in still greater developments; the Indian's is sent out of the country, to India, to await his return. On this ground alone he is an undesirable. A new country must not be drained. There is likely to be trouble enough with finance, without that sort of thing.

Nor is the Indian trader a fair competitor, either. He can live on next to nothing—"the smell of an oil-rag" as it is tersely put. A decent pig would refuse his food and would hesitate to live in the hut he considers sufficient. In this hovel he surrounds himself with filth to an extent that makes him not only a nuisance but a danger to the community. He doesn't trouble to wash, and he doesn't change his clothes; he doesn't take the most ordinary sanitary precautions. Consequently he becomes a centre of disease. Typhoid and the plague were unknown in British East Africa before his time. But a kindly Government, which makes the possession of means a condition before admitting an English settler, lets the Indian in free. It is obvious that no one who desires to maintain the ordinary decencies of life can hope to compete with him in business. His expenses are too few.

Further, he is not a fair trader. He will sell at knock-out

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prices to kill competition, while recouping himself by illicit means. And here arises the great objection to his presence in East Africa. The Indian usurer is well known as the most rapacious of his tribe, and here the Indian is the only money-lender. But this unfortunately is not all. He it is who keeps all the drinking dens, runs the illicit stills, supplies the native with abominable spirits, owns all the gambling hells and brothels. He is the receiver of stolen goods, the procurer of native girls. He is the centre of moral corruption in the Protectorate. In addition, he is responsible for the introduction of venereal disease, which is now ravaging certain tribes, notably the Masai and the Kikuyu, to a horrible extent.

No one has any objection to Indians as Indians. If a body of Englishmen from the slums of London took up their abode in East Africa and acted in the same way, the objection to their presence would be just as strong and universal. The better class of Indians take the same view, and hold aloof from any association with this class. But it is perfectly clear that their existence in the colony is an evil, and that the sooner they are cleared out of the country the better for it and for the Empire.

Of course there would be a public outcry. All the sentimentalists in the Empire would be up in arms at the idea of forbidding British subjects to enter a British colony. I do not envy the statesman who makes the proposal. But the evil is there and will have to be met. On the one hand the country is being drained of its capital ; on the other, there are abuses which ought to be dealt with without mercy.

CHAPTER VII

VARIOUS PESTS, INSECT AND OTHERWISE

CONSIDERING its position, British East Africa must on the whole be called healthy. Those scourges of the tropics, yellow fever and cholera, are unknown. The plague, it is true, is endemic in places, and now and again breaks out into an epidemic as it did during our visit, when the number of cases in the Coast area was 208, with a mortality of no less than 88·46 per cent. Smallpox has in the past ravaged whole areas, but that was before the days of British control, and it may now be safely asserted that the disease is well in hand. Spotted fever (cerebro-spinal meningitis) assumed serious proportions in the same year, and was specially severe in the Kenia province. The dreaded sleeping sickness, which a few years ago depopulated a great part of Uganda, has been robbed of much of its terror. Malaria is still troublesome, particularly in the Kenia and Nyanza provinces, where there were in 1913 no fewer than 3627 cases. Drainage, the spread of knowledge through education, and the extended use of quinine, are gradually checking its progress.

Two of the most serious of the diseases of British East Africa are known to be carried by the bites of insects, and it is more than suspected that there may be others. Apart from actual diseases, however, there are many discomforts and annoyances due to the same cause which, if they do not actually endanger life, certainly add a great deal to its burdens. The present chapter deals in more or less detail with a number of such pests, some serious in their effects on the health, others trivial but none the less annoying.

Mosquitoes, the first of the insects likely to intrude on the new-comer's attention, are ubiquitous. On the coast and in marshy districts they flourish exceedingly. But I do not

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remember to have noticed their presence particularly in Mombasa, and on the uplands they are scarcely to be seen at all. At the best mosquitoes are very annoying, at the worst a danger to the community; and between the two, what with their bite and their irritating buzz, an intolerable nuisance. Fortunately they feed only at night, so that it is possible to prepare for their coming by a judicious use of mosquito nets, boots and curtains. The mosquito has one point in common with the Masai—it is a blood-drinker. It differs from the Masai in that it is the female alone that is addicted to the practice, the male being a strict vegetarian. The weapons of offence are delicate piercing styles, which are contained in the proboscis and are driven beneath the victim's skin. The danger lies, not in the puncture, but in the fact that the mosquito may introduce into the blood of the sufferer the germ of malaria, which it may have acquired by biting a previous victim infected with the disease. Since this has been recognised, much has been done by way of draining swamps and clearing away rubbish such as tins, bottles, pots, etc., which hold water and so form breeding places for the mosquitoes, to destroy the mosquito breeding grounds. One possible consequence of neglected malaria is blackwater fever. This, so called from the colour of the patient's urine, is a dangerous disease, but is fortunately not a very common one. The cause is so far unknown, but it is certain that a preceding attack of malaria is one of the predisposing factors.

The ticks, to which I have already alluded as a nuisance, are something more than that. Tick fever is a well-known complaint and a serious one. It has within recent years been shown to be the work of a tiny parasite, known as a spirochæta, which the tick introduces into the blood of its unwilling host. Then there are symptoms of high fever, pains in the body and limbs, and severe vomiting. Few people die of tick fever, but that does not make it any the pleasanter. Very often the patient suffers relapse after relapse before he can finally shake off the effects of the trouble.

Among cattle, red-water and East Coast fever are due

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to a parasite transmitted through the bite of a tick. The former is very widely spread not only throughout Africa but also through America, China and India, and occurs even in the British Isles. The microscope shows the presence of a parasite which attacks the red corpuscles of the blood and destroys them. The red colouring matter, thus set free, gets into the urine, giving it the characteristic colour from which the disease gets its name. Up to the present, no treatment has been found to be of any use. The parasite causing the trouble is carried from a diseased animal to a sound one by the ordinary blue tick. East Coast fever is the work of the brown tick, which also introduces a parasite into the blood. Its exact action there is still somewhat obscure, but its effects are terrible. Many thousands of animals die annually from the complaint, from 70 to 80 per cent. of those attacked failing to recover. The methods adopted to prevent its spread include dipping to destroy the ticks, and inoculating with a special serum which is claimed to contain the antitoxin required to check the ravages of the germ. The results obtained by this last method are as yet insufficient to enable one to form a definite opinion as to its value. A similar treatment introduced by Dr Koch in the case of rinderpest has, it is claimed, worked wonders. During the last two years the disease has been rife all over the Uasin Gishu plateau with a death rate of only five per cent., whereas the Nandi, in this period alone, lost from 30,000 to 35,000 of their cattle.

Ticks are of various sizes. The newly hatched larva is the merest speck, while the full-fed adult is of the size of a pea. The common one is about as big as an ordinary bed bug and is much the same shape. The traveller who wishes to acquire specimens can readily do so in any old shed or rest-house, or on any old camping ground.

The jigger is a South American flea. The native name is "chigoe," but science knows it as *Dermatophilus penetrans*. In travellers' tales the jigger seems rather an interesting little nuisance. In reality it is a veritable plague. A native regiment has, before now, been reduced to half its effectives, the remainder being put *hors de combat* by this pest. More

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than once a tribe has been half starved because its jigger-crippled population was unable even to go into the fields to gather the necessary bananas. It was not uncommon for a negro to lose a foot from the extensive ulceration set up by the attacks of the jigger. Even now toes are not infrequently lost from the same cause. While the foot is the part usually attacked, the jigger will invade the skin of the knees, elbows, shoulders, back or any other suitable locality—all parts, in fact, which come in contact with the ground. Here again it is the female that causes all the trouble. She burrows beneath the skin, leaving only her hind end sticking out like a tiny black dot. On a black skin it cannot be seen at all. There is no pain *at first*. After a couple of days, however, one notices a slight irritation. In five or six days the abdomen of the jigger, containing the eggs, has become swollen to the size of a small pea and the pain becomes acute. When the jigger has found its favourite spot underneath the big toe nail the anguish is unbearable. For the first two or three days, the pest can be extracted with a pin, and the native boys are very skilful in doing this. But after this it takes something like a surgical operation to get the jigger out without breaking it. If it is left in, there is severe ulceration, and the wounds thus produced are exceedingly obstinate to heal. The embedded female jigger passes out eggs from the dark hind end, and these hatch out in the sand or dust into small active fleas. After this the female burrows into the skin of the first person handy. It is very difficult to avoid the attacks of the fleas. The native boys bring them into the houses, so that it is never wise to go about barefooted.

The ants form another of the pests of Africa. Chief among these are the termites, generally called "white ants," presumably because they are not ants and are not white. These breed by millions. A single female will lay some 30,000,000 eggs, turning them out at the rate of 60,000 or so a day. The abdomen of the queen ant, when distended with eggs, looks about the size of a good big potato. As may be imagined, a fat pallid grub of these dimensions is a rather repulsive object. It is as well to kill her at sight, and so

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dispose of a potential swarm at once. The termites build great conical anthills, the middle cone being surrounded by subsidiary ones. Others, and these are the household pests, eat their way through almost anything. Wood is a favourite article of diet. Furniture in houses has to be carefully protected against their depredations, the legs of chairs and tables being placed in saucers or jars of water. Boots, shoes and clothes left on the floor are destroyed in a single night. In the case of wood a thin external shell of the object destroyed is allowed to remain. This, of course, collapses when touched, sometimes with amusing and embarrassing effect.

The natives consider the "white ant" a great dainty. One may often see a negro picking his dinner out of an anthill, which he just covers with a mat and then drives a hole in it. As the ants fly out they knock against the mat and are captured, and are either devoured on the spot or preserved for cooking.

There are also the biting Siafu ants, which march in great armies and can only be turned aside by strewing a barrier of red-hot cinders in their path. These, with many other kinds, often come marching into the house and swarm across the floor. The hills built by the termites are of all shapes and sizes, from tiny mounds to great chimneys, 16 to 20 feet in height. The latter are hollow and have a number of wide passages, communicating with a regular network of tunnels underground. The tall chimney-like anthills are sometimes used by hunters, travellers and others, as ovens in which to bake their bread.

The flies are among the worst of the African pests. Even the harmless ones are terrible nuisances. They swarm over one's food and person until the disgust caused by the fouling of the food, the irritation set up by their crawling over the skin and the interminable buzzing become well-nigh intolerable. Some, too, bite with frequency and severity, and the wounds thus produced inflame so acutely that the itching becomes maddening. Unfortunately, the flies of Africa are by no means all of this comparatively harmless sort. Certain of them, indeed, have earned a world-wide

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notoriety as carriers of disease. The mosquito and the tsetse fly are well known in this connection, but there are probably others which are at present only suspected, and have yet to be convicted by the patient methods known to medical science.

These are of many kinds, and vary in size from the tiny midges scarcely distinguishable as specks in the air to handsome or repulsive creatures of an inch or more in length. Some among them batten on garbage ; others, distinguished by such significant names as *Haematopota* and *Phlebotomus*, are out for blood ; and as these species are armed with a useful weapon in the shape of styles hidden in the proboscis, and sometimes an inch or more in length, they generally succeed in getting it. Often the bush is alive with these flies ; and when this is the case, animals, and particularly domestic cattle, are molested to such an extent that they give up all attempt at grazing and simply concern themselves with getting rid of their tormentors. It need hardly be said that this does not improve their condition or increase their chances of fattening. It may be added, as a further contribution to the sex question, that the blood sucker is generally the female, the gentle male passing his harmless days in extracting nectar from the flowers.

Among the worst offenders are the sand-flies. There are several varieties of them. Their approach is noiseless, the first intimation of their presence being as a rule a puncture which feels like half-an-inch of red-hot needle being driven into the back of one's neck. These sand-flies can find their way through most mosquito curtains, and are uncannily expert in getting underneath the bedclothes as well. Their bite raises an eruption which is horribly irritating and does not subside for days. One particularly ferocious variety is known to the native as the "Jinja fly" and to the scientist as *Simulium damnosum*. One suspects its discoverer of having given this name in a moment of pardonable annoyance.

This variety swarms in myriads to the north of Victoria Nyanza around Jinja, and is such a plague that the natives actually flee in terror before its approach. It is a small fly, only one-eighth of an inch long, but what it lacks in size it

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makes up in bite. A man or a beast well bitten by the Jinja literally streams with blood. Native porters always cross the Jinja belt at the double, and are careful to provide themselves with a leafy branch to use as a fly swish. These flies will follow their victim for miles. The sand-flies, however, are not the worst. That bad eminence is reserved for the species appropriately termed the "blood-drinkers." These are of various kinds; but as this is not a scientific treatise, I shall make no attempt to specify them. Unfortunately, as I have said, the damage done by these pests is not confined to the loss of blood or to the pain of the wound. Certain of them not only suck the victim's blood, but introduce into it the germ of some dangerous disease. Of these the dreaded tsetse fly is the worst.

The "fly disease," as it affected cattle, has been known for a long time. As its name implies, it was early traced to the fly, and trekkers and farmers took care to avoid the fly country. So did travellers, unless their horses or oxen had been "salted"—that is, rendered immune as the result of a previous attack. The fly that did the damage was well known. What was *not* known was why the bite should cause such terrible effects. The cattle affected by it became emaciated, flabby as to muscle, and finally died, staggering and blind. The obvious explanation was that the bite of the fly was poisonous, and this was the one generally accepted.

Major (now Sir David) Bruce, who was sent out from home to investigate the question, found that the cause was not a poisonous bite but the introduction into the blood of the victim of a minute parasite which multiplied in its new surroundings with tremendous rapidity, and produced in the animal the characteristic symptoms of the disease. These microscopic parasites are known as trypanosomes, from two Greek words, *trypanon* (borer) and *soma* (body). These tiny bodies can be seen quite easily under a high power of the microscope, wriggling about with a curious screw-like motion. Once it became clear that the fly was the agent that introduced the trypanosome into the blood, the question arose: "Where did the fly itself get it in the first place?" That

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question a number of scientific men from various countries went specially to Africa to settle.

The flies inhabit definite areas well known to dwellers in Africa, who are particularly careful to avoid them. If a stranger travelling through the country should happen to strike one of these areas he speedily becomes aware of the fact. His horses begin to kick, his dogs to bite round at themselves, and his native porters to slap their legs. Curiously enough, certain kinds of game, such as buffalo, kudu and water-buck were always found associated with the fly country. The obvious inference was that these animals were the hosts of the trypanosomes, and that the flies in biting them acquired the parasites which they afterwards transferred to the blood of other victims of their bite. The fact that the wild game itself did not seem to be at all affected by the presence of the trypanosomes in their blood was explained by assuming that they had been exposed to the infection for so long a period as to acquire immunity from the disease, a perfectly well known phenomenon in similar cases.

Up to this point I have dealt only with the fly as producing sickness in animals. Sleeping sickness has been known among negroes for more than a hundred years. It existed chiefly in places along the west coast, which were never free from it, although the disease never assumed the proportions of a plague. But suddenly it made its appearance in the Congo. There it became an epidemic and swept over the country with terrible force, carrying all before it. Then it appeared in Uganda, and it is said that 200,000 out of a total population of 300,000 died from its ravages. Naturally, so terrible a visitation attracted world-wide attention. Scientists from all over the world proceeded to Uganda to investigate the causes of the disease and to attempt to find a remedy. Dr Castellani, studying the question on the spot at Entebbe, found trypanosomes in the blood of several cases suffering from sleeping sickness. Colonel Bruce, who had also been sent out, was immediately struck with the significance of this fact as indicating a relationship between this disease and the fly sickness of cattle. At his instance

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a long series of investigations was made, and microscopic tests showed that the trypanosomes existed in the blood of every patient.

Starting from this, it was not long before it was established that the complaint which had been known as trypanosome fever was really an early stage of the sleeping sickness, and that the characteristic and dreaded symptoms of the latter were shown only at a later stage. Then the trypanosomes were found not only in the patient's blood but also in the fluid contained in the cerebro-spinal canal. At this stage the case was hopeless.

As soon as the similarity between the disease and the fly sickness was noticed, the fly (*Glossina morsitans*) responsible for the latter was looked for. It was not to be found in the sleeping sickness area. But another tsetse fly, *Glossina palpalis*, was discovered to be very common, particularly round the shores of the lake, in the districts where the disease had been most prevalent. Many thousands of these were captured for experimental purposes, and the places where they had been found were noted. These districts were invariably those affected by the sickness. On the other hand, districts which had no flies had no record of the disease. It was a case of "No fly, no sickness." Experiments on monkeys showed that these flies could transfer the trypanosomes from a sick to a healthy specimen and that the wild flies were also infective. In this way the connection between the sleeping sickness and the variety of tsetse fly known as *Glossina palpalis* was made clear. The culprit is just an ordinary-looking blackish fly, only a little larger than the common house fly. The cattle fly, *Glossina morsitans*, is brown. Both, when at rest, fold their wings over their backs like the blades of a pair of scissors. The name "tsetse" comes from the peculiar buzz they make when alighting. Black seems to appeal to them more than white, and they show a distinct preference for the native rather than for the European. It may be a question of flavour; but on the other hand, if a white man wears a black coat they will alight on it freely. When really hungry, the tsetse fly is a glutton and literally gorges itself. One

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may actually see it swelling up with the blood it is extracting from its victim. The tsetse fly is peculiar in that both sexes are equally bloodthirsty, and not the female only, as is more usual among the blood-sucking tribes. It is an "early bird," and carries on its nefarious traffic chiefly in the morning. During the heat of the day its activities decline, and cease altogether in the evening. It is easy to understand, in face of this fact, that in certain parts of Africa most of the travelling is done at night. Though the species (*Glossina palpalis*) responsible for the Uganda variety of the sleeping sickness is not found in other parts of the country, the disease itself is. The trouble in this case is mainly due to the cattle fly, which is a fierce biter and divides its attentions between the beasts and their masters. There is not the slightest doubt that it does bite human beings, and experiments in the laboratory have clearly demonstrated that it carries the trypanosomes which cause the disease. Thus in Rhodesia it has been shown to carry the *Trypanosoma rhodesiense*, a different one from the Uganda species, which has been proved to be the cause of the sleeping sickness in that country.

Measures of prevention and cure are beyond the scope of these notes, but a brief statement of some of the results which have been achieved may not be without interest. The policy has been to withdraw the population as far as possible from the infected areas. This was done in particular with the people of the Sesse Archipelago and the northern shores of Victoria Nyanza. In addition, all known cases are isolated in segregation camps and hospitals, where the sick receive all the attention at the command of modern science, while they are prevented from assisting the spread of the disease. It is highly important to prevent healthy people from being bitten, but it is far more so to prevent a sick person from being bitten and thus serving as a reservoir from which the fly can draw trypanosomes. If the tsetse fly can only bite healthy people it is just a harmless nuisance. Unfortunately the native will not take precautions. Either from fatalism or from utter inability to connect cause and effect, he is perfectly careless of consequences.

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Other steps that have been taken are the clearing of the banks of the lake and rivers of all rank water-side vegetation, the deforestation of the infected areas and the planting of certain crops, such as cotton, maize, ground nuts and others, which the fly for some reason or other avoids. The cultivation of the soil will also do much in the way of destroying larvæ and pupæ. The natives use fly-traps in the shape of gourds full of blood, into which the flies swarm. When the trap is full the opening is covered over. But this is not a measure of hygiene. No one who knows the African negro would ever accuse him of that. When he has gathered sufficient flies, he takes away his trap and liberates his prisoners near his enemy's cattle, in the hope that among his catch there may be some capable of communicating the disease. Still the method of capture might possibly be adopted even though the subsequent proceedings were omitted. As to the cure, there is unfortunately none. All that can be done with any certainty is to retard the progress of the disease. Various drugs have been tried, the most successful so far being arsenic and antimony. More recently, atoxyl, a compound of aniline, arsenic and sodium, has been employed with such striking results that Dr Koch believed that he had found in it a specific cure for the malady. Unfortunately, his hopes have proved fallacious and his conclusions premature. Mercury has been tried and so has salvarsan, the remedy now being widely tried in the treatment of syphilis. Experiments are also being made with the two ferments trypsin and amylopsin, which give the pancreatic juice its digestive powers. This, the "enzyme treatment," as it is called, is claimed to have been remarkably successful in dealing with "surra," another form of trypanosomiasis, which attacks horses, mules, cattle and camels on the northern frontier of India and elsewhere.

It is far too early to pronounce with any degree of certainty on the efficacy of any of these. All that can be said is that the results are encouraging. Now that the cause of the disease is clearly understood, we may hope that an antitoxin may be found to combat its ravages in the blood, and that by a process of systematic inoculation, Africa may be

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rendered as immune from sleeping sickness as Panama now is from malaria and as Bahia from "yellow Jack." There is no doubt that many of the wild-game animals have acquired almost absolute immunity as the result of previous ravages among the herds. Some domestic cattle are protected by a previous attack, and these "salted" cattle are keenly sought after by travellers whose way lies through the fly country. It seems abundantly clear that the experiments which are being made, along recognised lines, will ultimately provide a satisfactory method of inducing artificial immunity and so settle the great "fly" question as it affects both man and beast, and, in doing so, remove one of the greatest disadvantages of settlement in Africa.

I may perhaps be permitted to recognise with admiration the splendid work which has been and is being done by the scientific and medical staff engaged upon this and similar investigations. The story of what they have done, the hardships endured, the dangers braved is a very fine story indeed, and one of which they may well be proud.

The preventive measures to which I have already referred are being carried through with a thoroughness and devotion beyond all praise. Great districts have been cleared of people and homes found for them elsewhere. Stretches of the lake shore and of the swamp land have been stripped of their vegetation, and schemes of deforestation and cultivation are already far advanced. Segregation camps and hospitals have been established, where more than twenty thousand patients are kept under observation and treatment. And as a result of these measures the Government of Uganda is able to say in its latest report that "Sleeping sickness is now rare and the risk of infection outside the prohibited areas in which the tsetse fly exists is practically negligible."

I have already remarked that in certain districts the wild game seemed to harbour the trypanosomes of the fly sickness, and among the more extreme measures suggested for the limitation of the spread of the disease is the killing off of all the wild game. If, of course, the continued existence of the game could be proved to be a standing danger to domestic cattle, there could, in the interests of the settlers,

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be only one possible course. But the most careful investigations have shown that the danger from this source has apparently been greatly exaggerated, with the exception of perhaps a few districts. As a matter of fact, game is not as a rule particularly plentiful in the fly country, while the flies often swarm in myriads where there is no game at all. On the whole, so far as I have been able to make out, the presence of game plays, in any case, only a minor part in assisting the spread of either the sleeping sickness in man or the fly sickness in beasts, since if the game were not there the fly would find some other source from which to draw its supply of blood, and so long as any infected human beings or cattle remained to act as reservoirs the fly would continue to act as carrier and the disease be maintained. At any rate, the verdict as regards the game is, so far, one of "Not proven," and I should consider it little short of a calamity if the game were to be killed off wholesale on such evidence as that which is at present adduced.

Professor Koch considered that the blood of the crocodile was the staple diet of the tsetse fly in the Victoria Nyanza district, and that the extermination of these brutes was a necessary preliminary to the extermination of the disease. This was subsequently proved to be an error. There is not the slightest doubt, however, that the flies do feed on the blood of crocodiles. One may see them doing it any day on the shores of Victoria Nyanza. They also affect birds, lizards, snakes and frogs, when they cannot get mammals. Indeed, the stomachs of a great number that were examined contained the blood of reptiles and birds only. The Uganda variety of the fly is also known at times to feed upon caterpillars, a fact which may explain to some extent why it is able to exist in places where no other form of animal life is to be found.

One extremely curious and interesting phenomenon is the swarming of the "kungu" fly upon the waters of the lake. I have seen it stated that it is seen nowhere else than on Lake Nyanza, but this is erroneous. One sees rising from the surface of the water what appears to be a column of smoke. It twists and gyrates into all manner of fantastic

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shapes, and then, on a nearer approach, resolves itself into a cloud of gnats whirling in the air just as gnats and midges do at home in their evening dances. Only these are in such amazing numbers that they literally obscure the sky. When at the close of their brief life they fall to earth they cover the ground to the depth of several inches, and as they decay the stench is appalling. The natives mix them into a paste with grease and bake them into a cake. The word "*kungu*" means mist.

In some parts of the country, particularly the sandy wastes of the north, the scorpion is sufficiently in evidence to be fairly included among the pests. In some districts it is enough of a nuisance to make it a matter of considerable urgency to overhaul the camping ground very carefully before pitching the tents. Every stone or branch under which a scorpion might hide must be carefully turned over. In such a place, too, all utensils and articles of furniture and clothing which might provide a lurking place had better be examined before use. There is an element of painful surprise in finding one's slippers already occupied by a scorpion. Needless to say, one does not go about with bare feet. But the jigger would prevent that in any case.

One pest, depending rather on his repulsive appearance and his loathsome smell than on his power to hurt, is the cockroach. This is not by any means the common cockroach of our kitchens, but a far bigger and much uglier species, of about three inches in length.

Snakes are fortunately few. I don't think I saw a dozen during the whole time I was in the country. Some parts of the uplands, indeed, seem so free from them that one might imagine St Patrick had been there and repeated his famous eviction ceremony. However, about forty species are known, most of them small and harmless. As a rule the python, which sometimes reaches a length of 23 feet, is harmless too, so far as man is concerned. But among the poisonous varieties are two of the deadliest known, the cobra and the puff-adder. The cobras are known here as "mambas," but the snake called the green mamba, a rather common variety, is not a cobra at all, as one can see from its poison

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fangs. In the cobras the fang is grooved down the front and the poison runs down the groove into the wound ; in the vipers, to which the green mamba belongs, the poison runs down through the hollow fang.

The puff-adder generally lies half buried in the sand with little more than its head visible. Its coloration is not particularly noticeable and one might easily tread on it by accident. A native will put his bare foot on its neck and hold it down until he has cut off its head. It must be a trifle thrilling to attempt this proceeding for the first time, for the puff-adder is not by any means a weakling, being often four feet in length. He gets his name from the fact that when excited he puffs up the front part of his body in much the same way as a cobra does its hood. He has also a curious habit of striking backwards, often jumping clean off the ground in a sort of back somersault. I believe that no other snake does this.

These notes by no means exhaust the subject of East African pests. Probably a settler in the country might extend it indefinitely. He would certainly include some of the bigger game—the rhino, for example, which occasionally does a good deal of damage in cultivated ground. The zebra would also appear on the list, as the result of his playful habit of stampeding in herds, breaking through fences and trampling down the crops. The kongoni is equally troublesome. But there is a possibility of getting something out of the kongoni if it is only a meal. Of course, one *can* eat rhino ; only one doesn't if one can avoid it. And in spite of the native's (and the lion's) predilection for zebra meat, that particular delicacy does not appeal to a European palate. The greater carnivora, too, sometimes do considerable damage among the flocks and herds. Sheep, goats, cattle and ostriches often fall a prey to their raids. The baboons sometimes do dreadful damage among the young lambs, ripping them up apparently out of sheer mischief. But if I include in a chapter on pests every animal against which the settler has a grievance, I shall have to put in nearly the whole of the game list. And then somebody will want to know why I have omitted the East African variety of Indian.

CHAPTER VIII

SOME PROSPECTS AND OPINIONS

THREE classes of people go to British East Africa—those who go for amusement, those who go to settle and make it their home, and those who go with the idea of making as much money as possible in the shortest time they can, and of then returning to Europe. Possibly something of what I have already said may interest the first of these. I trust that the present chapter may serve to interest the prospective settler or planter, who may also, I hope, find here and there a hint which may assist him in accomplishing his aims.

Of course it is quite open for anyone to ask what right I, who went to Africa merely as a sportsman, have to attempt to advise intending settlers as to their prospects. Well, we shall not quarrel about that. But I have myself been through the mill in another quarter of the East, and have had a great deal of first-hand experience in growing some, at least, of the crops on which the Protectorate depends for its future. So that if on the present occasion I judge as a spectator, it is nevertheless as a spectator who has been "through it," and consequently knows something of the game and can judge its difficulties as well as its possibilities. So much by way of preliminary.

I take it that a man who is interested in a new country will first want to know what are his chances of success, and what that success is likely to cost him in labour, self-sacrifice and inconvenience as well as in hard cash. I don't know that I can settle all this for him, but I can at least provide him with a few facts which may help him in making up his mind.

In the first place, British East Africa is no Tom Tiddler's Ground where fortunes may be had every day for the picking up. It is just as well to get this clear at the start. There is

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always a sort of glamour about new countries. One is apt to view them through a golden haze of possibilities. Of course there *are* possibilities. Otherwise the game would not be worth the candle. But it is no use speculating on them. If the unexpected should happen, so much the better. But what is wanted at the outset is a clear and definite idea, not of what *may* happen, but of what is reasonably certain to happen under ordinary conditions; what crops will certainly grow and what will not, which breeds of stock can certainly be reared and which cannot; what, in short, will with reasonable luck make a handsome profit and in any case a decent livelihood.

Up to the present there are only two openings, agricultural and pastoral. Minerals may be found later, but so far there have been no indications of any great mineral wealth. But on the other hand the country has as yet been imperfectly explored, and it may be that this will come in the future. There have been, as a matter of fact, one or two diamond rushes from Nairobi, but they petered out to nothing. Equally of course, there are no great industries. Of this, however, there are indications, pretty clear ones too, of great developments in the not distant future.

So for the present the new-comer must necessarily confine his attention to planting or settling. Success in either will depend mainly on three factors—the fertility of the soil, the suitability of the climate, and the possibility of obtaining a sufficiency of native labour. If the produce is to be exported, the question of transport arises, and in British East Africa transport means the Uganda Railway. There are no great waterways here which can be pressed into the service of commerce. So even if a plot is obtained close to the railway, there are heavy charges to pay before the cost of oversea freightage comes into the question. If the plot is far from the railway the transport question is a very serious one indeed.

As to land, the choice lies between the Coast lands, the shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza, the lower plateau and the highlands. The Coast lands will grow anything. The soil is amazingly fertile and a planter with a reasonable capital

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and a sound constitution may be certain to do well here. Near the sea the cocoanut-palm flourishes with exceptional luxuriance. Stretching inland to the foot of the Coast hills, there are ten miles or so of black soil, rich with the decayed vegetation of ages. All tropical plants flourish here, and the prospects for cotton, coffee, rubber and cocoa are wonderfully good. But it is distinctly not a white man's country, though some men whom I met, who had lived there quite a long time, seemed to have stood it very well.

The Lake lands are very like the Coast lands, equally fertile but even more unhealthy. The lower plateau, up to a height of about 4000 feet, has a more moderate temperature but a poorer soil. Here there are great stretches of desert which will grow nothing. In the fertile patches the tropical cereals will do well, while the fibres, such as sisal and sanseveira, thrive on the poor soil. Indeed the proportion of the fibre in the leaves is greater on the poorer soil.

In the highlands the settler may grow seasonable crops such as wheat, barley, oats, maize, beans, potatoes, tobacco and linseed. Or he may go in for such permanent crops as wattle or fruit. Or again, he may decide to go in for farming stock—cattle, sheep, pigs, horses or ostriches. In the region round Lakes Naivasha, Nakuru and Elmenteita he will find admirable facilities. On the Njoro plains, the Uasin Gishu plateau and the Sotik, he will have at his disposal some of the finest corn-land in the world.

To start anywhere in the highlands, it is necessary to have some preliminary knowledge of farming; and the better farmer a man is, the greater his chances of ultimate success. In the lowlands, with crops like sisal, cocoanuts, etc., no special knowledge is required at the outset. In this district, a young fellow of sound health, average intelligence and decent industry ought to count on being able to go home with a respectable competency in, say, ten years. But he will want a bigger capital than if he had chosen to make a start in the upland region. Nothing much short of a thousand pounds would, I imagine, suffice for the most moderate start. In the highland region about half this sum would do for a modest beginning. If I were a young

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man intending to settle in British East Africa, I should choose either the Coast lands or the Lake lands, though both are equally undesirable from the point of view of health. As regards the possibility of obtaining labour, the Lake lands have the advantage. There the population is dense and the natives are industrious—for natives—and have some ideas of agriculture and stock-raising.

Land in the Protectorate can only be obtained from the Crown, or, of course, by purchase from someone who holds it from the Crown. A large tract can be obtained on lease only, the rent payable being threepence, twopence, a penny or a halfpenny per acre, according to the character of the land and its proximity to the railway, its water supply, and so on. Thus the best land in the country can be had at threepence per acre. Even these rates may be reduced by the Commissioner of Lands, if he sees fit. The leases are granted for ninety-nine years, but are subject to revision at the end of thirty-three and sixty-six years respectively. Then the new rents are fixed at five per cent. of the value of the *unimproved* land, so that a tenant is not faced with the undesirable possibility of having to pay heavily for improvements which he himself has made. In addition to his leasehold, a settler may acquire a freehold homestead farm of 340 acres, the price payable for the same being fixed at twenty times the rental value of the land.

As to climate, I take it the question is not "What sort of a climate is it for a holiday?" but "What sort of a climate is it to work in day after day?" So, in settling the meaning of that much-quoted phrase, "a white man's country," one has first to consider whether a man can engage in steady outdoor work in the place selected just as he can at home. And the answer to that, in my opinion, is certainly "No." The people who talk of the perfect climate of the highland district, "like a perpetual English summer," have, I think, underestimated the effect of the direct rays of the almost vertical sun when felt continuously. Although one may, as I have proved, walk, ride or shoot, day after day, without cessation, and with no obvious ill effects, I think that a man who tried to work hard in the open all day and every day

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would be in serious danger of collapse. Under shelter there should be no such risk. Fortunately, the actual manual labour does not fall to the white man, so that this danger is greatly minimised. As to the effects of continued residence, there seems a tendency, among those who know, to insist on the necessity for a periodical change, if one wishes to avoid a condition of depression which may possibly culminate in a nervous breakdown. It may be that this has less to do with the climate itself than with the strain of working under difficult and, to a large extent, unfamiliar conditions, and that it will probably settle itself in time. But as the figures of the death-rate show, the highland region is really extremely healthy; and as the various measures adopted to combat such diseases as malaria are more stringently enforced it is likely to become more and more so. So much for the uplands. On the Coast and on the shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza, great care is required to maintain oneself fit, but with that care there is no reason why any white man who is sound and temperate should not do very well. I have seen men who have lived in these places for ten or twenty years, and who at the end of it were anything but the chronic invalids the croakers would make out. The chief troubles are malaria and dysentery. Personally, I am of opinion that the danger from malaria has been overrated. The danger lies in its neglect. With care and proper treatment, there should be nothing more than some days' inconvenience. And the vigorous measures taken against mosquitoes are gradually reducing the risk of attack. Dysentery is, of course, serious, and as all African sources of drinking water are more or less polluted, strict precautions are essential. But the man who, in Africa, will not take the trouble to see that his drinking water is beyond suspicion, deserves what he is likely to get.

The question of native labour is a thorny one. The African native is unfortunately no convert to the gospel of work. His lot has fallen in a place where very little exertion is required to supply his needs, and where the social code prevailing permits his wife, or wives, to supply most of that. He wants, indeed, so very little, that the only way to make

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him work is to make him acquire new wants, which only his labour will enable him to satisfy. Whether this will make him any happier in the long run is a moot point. The negro seems to me to lead a far finer and happier life than, say, the factory hand living in the slums of a great manufacturing town. He has, as a rule, enough for his present needs, is practically free from care for the future, and is never forced to work monotonously and continually through fear of starving. Skilled native labour, in the strict sense of the term, is, of course, non-existent; but the ordinary native can easily be taught the simple operations of farming. Some, indeed, are very skilful in their own way, and readily grasp European methods. The natives are recruited either personally or through agents. In some cases bodies of them travel through the country seeking work, and going back to their own villages when the time comes to garner in their own harvests. The wages paid vary from three to eight rupees per month, to which must be added from two to four rupees for food.

I do not propose to discuss in detail the prospects of the various crops, but merely to say a word or two as to what can be done with the principal ones. Fruit, save for what grows wild, seems to have been rather neglected. But all the temperate varieties seem to do well in one part of the colony or another. Pears, I am told, are an exception, for which no explanation is forthcoming. Bearing in mind the fact that the two growing seasons practically double the crop, there seems no reason why fruit-growing should not prove one of the most profitable of the industries of the Protectorate, when the great question of transport has been finally solved, and possibly arrangements have been made for canning on the spot.

Wheat has shown varying results. It grows well and sells well. The trouble is, as elsewhere—rust. The first two or three crops are all right, and then the trouble begins. Possibly the seed loses some of its vitality, or it may be that some constituent of the soil becomes exhausted. The “gluyas” variety, which was the first introduced, rusted badly. An Italian species, rieti, has done better. The

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Agricultural Department is vigorously carrying out experiments in hybridisation, and has already produced five months' wheat of fine quality, specially suited to the climate and, it is claimed, capable of resisting rust.

Maize grows lustily and forms a great part of the native food. Already an export trade has been established, the quality being well up to the highest standard. There is no doubt that with careful cultivation British East Africa can produce better maize than most other parts of the world, and a lot more of it. Up to the present, settlers have been mainly concerned with growing more remunerative crops. When freights can be brought down to a reasonable figure, the export of maize should be greatly increased.

Two crops of beans, as of most other things, can be grown each year, and some attention has already been devoted to growing this crop for export. The "Canadian Wonder" and the "Rose Cocos" have proved best. The cost of production and marketing is about £3, 10s. per ton, and they realise, at Nairobi, about £7 per ton, and at Marseilles, £11 to £11, 15s. per ton. One advantage is that the crop is practically immune from the attacks of insect pests and fungoid diseases. Linseed shows great promise, the yield and quality being good enough to challenge comparison with Ireland. Many oil-seeds are indigenous, castor oil, cotton, sem-sem and ground nut being the chief. Sem-sem is produced in considerable quantities, its high price making it a very profitable crop. The District Commissioners in the Lake Belt are trying to induce the natives to grow it in their shambas. Certain other vegetable products deserve treatment in detail.

COCOANUTS.—The Coast lands are ideal for the cultivation of cocoanuts. The palm grows more luxuriantly here than anywhere else on earth, save on the adjacent coasts of German East Africa. At present the nuts are mainly sold locally or used for making *tembo*, the native variety of toddy. Copra is made only in a few isolated areas, and these do not go far toward building up an export trade. But there is a fine future here for a man who can afford to wait half-a-dozen years for his return. The position is somewhat

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as follows. Good seed nuts must be obtained from mature trees—*i.e.* trees twenty years old, which have never been tapped for toddy. The land must, of course, be cleared and the nuts planted twenty-five feet apart. Then the ground must be kept clean. For five years no return can be expected, but after that the reward is a great one. Taking a farm of 360 acres, the expenditure up to the seventh year ought not to exceed from £2500 to £3000. In the tenth year the income ought not to be less than £3000 per annum, and the property should be saleable at something like £50 an acre. The trees will go on bearing well for about forty years. Cocoanut plantations can also be rented from “The East African Estates Ltd.” at about one rupee per tree per annum, or, say, £5 per acre. The gross return should be nearly double that, so that the planter might calculate on a yield of about £5 per acre, from which he would have to deduct the cost of labour, transport and marketing. In calculating the cost of living during the six years or so of waiting, the possibility of growing catch crops should not be forgotten.

SISAL.—This plant is one of the agaves, and gets its name from a port in Florida. It was introduced into German East Africa in 1893 and into the British colony about ten years later. The plant has a short stem and fleshy, sword-like leaves three to six feet long. In five or six years it “poles”—that is, it sends up a long flower-spike about twenty to thirty feet high. This is covered with bulbils, possibly a couple of thousand of them, which can be used for propagation. The leaves can be cut two and a half or three years after planting. The total yield from each plant is about two hundred leaves. In German East Africa the yield is not more than one hundred and sixty. The leaves when cut are decorticated and the fibre is washed clean of the pulp and then dried. With proper machinery the process is a simple one; without it, plenty of native labour is necessary. As to the choice of position, the sisal grower is fortunate, for the poorer the land the better the quality of the fibre. The plant, like the rest of its species, is specially adapted to subsist in an arid region, but water must be available for the decortivating and

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washing of the fibre. Another point to be considered is the question of transport, for the bales of fibre are very bulky in proportion to their weight. Hence reasonable proximity to the rail is an important factor. So also is the supply of native labour. On the uplands this is far cheaper (3 to 7 rupees a month) and more abundant than near the coast (11 to 16 rupees a month). As to the cost, bulbils run from 15s. to 20s. per thousand. The land must be cleared and planted, but after that very little in the way of cultivation is needed. Few weeds are hardy enough to compete successfully with *Agave rigida sisilana*. Suckers must be set out between the rows to ensure a regular succession of plants, and that is about all. Clearing and planting 300 acres would cost about £1500, while houses, sheds for dealing with the fibre, and machinery, might cost another £1000.

The returns would commence at the end of the third year. A fair estimate would be half-a-ton of fibre per acre. Sisal fibre fetches from £20 to £30 per ton; so that, taking it at £25, the yield would be £3750, from which would have to be deducted the cost of labour and transport. At the moment the clear profit is reckoned to be from £12 to £13 a ton; and this for 150 tons works out at £1800—the yearly result as long as the estate is kept in fair order. A bigger area would be cheaper to work. To keep the plant constantly running would need at least 1000 acres. One great point with regard to sisal is that its successful cultivation requires no previous skill or experience. Further, the poorest quality of land is the best. It is also the cheapest, a rental of $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per acre being the probable cost. The yield on the coral rag near the coast is greatest, but labour there is scarcer and dearer than in the highlands. The area from the Taru desert to Makindu is probably as good as any.

WATTLE.—This is an acacia, and is valued for its bark, which contains a great deal of tannin, which makes it of use in tanning. The wood is also useful for building purposes. The trees are ready for stripping in five years, the double season hastening the growth as in the case of sisal. At present most of the wattle bark supply is drawn from the forests of Australia and Natal. In British East Africa the growth



Swahili Village, near Nairobi



Sisal Plantation, Nyali.

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is far quicker, the return per acre greater and the proportion of tannin higher. Here again is a crop easily grown without previous knowledge, and which finds a ready market. The great questions to be considered are the supply of native labour and the facilities for transport, the product being a bulky one. At present some 10,000 acres are under cultivation, and a scheme is on foot for erecting a factory at Naivasha to extract the tannin on the spot and so diminish the cost of transport. The tree grows best in this neighbourhood.

COTTON.—This has not as yet been largely tried, and the annual export does not exceed 200 tons. But some parts of the Protectorate, especially near the Lake and on the Coast, are peculiarly fitted for it, and it should be easy to grow it there.

COFFEE.—This promises well for the future. At present about 50,000 acres are planted, but there is a great deal of wild coffee of very fair quality in the Nandi country and in Uganda. The wild berries are small but of good colour and flavour. The quantity, wild and plantation, which was exported in 1913 amounted to 275,585 rupees in value. This is, of course, not a great sum, but it compares very favourably with the 4031 rupees worth exported in 1908. The quality, too, is capable of improvement. East African coffee fetched £83 per ton in 1912. The best district for this crop is certainly Uganda, but this is by no means white man's country.

Success with coffee is neither so easy nor so certain as with sisal or with cocoanuts. Sound experience is essential, and the beginner had better do a year's apprenticeship on a good plantation before starting out on his own.

The variety generally grown is *Arabica*, probably because that was the variety first introduced by the French fathers from Mocha. I am told that this Mocha coffee does best in the highlands but that Liberian coffee is superior in the lowlands. This is probably true. It is also true that the latter gives a larger yield and is not nearly so delicate as the former. The Arabian coffee is specially liable to rust, and there have been two or three epidemics of it here. It is

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worth noting that the bad effects were less pronounced than might have been anticipated, so that possibly either the soil or the climate is not favourable to the disease. Blue Mountain coffee has been tried on a limited scale with very encouraging results. Another variety, *Robusta*, which was introduced into Java about fifteen years ago and has done very well there, might be tried in British East Africa. It does particularly well on rich soils, especially those of volcanic origin.

One disadvantage of the Arabian coffee is the necessity of picking immediately the berry is "cherry" ripe. Any delay entails the risk of an attack of fungus and a damaged crop, while premature picking results in the inclusion of unripe berries and a "bad sample." The berries should be pulped the day they are picked, and the pulper must be very carefully set. I saw several samples of coffee in British East Africa which had been literally spoiled by bad pulping, the berries being scratched and pulper-nipped. The market value of such a sample suffers severely. As to prospects, much will, of course, depend on the individual. He cannot, as in the case of hardier crops, leave much to chance. His great expense will be the clearing of the land; on the other hand, the area under cultivation will be comparatively small. The trees need constant attention and skilful pruning. Machinery, though essential, is not expensive, and as the crop is not a bulky one, the question of transport does not assume the same importance as it does with sisal or wattle. Labour is the main consideration, as the picking demands the employment of a considerable number of unskilled labourers for a brief period. So, as one cannot keep a crowd idle for a whole year in anticipation, the plantation must be chosen in a spot where native labour is abundant. There must also be provision of shelter from wind and sun. Rows of banana-trees are often chosen for this; they are quick growers but have the disadvantage of being gross feeders, and so tend to exhaust the soil and the moisture. On the highlands less shade is required. The ideal altitude is said to be between 2000 and 3000 feet, although coffee is being successfully grown very much higher up. The question of

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temperature is, however, one of importance, the lowest the plant will stand being 42° F. The ideal conditions are a temperature of between 65° and 75° F. and a rainfall of about 100 inches per annum. Three years' growth is needed before cropping, and then, if proper care has been taken, there should be a profit of about £15 an acre, and the trees should remain in full bearing for some years to come.

RUBBER.—As far as I was able to judge, the prospect of growing rubber at present prices is not particularly promising. There is a good deal of wild rubber, which up to the present has been collected more or less spasmodically. The shipments for 1913 amounted to 1165 cwt., of which 687 cwt. was wild rubber. On several estates rubber has recently been abandoned in favour of cocoanuts. One reason is perhaps that Ceara rubber has been generally grown instead of Para. The latter is delicate and needs careful tapping, and a dry year may wipe out a whole plantation. The former is a strong grower and stands the drought well. Moreover, the Ceara can be tapped in the second year, while Para needs five to seven years before tapping. But when once established, the Para will give a far greater yield. Twenty-year-old Para will yield 20 lb. of dry rubber per tree, while the Ceara has ceased to yield any latex at all.

It is difficult to give any useful figures, but the following are somewhere near the mark. The trees are planted some 12 to 16 feet apart. The former gives 300 and the latter 170 trees to the acre. The cost of clearing and planting 300 acres would be about £1000, while buildings would account for £250. In the third year, with Ceara, one might collect $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. per tree. At 300 trees to the acre there would be 90,000 trees, which would give 22,500 lb. of rubber, which at 2s. a pound on the plantation would bring in £2250. The cost of collection would work out at something like 1s. 6d. per pound, so that the net profit would be £562, 10s. In the sixth year, with the trees producing 1 lb. apiece, the figures would be 90,000 lb. at 2s. a pound—*i.e.* £9000, less cost of collection, which (as the labour would be less in proportion through collecting a larger quantity from each tree) would in this instance be about 1s. per lb. The average daily

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wage of a rubber collector varies from 5d. to 8d. These figures are for Ceara. With Para rubber, under skilful cultivation, the returns could be made much greater. In the latter case, however, the risks would be greater too.

One word on the question of raising stock. People accustomed to a temperate climate will regard the idea of rearing sheep on the Equator as something of an absurdity. But it is a proposition already solved, and the Agricultural Department of the colony is prepared to advise any intending settler as to how he may do it for himself. It is quite true that the early settlers had to face serious loss, but the causes of their failures are now clearly understood and can be guarded against. The worst were due to worm, and this has been proved to be the result of grazing over worm-infested pastures infected by the droppings of wild game.

There are, of course, native African sheep; but the local product is a very poor thing from the wool-producing point of view, and not much better when regarded from the standpoint of mutton. Its coat is hairy, its colours many and its flesh tough and uninteresting. But the man who has a limited pocket must make the native sheep the basis of his flocks, and by careful grading up attempt to produce from this unpromising material an animal useful both from the point of view of wool and from that of meat. The Masai sheep are the best of the native breeds to begin with. Crossed with merino rams, they speedily produce saleable fleeces. The clip from a second cross will give from six to eight pounds of wool, saleable at about 8d. per pound, and from a third cross from seven to ten pounds, saleable at 10d. A pure-bred sheep will give from nine to twelve pounds of wool, which may realise 11d., 11½d. or 1s. a pound. A capital of £1500 would provide 1500 native ewes, about 40 pure-bred rams, all the necessary buildings and fencing, and provide further for all the expenditure required until the returns begin to come in. There is fine grazing, cheap labour—eight to ten shillings a month is an average wage—and the outlook after the third year is distinctly a promising one.

There are few countries in the world better adapted for

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cattle-rearing than British East Africa. The native herds alone are reckoned at over two millions. There are great stretches of grazing land, second to none in the world ; and the grass, as a result of the double season, keeps green and fresh all the year round. The native cattle, if not particularly fine specimens from our point of view, afford excellent material for grading up. The process is as yet in its infancy, but private owners as well as the Government have paid much attention to the question, with the result that fine herds of graded stock exist to-day, and the quality of the beef and the quantity of the milk yielded are improving every year.

At present the stock is mostly sold in the colony, where there is a great demand for butcher's meat, milk and draught oxen, as well as for cattle for stocking up the new farms to the level of the Government requirements. There is no doubt that a cold storage trade will later be established, and the stock farmer should then come into his own. The capital needed is comparatively large. Native cows cost from £5 to £10, and a good graded cow £15. The prices have risen of late, partly as a result of the ravages of the plague and partly because of the increased demand. Of imported cattle the shorthorn has probably been the most successful, though Frieslands, Herefords, Ayrshires and Redpolls have done almost as well.

The question of the supply of labour is not so difficult here, as the native herdsmen are good, accustomed to caring for the stock and sufficiently intelligent to acquire readily European ideas of management and breeding. The Government stock farm at Naivasha was established in 1903 for the purpose of investigating the possibilities of improving the native strains of cattle, sheep, pigs, etc., by crossing them with imported thoroughbreds ; and it has done wonderful work, not only by advising settlers as to the best breeds for their districts, but also in supplying pure-bred and graded animals for breeding purposes, and in investigating the causes of the various ailments affecting stock, and in advising as to treatment. Experiments in crossing the native donkey with the Catalonian jackass have proved very

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successful, the progeny showing great improvement both in size and bone.

Pigs are, of course, ubiquitous, because of the little trouble they entail, the rapidity with which they breed, the cheapness with which they can be fed, the quickness with which they reach the profitable stage and the smallness of the outlay needed. Most farms will raise a certain number of pigs in any case. There is the usual difficulty of transport, but bacon factories like the Uplands Bacon Factory at Lari will doubtless spring up in time and help to lessen this trouble. The great point here seems to me to be the necessity of breeding only the highest grade of bacon, there being no local market for the lower grades. For suitable pigs, the Uplands Bacon Factory pays in ordinary seasons 3d. per pound live weight, which compares favourably with the price paid in England, where the cost of production is much greater. All the foods for fattening, such as maize, barley, potatoes and lucerne, can be grown here at low cost. Bananas, too, are plentiful, and banana-fed pork is by no means the worst of its kind. Altogether, the prospects are exceptionally good.

OSTRICHES.—One can hardly leave this subject without a word as to the future of ostrich farming, which bids fair to become a great industry in the near future. The native birds are of a better type than those of South Africa (which now provides the greater part of the world's feather supply), being superior in size as well as in quality of feather. Some of the wild plumes, indeed, challenge comparison with the best of the cultivated variety sent from the South African farms. Rearing ostriches is rather a tricky business, and this is one of the cases in which some previous experience is essential. As to profits, a good bird will bring in about from £2 to £5 annually from the feather crop only. But as month-old chicks sell for £1 apiece or more, six-month-old chicks for £3, and grown birds for from £10 to £15 apiece, it is obvious that the profit is not confined to the feathers alone.

As I have already suggested, the question of labour is all-important, whatever branch of industry is adopted.

SOME PROSPECTS AND OPINIONS

Among the natives the common practice, sanctioned by years of custom, is to leave all manual work to the females of the tribe. In the old days, when the proportion of males to females was kept down by incessant warfare, it was possible for the native to keep a sufficient number of wives to do all his household affairs in comfort. The more peaceful conditions of to-day are gradually altering this, by levelling up the numbers of the two sexes. So the negro, instead of being a fighting man pure and simple, and in the intervals of fighting an ornament, will have to become a worker; and polygamy will become more and more restricted to a favoured few. Further, as the result of association with whites, the negro races are gradually becoming more habituated to the idea of steady work. Only, at present, they require handling firmly and judiciously. The type of settler who starts off by considering the negro as a useless brute will do no good with him at any time. In such hands he will always be useless. But the fault is not entirely his own. In Africa as elsewhere a useless servant generally implies an incompetent master.

Looking at the question as a whole, the prospects of the settler in British East Africa are by no means unpromising, and in certain directions distinctly the reverse. The climate, apart from the drawbacks to which I have already referred, is a glorious one; the soil is fertile and virgin; the grazing admirable; labour is in most districts plentiful, cheap and easily managed. There is no doubt that a settler who makes up his mind to put his back into his work and face the inevitable inconveniences and drawbacks will secure a sound reward for his labour. And in the meantime there is all the pleasure of an outdoor life, and the relaxation to be obtained from sport in the finest big-game country in the world.

PART IV

BY F. G. AFLALO

CHAPTER IX

FISHING IN THE PROTECTORATE

AFRICA has not hitherto been famous as a fisherman's playground, but its failure to earn such a reputation should be attributed not so much to any actual lack of opportunities in either sea, river or lake as to the predominant attraction of shooting, since ninety-nine out of every hundred sportsmen, whether settlers or globe-trotters, are too intent on bagging trophies of the rifle to spare any time for the rod. Yet the quieter sport is often a welcome change from big-game shooting, besides furnishing a useful change of food when camp is pitched near a lake or stream; and both British East Africa and the neighbouring territory of Uganda afford an extraordinary variety of fishing under every imaginable condition, the generous supply of Nature having been supplemented by imported trout which, even if a little inaccessible in their present quarters, are nevertheless available for the fastidious fisherman to whom only the cream of his sport holds out any attraction.

With the details of safari I need not concern myself, except to say that a fishing camp is in all respects precisely the same as a shooting camp, save that it calls for a much more modest personnel and involves only a fraction of the expense, inasmuch as the angler has no use for the services of a professional hunter or for more than a handful of natives to carry his personal baggage and look after his camp. The usual string of porters for carrying the ammunition on the outward and the trophies on the homeward march can therefore be dispensed with.

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Few readers of this book are likely to follow my example and go on safari as far into the interior as the steaming shores of the Albert Nyanza, for the fishing only, but as the best season for both sports—*i.e.* that with the minimum of rainfall—is from Christmas to March, the information given in this chapter may, it is hoped, be of service to big-game hunters who like an occasional spell of fishing when the opportunity affords.

This information is, it will be seen, subdivided under four heads : I. Sea-fish at Mombasa ; II. Trout in the Aberdares ; III. Barbel at the Nile Falls ; and IV. The Giant Perch and Tiger-fish of Lake Albert. As regards the third of these, it may at once be said that most of the streams in the Protectorate contain barbel of one species or another, and that most of them take a fly or small spoon. The best of the big barbel are, however, to be found at the Ripon Falls, close to Jinja, though the water is there unsuitable for any method other than spinning. For the fly fishing in the smaller streams, of which I had too little experience to be of service to others, I would refer the reader to Mr M. Seth Smith of Nairobi, Mr C. W. Woodhouse of the Game Department, or some other of the handful of residents who know anything of such matters.

A prefatory note on tackle for the trip may perhaps be convenient. For the sea-fish at Mombasa, which run very large (the Governor's best only fell a little short of a hundred pounds), and which are caught under conditions that throw the greatest strain on rod and line, tarpon tackle is to be strongly recommended. I am aware that in the early days more than one good fish was landed on salmon tackle, and even more recently Mr Lee succeeded, with an old sea-rod and 4½-inch Nottingham reel belonging to the Governor, in killing a fish of 82 lb. (the second best so far recorded at Mombasa) in thirty-five minutes. This extraordinary feat was accomplished on 17th February 1915, and unless the fish in question was abnormally out of condition, or unless the fisherman, whom I have not the pleasure of knowing, is a man of above the average strength, I am frankly unable to say how it was done. At any rate those who fish regularly at Mombasa now use tarpon tackle, and Sir Henry Belfield

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never fishes with anything but the outfit which, at his request, I sent out from Messrs Farlow on my return home. It is true that such an outfit leaves little change out of £20, but it is worth the money. For the rest of the fishing, tarpon tackle will serve again with the giant perch, which may also exceed 100 lb., in Lake Albert; ordinary trout tackle is needed for the Gura, and will also come in handy with the barbel of the smaller streams; and for the Ripon Falls any good spinning rod and reel, the latter one or other of the modern patterns which make long-distance casting a joy instead of a penance, will be found serviceable.

I. SEA-FISH AT MOMBASA

Before dropping anchor at Kilindini, the deep-water port of British East Africa, and situated close to the town of Mombasa, steamers of the Union Castle, British India and other English lines (and their rivals of the Woermann Company need not be seriously considered in the immediate future) stay for a few hours at least at Port Sudan, on the western shore of the Red Sea; and here the sea-angler may be strongly advised to make arrangements beforehand that will enable him, instead of going ashore where there is nothing to do or see, to enjoy a foretaste of the big fish of the Indian Ocean. He can, in fact, catch the premier fish of Mombasa, there known by its Swahili name "koli koli" (*Caranx ignobilis*) but here called "bayad" by the Arab fishermen who hail from Jedda. This, with other excellent sporting fishes, including bonito, barracouta and several more, may be caught right inside the harbour and within a stone's throw of the quay, but by way of saving time it will be best to arrange by the mail before he leaves home for an Arab fisherman to be in readiness with live bait and for the hotel boatman to have his own boat waiting at the gangway. The tarpon tackle may here receive its baptism, and the fishing, which is with a live sardine for bait, will be found most attractive, particularly as it is in perfectly smooth water close to the ship.

Arrived at Mombasa ten days later, where he will pre-

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sumably spend a few days before starting up country, possibly getting his camping requirement together under the auspices of the British East Africa Corporation and generally resting at the Club, the visitor's best plan will be to get hold of one or other of the residents, without exception Government officials at the time of my own stay, who have made a study of the sea-fishing.

Bait presents a constant difficulty, as the fish market is none too regularly supplied with either "*unah*" or grey mullet ("*nkisi*"), the only two small local fish suitable for mounting on spinning traces. Fortunately, however, the biggest fish take a spoon as readily, if not even more so, but it must be a spoon worthy of such game. I caught *koli koli* of 55 and 64 lb. on a great wobbling spoon supplied by Farlow; and the Governor, using a similar pattern, more recently killed a fish of 91 lb. This was on 22nd March 1915. Curiously enough, when he and I fished together the previous March we could catch nothing but small dolphins ("*falusi*"), the big fish being, as we found out too late, inside Kilindini harbour. The fishing is simply the same kind of trolling in deep water as Americans practise at Santa Catalina for tuna and yellow-tail. It is best done out of a launch going from four to six knots, but some prefer a yacht. This, it is true, gives more room when playing a heavy fish, but it is essential to have a European in charge of the mainsail, as the Swahili are rarely smart enough in lowering it in time to save a heavy fish. I lost a tremendous fellow in this way one day inside the reef as we were running home in the shallow water before a stiff breeze. It is unusual to hook anything large inside the reef, and I had put out a spoon only to amuse one of the party, when all of a sudden there was a scream of the tarpon reel, and before the native crew could get the sail down the whole of my 300 yards were out and, with a mighty splashing, the fish got away.

While the *koli koli* is the chief prize at Mombasa, there is another ocean fish, the *nguru*, that also gives capital sport and is taken in the same way. The best *nguru* recorded in the Governor's journal weighed 31 lb. These fish are more often foul-hooked than the other kinds.

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II. TROUT IN THE ABERDARES

It is safe to predict that wherever Englishmen and Scotsmen are exiled to remote regions they will, given time, take with them their golf and their trout. The making of golf links is a comparatively simple business, but the introduction of trout, quite apart from the very considerable climatic limitations by which such enterprise is conditioned, is both difficult and costly. Nevertheless our countrymen have overcome both the difficulty and the expense as far from home as Tasmania, New Zealand and South Africa, and it was only to be expected that a similar experiment should be tried in eminently suitable streams on the Equator in British East Africa. The first river selected for the honour, and indeed at the time of my visit the only one in which the venture had borne fruit, was the Gura, a lovely little mountain stream at the summit of the Aberdares, best reached by a two-day safari from Naivasha station, a few hours' journey west of Nairobi. Frankly, the journey to the river entails a pretty good climb, better faced on four feet than on two ; but the goal is worth travelling to, and I have fished in few more attractive trout-streams outside Devonshire. The trout are numerous ; too numerous, if the whole truth must be told (an evil due to their being so rarely fished for), and they run large. Unfortunately, owing to shortage of natural food and the prevalence of cannibal habits, their condition is not always all that could be wished, and one that I caught of nineteen inches scaled only just over two pounds, a hopelessly inadequate weight for a fish of that length. If the intending visitor to the Gura can enlist the help of Mr Minshall, the local Forester, he will be spared much loss of time and other inconvenience. He will also do well to bear in mind that it can be exceedingly cold at that altitude (over 10,000 feet above sea-level), with heavy frosts at night, and a stout overcoat, with plenty of blankets for his camp bed, are necessary for comfort. The Gura offers a variety of water for both wet and dry fly, but, speaking generally, the angler will find that he does best with a couple of wet flies (I caught fish on a Coachman and a March Brown) fished in

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short casts upstream, and wading is a great help. Throughout the rainy season—that is to say, our summer and autumn—the river is unfishable, so that Nature thus imposes a close time which is more strictly observed than those prescribed elsewhere by law.

III. BARBEL AT THE NILE FALLS

We have now turned our back on British East Africa and are on board the little Government steamer, *Clement Hill*, which, after calling at Entebbe, the official capital of Uganda, returns by way of Jinja to its starting place, Kisumu or Port Florence.

At Jinja we leave the boat and visit the famous Ripon Falls, the picturesque outlet of the Nile from Victoria Nyanza, where the great river sets out, amid an indescribable tumult, on its tremendous journey to Egypt and the Mediterranean. The Ripon Falls do not rank high in the globe-trotter's memories, and I should not, having looked on both, compare them for a moment with Niagara. All the same, this emancipation of the Nile from its silent cradle is an impressive spectacle, while the deafening music of the tumbling waters is not only hypnotic in its effect on the fisherman standing close to the outlet but, what is of more practical importance, hides the movements of lurking crocodiles. Contrary to the popular belief in their habits, these have before now been known to come close to unsuspecting victims, usually native women drawing water, under cover of the din, and brush them off the bank with a sweep of the powerful tail. During the few days I fished at Jinja, under the able tuition of Dr Van Someren, I had someone on the look out for these reptiles; and a similar caution was impressed on me by Mr Woodhouse in respect of the rivers in British East Africa, where somewhat similar barbel are to be caught.

When these barbel of the Falls, known to the natives as *kisia* (*Barbus radcliffei*), were first discovered, it was suggested that they were identical with the famous mahseer of India. Having caught both, I can positively deny this;

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and I would add that, though capable of trying the fisherman's arms and tackle with all that weight of water behind them, these African barbel do not put up anything like the same fight as *Barbus tor* as I knew him in rivers of the Himalayas. Yet they are not to be despised, whether in the river or on the table, and may be caught by anyone capable of throwing a light spoon thirty yards or so, clearing the first reef of rocks and getting out into the deep water beyond. There are several stances, and a local fishing club, with a modest membership and apparently no subscription (at any rate I was not allowed to pay any), keeps these in order. The best is close to the Falls, and here barbel up to 20 lb. or more have been taken, with catfish up to 30 lb. I got none over 11 lb., but had several of that weight. Local experts use a two-handed rod, but this is a matter of taste and by no means necessary, as more depends on the reel, and more still on the man who handles both. A word may be said here as to the necessity of guarding against sunstroke at the Falls, as the sun is terribly hot, and no one should venture out without a topee and smoked glasses. The same warning applies to Lake Albert, where the heat early in March was terrific. It is necessary to gaff these barbel, the swift water being against the use of a landing net, and the operation can only with difficulty be performed by the fisherman himself, particularly if he is unaccustomed to the slippery rocks from which it is highly undesirable to fall into the maelstrom below. In view of the great heat during the middle hours of the day, it is customary to fish only morning and evening. The same hours were preferred at Mombasa, but in either case this is a matter of personal comfort rather than any question of the fish biting better, as they could probably be caught in both sea and river all day long. Nor, as I understand from Dr Van Someren, is there any particular season for Jinja fishing. At Mombasa, on the other hand, the sea is usually too rough during the south-west monsoon, and all the best fishing is therefore to be had in the first three months of the year.

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IV. THE GIANT PERCH AND TIGER-FISH OF LAKE ALBERT

We have so far considered angling in ocean and river. There remain the lakes. What possibilities Victoria Nyanza may hold for the angler I am unable to say. I spent only a week on its shores and was not very favourably impressed, though it is undoubtedly full of fish. I fancy that the eastern end, near Kavirondo Gulf, would best repay an angling visit. Most of my own time was spent at Entebbe, where, under the guidance of Father Puel, of the White Fathers' Mission, I spent some hours afloat, but without encountering anything more interesting than catfish.

It is round Albert Nyanza that my lake-fishing memories in that region centre. I was, of course, prepared for the Giant Perch itself by the writings of Baker and other pioneers and also by information supplied by Sir Frederick Jackson, Governor of Uganda, but the behaviour of this magnificent fish when hooked was, I confess, unexpected.

Albert Nyanza must be reached from Jinja by a somewhat roundabout route covering three days and entailing a day in the train, which takes the traveller as far as Namsagali; then a night on a steamer, which deposits him next morning at Makindi Port; thirdly, a run of three or four hours in the Government motor to Makindi itself; and finally a safari of a couple of days, preferably in a rickshaw, which may be hired with a crew of eight boys at Jinja, to the lake itself, camping each night along the Government road at the edge of the Uganda forest.

The view of the lake, seen over the steep escarpment, has the fascination of every sheet of water which is the goal of travel in the tropics, and, with the snow-capped mountains of the Congo on the farther shore, it is really an attractive scene; but the heat, it must be confessed, is severe, and the flies of all Equatorial Africa seem to have collected at Butiaba.

Here is the headquarters of the Government steamer, *Samuel Baker*, and the famous explorer's old elephant-gun is preserved in the saloon. The resident Marine Superintendent has a number of craft, large and small, on hand,



Koli-koli (55 lbs.), Mombasa.



Giant Perch of Albert Nyanza.

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and these can be chartered by the visitor at a variety of charges embodied in a tariff to be had on application. As a matter of fact, the gig with a crew of six is all that is required, as there is no need for any great pace when trolling for perch and tiger-fish that between them make up the bag.

There is no actual public accommodation at Butiaba, but there is a considerable choice of camping site and, if provisions are short, the visitor would probably be able to arrange to take his meals on board the steamer if in port.

The "baggara" or "punda," as natives call the giant perch of the Nile (*Lates niloticus*), is a magnificent fish. Those who have fished in the Indian Ocean and South Pacific know the gigantic perches of that region, the "begti" of the Indian coast and the big perch of Queensland estuaries, but none of these excel, even if they equal, the giant perch of the Nile. The one shown in the photograph was found dead on the shore of Albert Nyanza by Sir Frederick Jackson, and was estimated at considerably over a hundred pounds, but such a prize must not be expected by the bird-of-passage. Indeed, I thought myself lucky, being limited to three days on the lake, to catch specimens of 30 and 49 lb., both on the same big wobbling spoon that answered so well at Mombasa. I found the big perch most in evidence in the shallow water in shore, particularly opposite two solitary palms some little way back from the water-side. A speed of three or four knots is ample, and there is no difficulty in hooking your fish, as it goes off with a terrific rush and then, while being reeled to the gaff, actually stands, as it were, on its tail, by way, I imagine, of offering the maximum of resistance, somewhat after the fashion in which flatfish curve their bodies when being hauled to the surface.

The tiger-fish (*Hydrocyon forskalii*), or *nkasa*, which has not apparently been recorded much over ten or twelve pounds (Colonel Morrison, fishing with Sir Frederick just after my visit, had one of 11 lb.), dashes at the bait even more fiercely, and jumps out of water like a trout, which it further resembles in the possession of an adipose fin. Its teeth, however, are more like those of a bulldog, and it has an antiquarian interest, being, as I have found from ancient Egyptian

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paintings at Beni-Hassan and elsewhere, one of the oldest Nile fish represented in art. Reference has been made to the successful expedition made by H.E. the Governor of Uganda, whose best perch weighed 40 lb., and a word may, in conclusion, be said of an even more remarkable success attained, two months or more afterwards, by Mr Grey, who like myself proceeded to the lake from Jinja. He stayed several weeks on the spot, and in that time managed to catch 28 perch of a total weight of 764 lb., the best of them weighing 64 lb., and he seems to have done best with a natural bait (tiger-fish) of about a pound on a tree with two triangles.

Although a boat is necessary, I had some sport with the small tiger-fish, averaging a pound, from the pier, throwing an old salmon-fly and getting a rise at each cast. One of the Governor's party, baiting with a tiger-fish of a pound, actually caught from the pier a perch of $15\frac{1}{2}$ lb. The water round Butiaba is alive with fish that present no difficulty, being absolutely uneducated and without fear. Unfortunately, crocodiles are also numerous, and bathing is out of the question, however tempting the shallow water may look in hot weather.

Here end these few notes on the fisherman's opportunities in Equatorial Africa. He may go to India for mahseer, or to Canada for salmon, trout and black bass ; but in no other quarter of the Empire, I think, can he enjoy the same variety of big game of sea, river and lake as in the Protectorate, in a brief visit to which my first fish weighed 55 lb., and my last 49 lb., as good a brace as most of us can claim in a lifetime.

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